

PZ

3

T 325

Ch

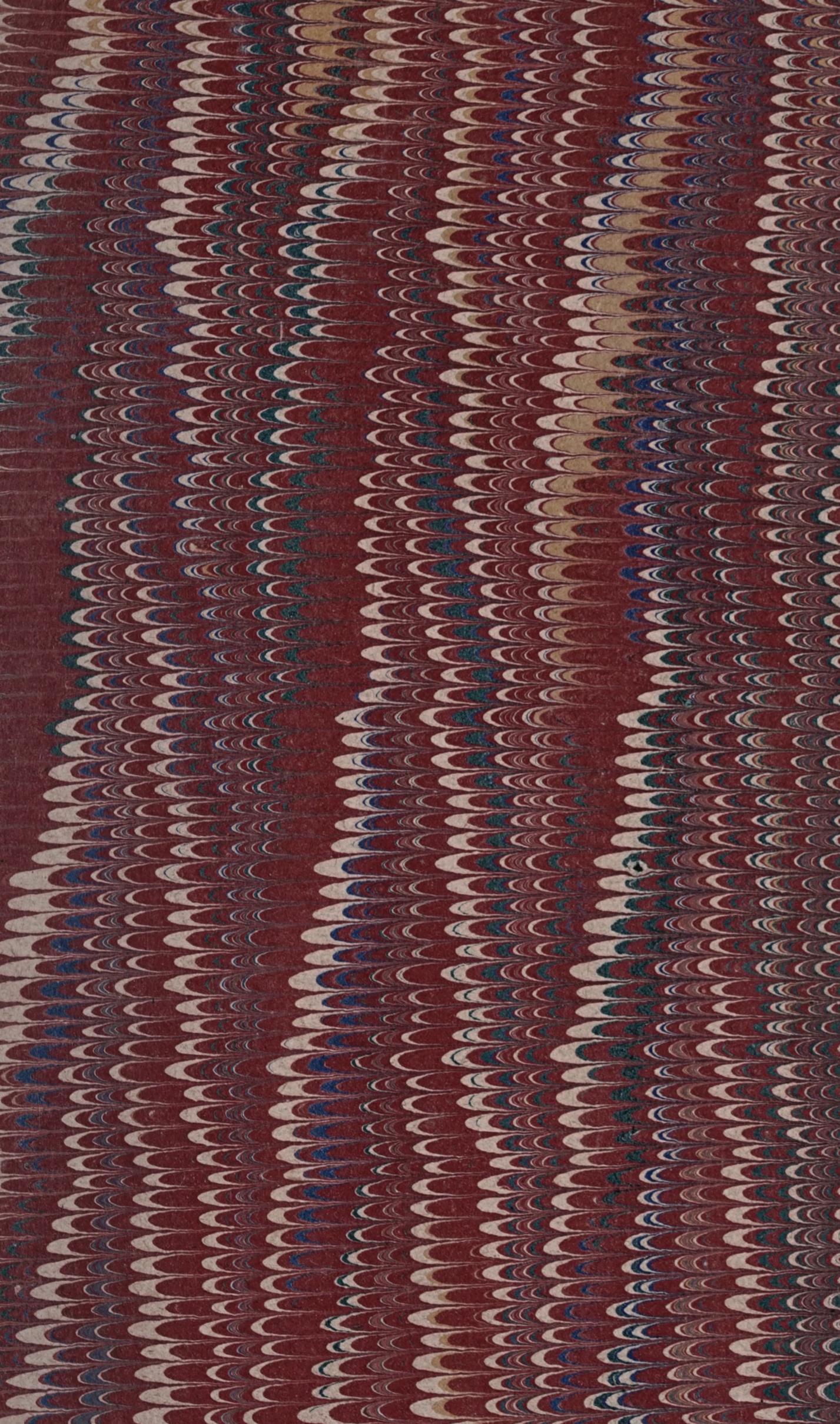
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Chapt 140 Copyright 1900.

Shelf PZ3

T 325 Ch

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



No. 303.

202 10 CENTS.

FICTION

SCIENCE

RELIGION

LOVELL'S LIBRARY

A DAILY PUBLICATION OF THE BEST CURRENT & STANDARD LITERATURE

Vol. 8, No. 303. Nov. 30, 1852. Annual Subscription, \$50.00.

CHARACTER SKETCHES

AUG 15 1854

No.....

CITY OF WASHINGTON BY

W. M. THACKERAY

Entered at the Post Office, N. Y., as second-class matter.
Copyright, 1852, by JOHN W. LOVELL CO.

NEW YORK
+ JOHN W. LOVELL COMPANY +
14 & 16 VESEY STREET

CHARACTER SKETCHES
THE TREMENDOUS ADVENTURES
OF
MAJOR GEHAGAN
AND
HISTORY OF THE
FRENCH REVOLUTION

BY
WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERY.

40

NEW YORK:
JOHN W. LOVELL COMPANY,
14 AND 16 VESEY STREET.

1883.

CHARACTER SKETCHES.

CAPTAIN ROOK AND MR. PIGEON.

THE statistic-mongers and dealers in geography have calculated to a nicety how many quatern loaves, bars of iron, pigs of lead, sacks of wool, Turks, Quakers, Methodists, Jews, Catholics, and Church-of-England men are consumed or produced in the different countries of this wicked world : I should like to see an accurate table showing the rogues and dupes of each nation ; the calculation would form a pretty matter for a philosopher to speculate upon. The mind loves to repose and broods benevolently over this expanded theme. What thieves are there in Paris, O heavens ! and what a power of rogues with pigtails and mandarin buttons at Pekin ! Crowds of swindlers are there at this very moment pursuing their trade at St. Petersburg : how many scoundrels are saying their prayers alongside of Don Carlos ! how many scores are jobbing under the pretty nose of Queen Christina ! what an inordinate number of rascals is there, to be sure, puffing tobacco and drinking flat small-beer in all the capitals of Germany ; or else, without a rag to their ebony backs, swigging quass out of calabashes, and smeared over with palm-oil, lolling at the doors of clay huts in the sunny city of Timbuctoo ! It is not necessary to make any more topographical allusions, or, for illustrating the above position, to go through the whole Gazetteer ; but he is a bad philosopher who has not all these things in mind, and does not in his speculations or his estimate of mankind duly consider and weigh them. And it is fine and consolatory to think that thoughtful Nature, which has provided sweet flowers for the

humming bee ; fair running streams for glittering fish ; store of kids, deer, goats, and other fresh meat for roaring lions ; for active cats, mice ; for mice, cheese, and so on ; establishing throughout the whole of her realm the great doctrine that where a demand is, there will be a supply (see the romances of Adam Smith, Malthus, and Ricardo, and the philosophical works of Miss Martineau) : I say it is consolatory to think that, as Nature has provided flies for the food of fishes, and flowers for bees, so she has created fools for rogues ; and thus the scheme is consistent throughout. Yes, observation, with extensive view, will discover Captain Rooks all over the world, and Mr. Pigeons made for their benefit. Wherever shines the sun, you are sure to find Folly basking in it ; and knavery is the shadow at Folly's heels.

It is not, however, necessary to go to St. Petersburg or Pekin for rogues (and in truth I don't know whether the Timbuctoo Captain Rooks prefer cribbage or billiards). "We are not birds," as the Irishman says, "to be in half a dozen places at once ;" so let us pretermit all considerations of rogues in other countries, examining only those who flourish under our very noses. I have travelled much, and seen many men and cities ; and, in truth, I think that our country of England produces the best soldiers, sailors, razors, tailors, brewers, hatters, and rogues, of all. Especially there is no cheat like an English cheat. Our society produces them in the greatest numbers as well as of the greatest excellence. We supply all Europe with them. I defy you to point out a great city of the Continent where half a dozen of them are not to be found : proofs of our enterprise and samples of our home manufacture. Try Rome, Cheltenham, Baden, Toeplitz, Madrid, or Tzarskoselo : I have been in every one of them, and give you my honor that the Englishman is the best rascal to be found in all ; better than your eager Frenchman ; your swaggering Irishman, with a red velvet waistcoat and red whiskers ; your grave Spaniard, with horrid goggle eyes and profuse diamond shirt-pins ; your tallow-faced German baron, with white mustache and double chin, fat, pudgy, dirty fingers, and great gold thumb-ring ; better even than your nondescript Russian—swindler and spy as he is by loyalty and education—the most dangerous antagonist we have. Who has the best coat even at Vienna ? who has the neatest britzskas at Baden ? who drinks the best champagne at Paris ? Captain Rooks, to be sure, of her Britannic Majesty's service :—he *has* been of the service, that is to say, but often finds it convenient to sell out.

The life of a blackleg, which is the name contemptuously applied to Captain Rook in his own country, is such an easy, comfortable, careless, merry one, that I can't conceive why all the world do not turn Captain Rooks ; unless, maybe, there are some mysteries and difficulties in it which the vulgar know nothing of, and which only men of real genius can overcome. Call on Captain Rook in the day (in London, he lives about St. James's ; abroad, he has the very best rooms in the very best hotels), and you will find him at one o'clock dressed in the very finest *robe-de-chambre*, before a breakfast-table covered with the prettiest patties and delicacies possible ; smoking, perhaps, one of the biggest Meerschaum pipes you ever saw ; reading, possibly, *The Morning Post*, or a novel (he has only one volume in his whole room, and that from a circulating library) ; or having his hair dressed ; or talking to a tailor about waistcoat patterns ; or drinking soda-water with a glass of sherry ; all this he does every morning, and it does not seem very difficult, and lasts until three. At three, he goes to a horse-dealer's, and lounges there for half an hour ; at four he is to be seen at the window of his Club ; at five, he is cantering and curveting in Hyde Park with one or two more (he does not know any ladies, but has many male acquaintances ; some, stout old gentlemen riding cobs, who knew his family, and give him a surly grunt of recognition ; some, very young lads with pale dissolute faces, little mustaches perhaps, or at least little tufts on their chin, who hail him eagerly as a man of fashion) : at seven, he has a dinner at "Long's" or at the "Clarendon ;" and so to bed very likely at five in the morning, after a quiet game of whist, broiled bones, and punch.

Perhaps he dines early at a tavern in Covent Garden ; after which, you will see him at the theatre in a private box (Captain Rook affects the Olympic a good deal). In the box, besides himself, you will remark a young man—very young—one of the lads who spoke to him in the Park this morning, and a couple of ladies : one shabby, melancholy, raw-boned, with numberless small white ringlets, large hands and feet, and a faded light-blue silk gown ; she has a large cap, trimmed with yellow, and all sorts of crumpled flowers and greasy blonde lace ; she wears large gilt earrings, and sits back, and nobody speaks to her, and she to nobody, except to say, "Law, Maria, how well you *do* look to-night ; there's a man opposite has been staring at you this three hours ; I'm blest if it isn't him as we saw in the Park, dear !"

"I wish, Hanna, you'd 'old your tongue, and not bother me

about the men. You don't believe Miss 'Ickman, Freddy, do you ?" says Maria, smiling fondly on Freddy. Maria is sitting in front : she says she is twenty-three, though Miss Hickman knows very well she is thirty-one (Freddy is just of age). She wears a purple-velvet gown, three different gold bracelets on each arm, as many rings on each finger of each hand ; to one is hooked a gold smelling-bottle : she has an enormous fan, a laced pocket-handkerchief, a Cashmere shawl, which is continually falling off, and exposing very unnecessarily, a pair of very white shoulders : she talks loud, always lets her playbill drop into the pit, and smells most pungently of Mr. Delcroix's shop. After this description it is not at all necessary to say who Maria is : Miss Hickman is her companion, and they live together in a very snug little house in May Fair, which has just been new-furnished *à la Louis Quatorze* by Freddy, as we are positively informed. It is even said that the little carriage, with two little white ponies, which Maria drives herself in such a fascinating way through the Park, was purchased for her by Freddy too ; ay, and that Captain Rook got it for him—a great bargain of course.

Such is Captain Rook's life. Can anything be more easy ? Suppose Maria says, "Come home, Rook, and heat a cold chicken with us, and a glass of hiced champagne ;" and suppose he goes, and after chicken—just for fun—Maria proposes a little chicken-hazard ; — she only plays for shillings, while Freddy, a little bolder, won't mind half-pound stakes himself. Is there any great harm in all this ? Well, after half an hour, Maria grows tired, and Miss Hickman has been nodding asleep in the corner long ago ; so off the two ladies set, candle in hand.

"D—n it, Fred," says Captain Rook, pouring out for that young gentleman his fifteenth glass of champagne, "what luck you are in, if you did but know how to back it !"

What more natural, and even kind, of Rook than to say this ? Fred is evidently an inexperienced player ; and every experienced player knows that there is nothing like backing your luck. Freddy does. Well ; fortune is proverbially variable ; and it is not at all surprising that Freddy, after having had so much luck at the commencement of the evening, should have the tables turned on him at some time or other.—Freddy loses.

It is deuced unlucky, to be sure, that he should have won all the little *coups* and lost all the great ones ; but there is a plan which the commonest play-man knows, an infallible means of retrieving yourself at play : it is simply doubling your stake.

Say, you lose a guinea : you bet two guineas, which if you win, you win a guinea and your original stake : if you lose, you have but to bet four guineas on the third stake, eight on the fourth, sixteen on the fifth, thirty-two on the sixth, and so on. It stands to reason that you cannot lose *always* ; and the very first time you win, all your losings are made up to you. There is but one drawback to this infallible process ; if you begin at a guinea, double every time you lose, and lose fifteen times, you will have lost exactly sixteen thousand three hundred and eighty-four guineas ; a sum which probably exceeds the amount of your yearly income :—mine is considerably under that figure.

Freddy does not play this game then, yet ; but being a poor-spirited creature, as we have seen he must be by being afraid to win, he is equally poor-spirited when he begins to lose : he is frightened : that is, increases his stakes, and backs his ill-luck : when a man does this, it is all over with him.

When Captain Rook goes home, the sun is peering through the shutters of the little drawing-room in Curzon Street, and the ghastly footboy—oh, how bleared his eyes look as he opens the door!—when Captain Rook goes home, he has Freddy's I O U's in his pocket to the amount, say, of three hundred pounds. Some people say that Maria has half of the money when it is paid ; but this I don't believe ; is Captain Rook the kind of fellow to give up a purse when his hand has once clawed hold of it?

Be this, however, true or not, it concerns us very little. The Captain goes home to King Street, plunges into bed much too tired to say his prayers, and wakes the next morning at twelve to go over such another day as we have just chalked out for him. As for Freddy, not poppy, nor mandragora, nor all the soda-water at the chemist's, can ever medicine him to that sweet sleep which he might have had but for his loss. “*If I had but played my king of hearts,*” sighed Fred, “*and kept back my trump ; but there's no standing against a fellow who turns up a king seven times running : if I had even but pulled up when Thomas (curse him !) brought up that infernal Curaçoa punch, I should have saved a couple of hundred,*” and so on go Freddy's lamentations. O luckless Freddy! dismal Freddy! silly gaby of a Freddy! you are hit now, and there is no cure for you but bleeding you most to death's door. The homœopathic maxim of *similia similibus*—which means, I believe, that you are to be cured “*by a hair of the dog that bit you*”—must be put in practice with regard to Freddy—only not in homœopathic infinitesimal doses ; no hair of the dog that bit

him ; but, *vice versa*, the dog of the hair that tickled him. Freddy has begun to play ;—a mere trifle at first, but he must play it out ; he must go the whole dog now, or there is no chance for him. He must play until he can play no more ; he *will* play until he has not a shilling left to play with, when, perhaps, he may turn out an honest man, though the odds are against him ; the betting is in favor of his being a swindler always ; a rich or a poor one, as the case may be. I need not tell Freddy's name, I think, now ; it stands on his card :—

MR. FREDERICK PIGEON,

LONG'S HOTEL.

I have said the chances are that Frederick Pigeon, Esq., will become a rich or a poor swindler, though the first chance, it must be confessed, is very remote. I once heard an actor, who could not write, speak, or even read English ; who was not fit for any trade in the world, and had not the 'nous' to keep an apple-stall, and scarcely even enough sense to make a Member of Parliament : I once, I say, heard an actor,—whose only qualifications were a large pair of legs, a large voice, and a very large neck,—curse his fate and his profession, by which, do what he would, he could only make eight guineas a week. "No men," said he, with a great deal of justice, "were so ill paid as 'dramatic artists ;' they labored for nothing all their youths, and had no provision for old age." With this, he sighed and called for (it was on a Saturday night) the forty-ninth glass of brandy-and-water which he has drank in the course of the week.

The excitement of his profession, I make no doubt, caused my friend Claptrap to consume this quantity of spirit and water, besides beer in the morning, after rehearsal ; and I could not help musing over his fate. It is a hard one. To eat, drink, work a little, and be jolly ; to be paid twice as much as you are worth, and then to go to ruin ; to drop off the tree when you are swelled out, seedy, and over-ripe ; and to lie rotting in the mud underneath, until at last you mingle with it.

Now, badly as the actor is paid, (and the reader will the more readily pardon the above episode, because, in reality, it has nothing to do with the subject in hand,) and luckless as his fate is, the lot of the poor blackleg is cast lower still. You never hear of a rich gambler ; or of one who wins in the end.

Where does all the money go to which is lost among them? Did you ever play a game at *loo* for sixpences? At the end of the night a great many of those small coins have been lost, and in consequence, won: but ask the table all round; one man has won three shillings; two have neither lost nor won; one rather thinks he has lost; and the three others have lost two pounds each. Is not this the fact, known to everybody who indulges in round games, and especially the noble game of *loo*? I often think that the devil's books, as cards are called, are let out to us from Old Nick's circulating library, and that he lays his paw upon a certain part of the winnings, and carries it off privily: else, what becomes of all the money?

For instance, there is the gentleman whom the newspapers call "a noble earl of sporting celebrity;"—if he has lost a shilling, according to the newspaper accounts, he has lost fifty millions: he drops fifty thousand pounds at the Derby, just as you and I would lay down twopence-halfpenny for half an ounce of Macabaw. Who has won these millions? Is it Mr. Crockford, or Mr. Bond, or Mr. *Salon-des-Etrangers*? (I do not call these latter gentlemen gamblers, for their speculation is a certainty); but who wins his money, and everybody else's money who plays and loses? Much money is staked in the absence of Mr. Crockford; many notes are given without the interference of the Bonds; there are hundreds of thousands of gamblers who are *étrangers* even to the *Salon-des-Etrangers*.

No, my dear sir, it is not in the public gambling-houses that the money is lost; it is not in them that your virtue is chiefly in danger. Better by half lose your income, your fortune, or your master's money, in a decent public hell, than in the private society of such men as my friend Captain Rook; but we are again and again digressing; the point is, is the Captain's trade a good one, and does it yield tolerably good interest for outlay and capital?

To the latter question first:—at this very season of May, when the Rooks are very young, have you not, my dear friend, often tasted them in pies?—they are then so tender that you cannot tell the difference between them and pigeons. So, in like manner, our Rook has been in his youth undistinguishable from a pigeon. He does as he has been done by: yea, he has been plucked as even now he plucks his friend Mr. Frederick Pigeon. Say that he began the world with ten thousand pounds: every maravedi of this is gone; and may be considered as the capital which he has sacrificed to learn his trade. Having spent 10,000*l.*, then, on an annuity of 650*l.*, he must

look to a larger interest for his money—say fifteen hundred, two thousand, or three thousand pounds, decently to repay his risk and labor. Besides the money sunk in the first place, his profession requires continual annual outlays, as thus—

Horses, carriages (including Epsom, Goodwood, Ascot, &c.)	£500	0	0
Lodgings, servants, and board	350	0	0
Watering-places, and touring	300	0	0
Dinners to give	150	0	0
Pocket-money	150	0	0
Gloves, handkerchiefs, perfumery, and tobacco (very moderate)	150	0	0
Tailor's bills (£100 say, never paid)	0	0	0
TOTAL					£1,600	0	0

I defy any man to carry on the profession in a decent way under the above sum : ten thousand sunk, and sixteen hundred annual expenses ; no, it is *not* a good profession : it is *not* good interest for one's money : it is *not* a fair remuneration for a gentleman of birth, industry, and genius : and my friend Claptrap, who growls about *his* pay, may bless his eyes that he was not born a gentleman and bred up to such an unprofitable calling as this. Considering his trouble, his outlay, his birth, and breeding, the Captain is most wickedly and basely rewarded. And when he is obliged to retreat, when his hand trembles, his credit is fallen, his bills laughed at by every money-lender in Europe, his tailors rampant and inexorable—in fact, when the *coup* of life will *sauter* for him no more—who will help the play-worn veteran ? As Mitchel sings after Aristophanes—

“In glory he was seen, when his years as yet *were green* ;
But now when his dotage is on him,
God help him ;—for no eye of those who pass him by,
Throws a look of compassion upon him.”

Who indeed will help him ?—not his family, for he has bled his father, his uncle, his old grandmother ; he has had slices out of his sisters' portions, and quarrelled with his brothers-in-law ; the old people are dead ; the young ones hate him, and will give him nothing. Who will help him ?—not his friends ; in the first place, my dear sir, a man's friends very seldom do : in the second place, it is Captain Rook's business not to keep, but to give up his friends. His acquaintances do not last more than a year ; the time, namely, during which he is employed in plucking them ; then they part. Pigeon has not a single feather left to his tail, and how should he help Rook, whom, *au reste*, he has learned to detest most cordially, and has found out to be a rascal ? When Rook's ill day comes, it is simply because he has no more friends ; he has exhausted them all,

plucked every one as clean as the palm of your hand. And to arrive at this conclusion, Rook has been spending sixteen hundred a year, and the prime of his life, and has moreover sunk ten thousand pounds! *Is* this a proper reward for a gentleman? I say it is a sin and a shame that an English gentleman should be allowed thus to drop down the stream without a single hand to help him.

The moral of the above remarks I take to be this: that blacklegging is as bad a trade as can be; and so let parents and guardians look to it, and not apprentice their children to such a villainous, scurvy way of living.

It must be confessed, however, that there are some individuals who have for the profession such a natural genius, that no entreaties or example of parents will keep them from it, and no restraint or occupation occasioned by another calling. They do what Christians do not do; they leave all to follow their master the Devil; they cut friends, families, and good, profitable trades to put up with this one, that is both unthrifty and unprofitable. They are in regiments: ugly whispers about certain midnight games at blind-hookey, and a few odd bargains in horseflesh are borne abroad, and Cornet Rook receives the gentlest hint in the world that he had better sell out. They are in counting-houses, with a promise of partnership, for which papa is to lay down a handsome premium; but the firm of Hobbs, Bobbs and Higgory can never admit a young gentleman who is a notorious gambler, is much oftener at the races than at his desk, and has bills daily falling due at his private banker's. The father, that excellent old man, Sam Rook, so well known on 'Change in the war-time, discovers, at the end of five years, that his son has spent rather more than the four thousand pounds intended for his partnership, and cannot, in common justice to his other thirteen children, give him a shilling more. A pretty pass for flash young Tom Rook, with four horses in stable, a prottemporaneous Mrs. Rook, very likely, in an establishment near the Regent's Park, and a bill for three hundred and seventy-five pounds coming due on the fifth of next month.

Sometimes young Rook is destined for the bar: and I am glad to introduce one of these gentlemen and his history to the notice of the reader. He was the son of an amiable gentleman, the Reverend Athanasius Rook, who took high honors at Cambridge in the year 1: was a fellow of Trinity in the year 2: and so continued a fellow and a tutor of the College until a living fell vacant, on which he seized. It was only two hundred and fifty pounds a year; but the fact is, Athanasius was

in love. Miss Gregory, a pretty, demure, simple governess at Miss Mickle's establishment for young ladies in Cambridge (where the reverend gentleman used often of late to take his tea), had caught the eye of the honest college tutor: and in Trinity walks, and up and down the Trumpington Road, he walked with her (and another young lady of course), talked with her, and told his love.

Miss Gregory had not a rap, as might be imagined; but she loved Athanasius with her whole soul and strength, and was the most orderly, cheerful, tender, smiling, bustling little wife that ever a country parson was blest withal. Athanasius took a couple of pupils at a couple of hundred guineas each, and so made out a snug income; ay, and laid by for a rainy day—a little portion for Harriet, when she should grow up and marry, and a help for Tom at college and at the bar. For you must know there were two little Rooks now growing in the rookery; and very happy were father and mother, I can tell you, to put meat down their tender little throats. Oh, if ever a man was good and happy, it was Athanasius; if ever a woman was happy and good, it was his wife: not the whole parish, not the whole county, not the whole kingdom, could produce such a snug rectory, or such a pleasant *ménage*.

Athanasius's fame as a scholar, too, was great; and as his charges were very high, and as he received but two pupils, there was, of course, much anxiety among wealthy parents to place their children under his care. Future squires, bankers, yea, lords and dukes, came to profit by his instructions, and were led by him gracefully over the "Asses' bridge" into the sublime regions of mathematics, or through the syntax into the pleasant paths of classic lore.

In the midst of these companions, Tom Rook grew up; more fondled and petted, of course, than they; cleverer than they; as handsome, dashing, well-instructed a lad for his years as ever went to college to be a senior wrangler, and went down without any such honor.

Fancy, then, our young gentleman installed at college, whither his father has taken him, and with fond veteran recollections has surveyed hall and grass-plots, and the old porter, and the old fountain, and the old rooms in which he used to live. Fancy the sobs of good little Mrs. Rook, as she parted with her boy; and the tears of sweet pale Harriet, as she clung round his neck, and brought him (in a silver paper, slobbered with many tears) a little crimson silk purse (with two guineas of her own in it, poor thing!) Fancy all this, and fancy young

Tom, sorry too, but yet restless and glad, panting for the new life opening upon him ; the freedom, the joy of the manly struggle for fame, which he vows he will win. Tom Rook, in other words, is installed at College, attends lectures, reads at home, goes to chapel, uses wine-parties moderately, and bids fair to be one of the topmost men of his year.

Tom goes down for the Christmas vacation. (What a man he is grown, and how his sister and mother quarrel which shall walk with him down the village ; and what stories the old gentleman lugs out with his old port, and how he quotes *Æschylus*, to be sure !) The pupils are away too, and the three have Tom in quiet. Alas ! I fear the place has grown a little too quiet for Tom : however, he reads very stoutly of mornings ; and sister Harriet peeps with a great deal of wonder into huge books of scribbling-paper, containing many strange diagrams, and complicated arrangements of *x*'s and *y*'s.

May comes, and the college examinations : the delighted parent receives at breakfast, on the 10th of that month, two letters, as follows :—

FROM THE REV. SOLOMON SNORTER TO THE REV. ATHANASIUS ROOK.

“ Trinity, May 10.

“ DEAR CREDO*—I wish you joy. Your lad is the best man of his year, and I hope in four more to see him at our table. In classics he is, my dear friend, *facile princeps* ; in mathematics he was run hard (*entre nous*) by a lad of the name of Snick, a Westmoreland man and a sizer. We must keep up Thomas to his mathematics, and I have no doubt we shall make a fellow and a wrangler of him.

“ I send you his college bill, 105*l.* 10*s.* ; rather heavy, but this is the first term, and that you know is expensive : I shall be glad to give you a receipt for it. By the way, the young man is *rather* too fond of amusement, and lives with a very expensive set. Give him a lecture on this score.—Yours,

“ SOL. SNORTER,”

Next comes Mr. Tom Rook's own letter : it is long, modest ; we only give the postscript :—

“ P. S.—Dear Father, I forgot to say that, as I live in the very best set in the University, (Lord Bagwig, the Duke's eldest son you know, vows he will give me a living,) I have been led into one or two expenses which will frighten you : I lost £30 to the honorable Mr. Deuceace (a son of Lord Crabs) at Bagwig's, the other day at dinner ; and owe £54 more for desserts and hiring horses, which I can't send into Snorter's bill.† Hiring horses is so deuced expensive ; next term I must have a nag of my own, that's positive.”

The Rev. Athanasius read the postscript with much less gusto than the letter : however, Tom has done his duty, and the old

* This is most probably a joke on the Christian name of Mr. Rook.

† It is, or was, the custom for young gentlemen at Cambridge to have unlimited credit with tradesmen, whom the college tutors paid, and then sent the bills to the parents of the young men.

gentleman won't baulk his pleasure ; so he sends him 100*l.*, with a "God bless you !" and mamma adds, in a postscript, that "he must always keep well with his aristocratic friends, for he was made only for the best society."

A year or two passes on : Tom comes home for the vacations ; but Tom has sadly changed ; he has grown haggard and pale. At second year's examination (owing to an unlucky illness) Tom was not classed at all ; and Snick, the Westmoreland man, has carried everything before him. Tom drinks more after dinner than his father likes ; he is always riding about and dining in the neighborhood, and coming home, quite odd, his mother says—ill-humored, unsteady on his feet, and husky in his talk. The Reverend Athanasius begins to grow very, very grave : they have high words, even the father and son ; and oh ! how Harriet and her mother tremble and listen at the study door when these disputes are going on !

The last term of Tom's undergraduateship arrives ; he is in ill-health, but he will make a mighty effort to retrieve himself for his degree ; and early in the cold winter's morning—late, late at night—he toils over his books : and the end is that, a month before the examination, Thomas Rook, Esquire, has a brain fever, and Mrs. Rook, and Miss Rook, and the Reverend Athanasius Rook, are all lodging at the "Hoop," an inn in Cambridge town, and day and night round the couch of poor Tom.

* * * * *

O sin, woe, repentance ! O touching reconciliation and burst of fears on the part of son and father, when one morning at the parsonage, after Tom's recovery, the old gentleman produces a bundle of receipts, and says, with a broken voice, "There, boy, don't be vexed about your debts. Boys will be boys, I know, and I have paid all demands." Everybody cries in the house at this news ; the mother and daughter most profusely, even Mrs. Stokes the old housekeeper, who shakes master's hand, and actually kisses Mr. Tom.

Well, Tom begins to read a little for his fellowship, but in vain ; he is beaten by Mr. Snick, the Westmoreland man. He has no hopes of a living ; Lord Bagwig's promises were all moonshine. Tom must go to the bar ; and his father, who has long left off taking pupils, must take them again, to support his son in London.

Why tell you what happens when there ? Tom lives at the west end of the town, and never goes near the Temple : Tom goes to Ascot and Epsom along with his great friends ; Tom

has a long bill with Mr. Rymell, another long bill with Mr. Nugee ; he gets into the hands of the Jews—and his father rushes up to London on the outside of the coach to find Tom in a sponging-house in Cursitor Street—the nearest approach he has made to the Temple during his three years' residence in London.

I don't like to tell you the rest of the history. The Reverend Athanasius was not immortal, and he died a year after his visit to the sponging-house, leaving his son exactly one farthing, and his wife one hundred pounds a year, with remainder to his daughter. But, heaven bless you ! the poor things would never allow Tom to want while they had plenty, and they sold out and sold out the three thousand pounds, until, at the end of three years, there did not remain one single stiver of them ; and now Miss Harriet is a governess, with sixty pounds a year, supporting her mother, who lives upon fifty.

As for Tom, he is a regular *leg* now—leading the life already described. When I met him last it was at Baden, where he was on a professional tour, with a carriage, a courier, a valet, a confederate, and a case of pistols. He has been in five duels, he has killed a man who spoke lightly about his honor ; and at French or English hazard, at billiards, at whist, at *loo*, *écarté*, blind-hookey, drawing straws, or *beggar-my-neighbor*, he will cheat you—cheat you for a hundred pounds or for a guinea, and murder you afterwards if you like.

Abroad, our friend takes military rank, and calls himself Captain Rook ; when asked of what service, he says he was with Don Carlos or Queen Christina ; and certain it is that he was absent for a couple of years nobody knows where ; he may have been with General Evans, or he may have been at the *Sainte Pélagie* in Paris, as some people vow he was.

We must wind up this paper with some remarks concerning poor little Pigeon. Vanity has been little Pigeon's failing through life. He is a linendraper's son, and has been left with money : and the silly fashionable works that he has read, and the silly female relatives that he has—(N.B. All young men with money have silly, flattering she-relatives)—and the silly trips that he has made to watering-places, where he has scraped acquaintance with the Honorable Tom Mountcoffeehouse, Lord Ballyhooly, the celebrated German Prince, Sweller Mobska, and their like (all Captain Rooks in their way), have been the ruin of him.

I have not the slightest pity in the world for little Pigeon. Look at him ! See in what absurd finery the little prig is

dressed. Wine makes his poor little head ache, but he will drink because it is manly. In mortal fears he puts himself behind a curveting camelopard of a cab-horse ; or perched on the top of a prancing dromedary, is borne through Rotten Row, when he would give the world to be on his own sofa, or with his own mamma and sisters, over a quiet pool of commerce and a cup of tea. How riding does scarify his poor little legs, and shake his poor little sides ! Smoking, how it does turn his little stomach inside out ; and yet smoke he will : Sweller Mobskau smokes ; Mountcoffeehouse don't mind a cigar ; and as for Ballyhooly, he will puff you a dozen in a day, and says very truly that Pontet won't supply *him* with near such good ones as he sells Pigeon. The fact is, that Pontet vowed seven years ago not to give his lordship a sixpence more credit ; and so the good-natured nobleman always helps himself out of Pigeon's box.

On the shoulders of these aristocratic individuals, Mr. Pigeon is carried into certain clubs, or perhaps we should say he walks into them by the aid of these "legs." But they keep him always to themselves. Captain Rooks must rob in companies ; but of course, the greater the profits, the fewer the partners must be. Three are positively requisite, however, as every reader must know who has played a game at whist : number one to be Pigeon's partner, and curse his stars at losing, and propose higher play, and "settle" with number two ; number three to transact business with Pigeon, and drive him down to the City to sell out. We have known an instance or two where, after a very good night's work, number three has bolted with the winnings altogether, but the practice is dangerous ; not only disgraceful to the profession, but it cuts up your own chance afterwards, as no one will act with you. There is only one occasion on which such a manoeuvre is allowable. Many are sick of the profession, and desirous to turn honest men : in this case, when you can get a good coup, five thousand say, bolt without scruple. One thing is clear, the other men *must* be mum, and you can live at Vienna comfortably on the interest of five thousand pounds.

Well, then, in the society of these amiable confederates little Pigeon goes through that period of time which is necessary for the purpose of plucking him. To do this, you must not, in most cases, tug at the feathers so as to hurt him, else he may be frightened, and hop away to somebody else ; nor, generally speaking, will the feathers come out so easily at first as they will when he is used to it, and then they drop in handfuls. Nor

need you have the least scruple in so causing the little creature to moult artificially: if you don't, somebody else will: a Pigeon goes into the world fated, as Chateaubriand says—

“Pigeon, il va subir le sort de tout pigeon.”

He *must* be plucked, it is the purpose for which nature has formed him: if you, Captain Rook, do not perform the operation on a green table lighted by two wax-candles, and with two packs of cards to operate with, some other Rook will: are there not railroads, and Spanish bonds, and bituminous companies, and Cornish tin mines, and old dowagers with daughters to marry? If you leave him, Rook **of Birch Lane** will have him as sure as fate: if Rook of **Birchin Lane** don't hit him, Rook of the Stock Exchange will blaze away both barrels at him, which if the poor trembling flutterer escape, he will fly over and drop into the rookery, where dear old swindling Lady Rook and her daughters will find him and nestle him in their bosoms, and in that soft place pluck him until he turns out as naked as a cannon-ball.

Be not thou scrupulous, O Captain! Seize on Pigeon; pluck him gently but boldly; but, above all, never let him go. If he is a stout cautious bird, of course *you* must be more cautious; if he is excessively silly and scared, perhaps the best way is just to take him round the neck at once, and strip the whole stock of plumage from his back.

The feathers of the human pigeon being thus violently abstracted from him, no others supply their place; and yet I do not pity him. He is now only undergoing the destiny of pigeons, and is, I do believe, as happy in his plucked as in his feathered state. He cannot purse out his breast, and bury his head, and fan his tail, and strut in the sun as if he were a turkey-cock. Under all those fine airs and feathers, he was but what he is now, a poor little meek, silly, cowardly bird, and his state of pride is not a whit more natural to him than his fallen condition. He soon grows used to it. He is too great a coward to despair; much too mean to be frightened because he must live by doing meanness. He is sure, if he cannot fly, to fall somehow or other on his little miserable legs; on these he hops about, and manages to live somewhere in his own mean way. He has but a small stomach, and doesn't mind what food he puts into it. He sponges on his relatives; or else just before his utter ruin he marries and has nine children (and such a family *always* lives); he turns bully most likely, takes to drinking, and beats his wife, who supports him, or takes to drinking

too ; or he gets a little place, a very little place : you hear he has some tide-waitership, or is clerk to some new milk company, or is lurking about a newspaper. He dies, and a subscription is raised for the Widow Pigeon, and we look no more to find a likeness of him in his children, who are as a new race. Blessed are ye little ones, for ye are born in poverty, and may bear it, or surmount it and die rich. But woe to the pigeons of this earth, for they are born rich that they may die poor.

The end of Captain Rook—for we must bring both him and the paper to an end—is not more agreeable, but somewhat more manly and majestic than the conclusion of Mr. Pigeon. If you walk over to the Queen's Bench Prison, I would lay a wager that a dozen such are to be found there in a moment. They have a kind of Lucifer look with them, and stare at you with fierce, twinkling, crow-footed eyes ; or grin from under huge grizzly mustaches, as they walk up and down in their tattered brocades. What a dreadful activity is that of a madhouse, or a prison !—a dreary flagged courtyard, a long dark room, and the inmates of it, like the inmates of the menagerie cages, ceaselessly walking up and down ! Mary Queen of Scots says very touchingly :—

“Pour mon mal estranger
Je ne m'arreste en place ;
Mais, j'en ay beau changer
Si ma douleur n' efface !”

Up and down, up and down—the inward woe seems to spur the body onwards ; and I think in both madhouse and prison you will find plenty of specimens of our Captain Rook. It is fine to mark him under the pressure of this woe, and see how fierce he looks when stirred up by the long pole of memory. In these asylums the Rooks end their lives ; or, more happy, they die miserably in a miserable provincial town abroad, and for the benefit of coming Rooks they commonly die early ; you as seldom hear of an old Rook (practising his trade) as of a rich one. It is a short-lived trade ; not merry, for the gains are most precarious, and perpetual doubt and dread are not pleasant accompaniments of a profession :—not agreeable either, for though Captain Rook does not mind *being* a scoundrel, no man likes to be considered as such, and as such, he knows very well, does the world consider Captain Rook ; not profitable, for the expenses of the trade swallow up all the profits of it, and in addition leave the bankrupt with certain habits that have become as nature to him, and which, to live, he must gratify. I know no more miserable wretch than our

Rook in his autumn days, at dismal Calais or Boulogne, or at the Bench yonder, with a whole load of diseases and wants, that have come to him in the course of his profession ; the diseases and wants of sensuality, always pampered, and now agonizing for lack of its unnatural food ; the mind, which *must* think now, and has only bitter recollections, mortified ambitions, and unavailing scoundrelisms to con over ! Oh, Captain Rook ! what nice "chums" do you take with you into prison ; what pleasant companions of exile follow you over the *fines, patriæ*, or attend, the only watchers, round your miserable death-bed !

My son, be not a Pigeon in thy dealings with the world :— but it is better to be a Pigeon than a Rook.

THE FASHIONABLE AUTHORESS.

PAYING a visit the other day to my friend Timson, who, I need not tell the public, is editor of that famous evening paper, the * * * * (and let it be said that there is no more profitable acquaintance than a gentleman in Timson's situation, in whose office, at three o'clock daily, you are sure to find new books, lunch, magazines, and innumerable tickets for concerts and plays) : going, I say, into Timson's office, I saw on the table an immense paper cone or funnel, containing a bouquet of such a size, that it might be called a bosquet, wherein all sorts of rare geraniums, luscious magnolias, stately dahlias, and other floral produce were gathered together—a regular flower-stack.

Timson was for a brief space invisible, and I was left alone in the room with the odors of this tremendous bow-pot, which filled the whole of the inky, smutty, dingy apartment with an agreeable incense. "*O rus ! quando te aspiciam ?*" exclaimed I, out of the Latin grammar, for imagination had carried me away to the country, and I was about to make another excellent and useful quotation (from the 14th book of the Iliad, Madam), concerning "ruddy lotuses, and crocuses, and hyacinths," when all of a sudden Timson appeared. His head and shoulders had, in fact, been engulfed in the flowers, among which he might be compared to any Cupid, butterfly, or bee. His little face was screwed up into such an expression of comical delight

and triumph, that a Methodist parson would have laughed at it in the midst of a funeral sermon.

“What are you giggling at?” said Mr. Timson, assuming a high, aristocratic air.

“Has the goddess Flora made you a present of that bower, wrapped up in white paper; or did it come by the vulgar hands of yonder gorgeous footman, at whom all the little printer’s devils are staring in the passage?”

“Stuff!” said Timson, picking to pieces some rare exotic, worth at the very least fifteenpence; “a friend, who knows that Mrs. Timson and I are fond of these things, has sent us a nosegay, that’s all.”

I saw how it was. “Augustus Timson,” exclaimed I, sternly “the Pimlicoes have been with you; if that footman did not wear the Pimlico plush, ring the bell and order me out: if that three-cornered billet lying in your snuff-box has not the Pimlico seal to it, never ask me to dinner again.”

“Well, if it *does*,” says Mr. Timson, who flushed as red as a peony, “what is the harm? Lady Fanny Flummery may send flowers to her friends, I suppose? The conservatories at Pimlico House are famous all the world over, and the Countess promised me a nosegay the very last time I dined there.”

“Was that the day when she gave you a box of bonbons for your darling little Ferdinand?”

“No, another day.”

“Or the day when she promised you her carriage for Epsom Races?”

“No.”

“Or the day when she hoped that her Lucy and your Barbara-Jane might be acquainted, and sent to the latter from the former a new French doll and tea-things?”

“Fiddlestick!” roared out Augustus Timson, Esquire: “I wish you wouldn’t come bothering here. I tell you that Lady Pimlico is my friend—my friend, mark you, and I will allow no man to abuse her in my presence: I say again *no man*;” wherewith Mr. Timson plunged both his hands violently into his breeches-pockets, looked me in the face sternly, and began jingling his keys and shillings about.

At this juncture (it being about half-past three o’clock in the afternoon), a one-horse chaise drove up to the *** office (Timson lives at Clapham, and comes in and out in this machine)—a one-horse chaise drove up; and amidst a scuffling and crying of small voices, good-humored Mrs. Timson bounced into the room.

"Here we are, deary," said she: "we'll walk to the Mery-weathers; and I've told Sam to be in Charles Street at twelve with the chaise: it wouldn't do, you know, to come out of the Pimlico box and have the people cry, 'Mrs. Timson's carriage!' for old Sam and the chaise."

Timson, to this loving and voluble address of his lady, gave a peevish, puzzled look towards the stranger, as much as to say, "*He's* here."

"La, Mr. Smith! and how *do* you do?—So rude—I didn't see you: but the fact is, we are all in *such* a bustle! Augustus has got Lady Pimlico's box for the *Puritani* to-night, and I vowed I'd take the children."

Those young persons were evidently from their costume prepared for some extraordinary festival. Miss Barbara-Jane, a young lady of six years old, in a pretty pink slip and white muslin, her dear little poll bristling over with papers, to be removed previous to the play; while Master Ferdinand had a pair of nankeens (I can recollect Timson in them in the year 1825—a great buck), and white silk stockings, which belonged to his mamma. His frill was very large and very clean, and he was fumbling perpetually at a pair of white kid gloves, which his mamma forbade him to assume before the opera.

And "Look here!" and "Oh, precious!" and "Oh, my!" were uttered by these worthy people as they severally beheld the vast bouquet, into which Mrs. Timson's head flounced, just as her husband's had done before.

"I must have a green-house at the Snuggery, that's positive, Timson, for I'm passionately fond of flowers—and how kind of Lady Fanny! Do you know her ladyship, Mr. Smith?"

"Indeed, Madam, I don't remember having ever spoken to a lord or a lady in my life."

Timson smiled in a supercilious way. Mrs. Timson exclaimed, "La, how odd! Augustus knows ever so many. Let's see, there's the Countess of Pimlico and Lady Fanny Flummery; Lord Doldrum (Timson touched up his travels, you know); Lord Gasterton, Lord Guttlebury's eldest son; Lady Pawpaw (they say she ought not to be visited, though); Baron Strum—Strom—Strumpf——"

What the baron's name was I have never been able to learn, for here Timson burst out with a "Hold your tongue, Bessy!" which stopped honest Mrs. Timson's harmless prattle altogether, and obliged that worthy woman to say meekly, "Well, Gus, I did not think there was any harm in mentioning your

acquaintance." Good soul ! it was only because she took pride in her Timson that she loved to enumerate the great names of the persons who did him honor. My friend the editor was, in fact, in a cruel position, looking foolish before his old acquaintance, stricken in that unfortunate sore point in his honest, good-humored character. The man adored the aristocracy, and had that wonderful respect for a lord which, perhaps the observant reader may have remarked, especially characterizes men of Timson's way of thinking.

In old days at the club (we held it in a small public-house near the Coburg Theatre, some of us having free admissions to that place of amusement, and some of us living for convenience in the immediate neighborhood of one of his Majesty's prisons in that quarter)—in old days, I say, at our spouting and toasted-cheese club, called "The Forum," Timson was called Brutus Timson, and not Augustus, in consequence of the ferocious republicanism which characterized him, and his utter scorn and hatred of a bloated, do-nothing aristocracy. His letters in *The Weekly Sentinel*, signed "Lictor," must be remembered by all our readers : he advocated the repeal of the corn laws, the burning of machines, the rights of labor, &c., &c., wrote some pretty defences of Robespierre, and used seriously to avow, when at all in liquor, that in consequence of those "Lictor" letters, Lord Castlereagh had tried to have him murdered, and thrown over Blackfriars Bridge.

By what means Augustus Timson rose to his present exalted position it is needless here to state ; suffice it, that in two years he was completely bound over neck-and-heels to the bloodthirsty aristocrats, hereditary tyrants, &c. One evening he was asked to dine with a secretary of the Treasury (the **** is Ministerial, and has been so these forty-nine years) ; at the house of that secretary of the Treasury he met a lord's son : walking with Mrs. Timson in the Park next Sunday, that lord's son saluted him. Timson was from that moment a slave, had his coats made at the west end, cut his wife's relations (they are dealers in marine-stores, and live at Wapping), and had his name put down at two Clubs.

Who was the lord's son ? Lord Pimlico's son, to be sure, the Honorable Frederick Flummery, who married Lady Fanny Foxy, daughter of Pitt Castlereagh, second Earl of Reynard, Kilbrush Castle, County Kildare. The earl had been ambassador in '14 : Mr. Flummery, his attaché : he was twenty-one at that time, with the sweetest tuft on his chin in the world. Lady Fanny was only four and-twenty, just jilted by Prince Scoron-

concolo, the horrid man who had married Miss Solomonson with a plum. Fanny had nothing—Frederick had about seven thousand pounds less. What better could the young things do than marry? Marry they did, and in the most delicious secrecy. Old Reynard was charmed to have an opportunity of breaking with one of his daughters forever, and only longed for an occasion never to forgive the other nine.

A wit of the Prince's time, who inherited and transmitted to his children a vast fortune in genius, was cautioned on his marriage to be very economical. "Economical!" said he; "my wife has nothing, and I have nothing: I suppose a man can't live under *that*!" Our interesting pair, by judiciously employing the same capital, managed, year after year, to live very comfortably, until, at last, they were received into Pimlico House by the dowager (who has it for her life), where they live very magnificently. Lady Fanny gives the most magnificent entertainment in London, has the most magnificent equipage, and a very fine husband; who has his equipage as fine as her ladyship's; his seat in the omnibus, while her ladyship is in the second tier. They say he plays a good deal—ay, and pays, too, when he loses.

And how, pr'ythee? Her ladyship is a FASHIONABLE AU-THORESS. She has been at this game for fifteen years; during which period she has published forty-five novels, edited twenty-seven new magazines, and I don't know how many annuals, besides publishing poems, plays, desultory thoughts, memoirs, recollections of travel, and pamphlets without number. Going one day to church, a lady, whom I knew by her Leghorn bonnet and red ribbons, *ruche* with poppies and marigolds, brass ferriére, great red hands, black silk gown, thick shoes, and black silk stockings; a lady, whom I knew, I say, to be a devotional cook, made a bob to me just as the psalm struck up, and offered me a share of her hymn-book. It was,—

HEAVENLY CHORDS;

A COLLECTION OF

SACRED STRAINS,

SELECTED, COMPOSED, AND EDITED, BY THE

LADY FRANCES JULIANA FLUMMERY.

—Being simply a collection of heavenly chords robbed from the lyres of Watts, Wesley, Brady and Tate, &c.; and of sacred strains from the rare collection of Sternhold and Hopkins.

Out of this, cook and I sang ; and it is amazing how much our fervor was increased by thinking that our devotions were directed by a lady whose name was in the Red Book.

The thousands of pages that Lady Fanny Flummery has covered with ink exceed all belief. You must have remarked, Madam, in respect of this literary fecundity, that your amiable sex possesses vastly greater capabilities than we do ; and that while a man is painfully laboring over a letter of two sides, a lady will produce a dozen pages, crossed, dashed, and so beautifully neat and close, as to be wellnigh invisible. The readiest of ready pens has Lady Fanny ; her Pegasus gallops over hot-pressed satin so as to distance all gentlemen riders : like Camilla, it scours the plain—of Bath, and never seems punished or fatigued ; only it runs so fast that it often leaves all sense behind it ; and there it goes on, on, scribble, scribble, scribble, never flagging until it arrives at that fair winning-post on which is written “*FINIS*,” or, “*THE END* ;” and shows that the course, whether it be of novel, annual, poem, or what not, is complete.

Now, the author of these pages doth not pretend to describe the inward thoughts, ways, and manners of being, of my Lady Fanny, having made before that humiliating confession, that lords and ladies are personally unknown to him ; so that all milliners, butchers’ ladies, dashing young clerks, and apprentices, or other persons who are anxious to cultivate a knowledge of the aristocracy, had better skip over this article altogether. But he had heard it whispered, from pretty good authority, that the manners and customs of these men and women resemble, in no inconsiderable degree, the habits and usages of other men and women, whose names are unrecorded by Debrett. Granting this, and that Lady Fanny is a woman pretty much like another, the philosophical reader will be content that we rather consider her ladyship in her public capacity, and examine her influence upon mankind in general.

Her person, then, being thus put out of the way, her works, too, need not be very carefully sifted and criticised ; for what is the use of peering into a millstone, or making calculations about the figure o ? The woman has not, in fact, the slightest influence upon literature for good or for evil : there are a certain number of fools whom she catches in her flimsy traps ; and why not ? They are made to be humbugged, or how should we live ? Lady Flummery writes everything ; that is, nothing. Her poetry is mere wind ; her novels, stark nought ; her philosophy, sheer vacancy : how should she do any better than she

does? how could she succeed if she *did* do any better? If she did write well, she would not be Lady Flummery; she would not be praised by Timson and the critics, because she would be an honest woman, and would not bribe them. Nay, she would probably be written down by Timson and Co., because, being an honest woman, she utterly despised them and their craft.

We have said what she writes for the most part. Individually, she will throw off any number of novels that Messrs. Soap and Diddle will pay for; and collectively, by the aid of self and friends, scores of "Lyrics of Loveliness," "Beams of Beauty," "Pearls of Purity," &c. Who does not recollect the success which her "Pearls of the Peerage" had? She is going to do the "Beauties of the Baronetage;" then we shall have the "Daughters of the Dustmen," or some such other collection of portraits. Lady Flummery has around her a score of literary gentlemen, who are bound to her, body and soul: give them a dinner, a smile from an opera-box, a wave of the hand in Rotten Row, and they are hers, neck and heels. *Vides, mi fili, &c.* See, my son, with what a very small dose of humbug men are to be bought. I know many of these individuals: there is my friend M'Lather, an immense, pudgy man: I saw him one day walking through Bond Street in company with an enormous ruby breast-pin. "Mac!" shouted your humble servant, "that is a Flummery ruby;" and Mac hated and cursed us ever after. Presently came little Fitch, the artist; he was rigged out in an illuminated velvet waistcoat—Flummery again—"There's only one like it in town," whispered Fitch to me confidentially, "and Flummery has that." To be sure, Fitch had given, in return, half a dozen of the prettiest drawings in the world. "I wouldn't charge for them, you know," he says: "for, hang it, Lady Flummery is my friend." Oh, Fitch, Fitch!

Fifty more instances could be adduced of her ladyship's ways of bribery. She bribes the critics to praise her, and the writers to write for her; and the public flocks to her as it will to any other tradesman who is properly puffed. Out comes the book; as for its merits, we may allow, cheerfully, that Lady Flummery has no lack of that natural *esprit* which every woman possessess; but here praise stops. For the style, she does not know her own language; but, in revenge, has a smattering of half a dozen others. She interlards her works with fearful quotations from the French, fiddle-faddle extracts from Italian operas, German phrases fiercely mutilated, and a scrap

or two of bad Spanish : and upon the strength of these murders she calls herself an authoress. To be sure there is no such word as authoress. If any young nobleman or gentleman of Eton College, when called upon to indite a copy of verses in praise of Sappho, or the Countess of Dash, or Lady Charlotte What-d'ye-call-'em, or the honorable Mrs. Somebody, should fondly imagine that he might apply to those fair creatures the title of *auctrix*—I pity that young nobleman's or gentleman's case. Doctor Wordsworth and assistants would swish that error out of him in a way that need not here be mentioned. Remember it henceforth, ye writeresses—there is no such a word as authoress. *Auctor*, Madam, is the word. “*Optima tu proprii nominis auctor eris* ;” which, of course, means that you are, by your proper name, an author, not an authoress : the line is in Ainsworth's Dictionary, where anybody may see it.

This point is settled then : there is no such word as authoress. But what of that ? Are authoresses to be bound by the rules of grammar ? The supposition is absurd. We don't expect them to know their own language ; we prefer rather the little graceful pranks and liberties they take with it. When, for instance, a celebrated authoress, who wrote a Diaress, calls somebody the prototype of his own father, we feel an obligation to her ladyship ; the language feels an obligation ; it has a charm and a privilege with which it was never before endowed : and it is manifest, that if we can call ourselves antetypes of our grandmothers—can prophecy what we had for dinner yesterday, and so on, we get into a new range of thought, and discover sweet regions of fancy and poetry, of which the mind hath never even had a notion until now.

It may be then considered as certain that an authoress *ought* not to know her own tongue. Literature and politics have this privilege in common, that any ignoramus may excel in both. No apprenticeship is required, that is certain ; and if any gentleman doubts, let us refer him to the popular works of the present day, where, if he find a particle of scholarship, or any acquaintance with any books in any language, or if he be disgusted by any absurd, stiff, old-fashioned notions of grammatical propriety, we are ready to qualify our assertion. A friend of ours came to us the other day in great trouble. His dear little boy, who had been for some months attaché to the stables of Mr. Tilbury's establishment, took a fancy to the corduroy breeches of some other gentleman employed in the same emporium—appropriated them, and afterwards disposed of them for a trifling sum to a relation—I believe his uncle.

For this harmless freak, poor Sam was absolutely seized, tried at Clerkenwell Sessions, and condemned to six months' useless rotatory labor at the House of Correction. "The poor fellow was bad enough before, sir," said his father, confiding in our philanthropy ; "he picked up such a deal of slang among the stable-boys : but if you could hear him since he came from the mill ! he knocks you down with it, sir, I am afraid, sir, of his becoming a regular prig : for though he's a 'cute chap, can read and write, and is mighty smart and handy, yet no one will take him into service, on account of that business of the breeches !"

"What, sir!" exclaimed we, amazed at the man's simplicity ; "such a son, and you don't know what to do with him ! a 'cute fellow, who can write, who has been educated in a stable-yard, and has had six months' polish in a university—I mean a prison—and you don't know what to do with him ? Make a *fashionable novelist* of him, and be hanged to you !" And proud am I to say that that young man, every evening, after he comes home from his work (he has taken to street-sweeping in the day, and I don't advise him to relinquish a certainty)—proud am I to say that he devotes every evening to literary composition, and is coming out with a novel, in numbers, of the most fashionable kind.

This little episode is only given for the sake of example ; *par exemple*, as our authoress would say, who delights in French of the very worst kind. The public likes only the extremes of society, and votes mediocrity vulgar. From the Author they will take nothing but Fleet Ditch ; from the Authoress, only the finest of rose-water. I have read so many of her ladyship's novels, that, egad ! now I don't care for anything under a marquis. Why the deuce should we listen to the intrigues, the misfortunes, the virtues, and conversations of a couple of countesses, for instance, when we can have duchesses for our money ? What's a baronet ? pish ! pish ! that great coarse red fist in his scutcheon turns me sick ! What's a baron ? a fellow with only one more ball than a pawnbroker ; and, upon my conscience, just as common. Dear Lady Flummery, in your next novel, give us no more of these low people ; nothing under strawberry leaves, for the mercy of heaven ! Suppose, now, you write us

ALBERT ;

OR,

WHISPERINGS AT WINDSOR.

BY THE LADY FRANCES FLUMMERY.

There is a subject—fashionable circles, curious revelations, exclusive excitement, &c. To be sure, you *must* here introduce a viscount, and that is sadly vulgar ; but we will pass him for the sake of the ministerial *portefeuille*, which is genteel. Then he might do “Leopold ; or, the Bride of Neuilly ;” “The Victim of Würtemberg ;” “Olga ; or, the Autocrat’s Daughter” (a capital title) ; “*Henri* ; or, Rome in the Nineteenth Century ;” we can fancy the book, and a sweet paragraph about it in Timson’s paper.

“ *HENRI*, by Lady Frances Flummery.—*Henri* ! Who can he be ? a little bird whispers in our ear, that the gifted and talented Sappho of our hemisphere has discovered some curious particulars in the life of *a certain young chevalier*, whose appearance at Rome has so frightened the court of the Tu-l-ries. *Henri de B-rd—ux* is of an age when the *young god* can shoot his darts into the bosom with fatal accuracy ; and if the *Marchesini degli Spinachi* (whose portrait our lovely authoress has sung with a *kindred hand*) be as beauteous as she is represented (and as all who have visited in the exclusive circles of the eternal city say she is), no wonder at her effect upon the *Pr-nce*. *Verbum sap.* We hear that a few copies are still remaining. The enterprising publishers, Messrs. Soap and Diddle, have announced, we see, several other works by the same accomplished pen.”

This paragraph makes its appearance, in small type, in the ****, by the side, perhaps, of a disinterested recommendation of bears’-grease, or some remarks on the extraordinary cheapness of plate in Cornhill. Well, two or three days after, my dear Timson, who has been asked to dinner, writes in his own hand, and causes to be printed in the largest type, an article to the following effect :—

“ *HENRI*.

“ BY LADY F. FLUMMERY.

“ This is another of the graceful evergreens which the fair fingers of Lady Fanny Flummery are continually strewing upon our path. At once profound and caustic, truthful and passionate, we are at a loss whether most to admire the manly grandeur of her ladyship’s mind, or the exquisite nymph-like delicacy of it. Strange power of fancy ! Sweet enchantress, that rules

the mind at will : stirring up the utmost depths of it into passion and storm, or wreathing and dimpling its calm surface with countless summer smiles. As a great Bard of old Time has expressed it, what do we not owe to woman ?

“ What do we not owe her ? More love, more happiness, more calm of vexed spirit, more truthful aid, and pleasant counsel ; in joy, more delicate sympathy ; in sorrow, more kind companionship. We look into her cheery eyes, and, in those wells of love, care drowns ; we listen to **her** siren voice, and, in that balmy music, banished hope comes winging to the breast again.”

This goes on for about three-quarters of a column : I don’t pretend to understand it ; but with flowers, angels, Wordsworth’s poems, and the old dramatists, one can never be wrong, I think ; and though I have written the above paragraphs myself, and don’t understand a word of them, I can’t, upon my conscience, help thinking that they are mighty pretty writing. After, then, this has gone on for about three-quarters of a column (Timson does it in spare minutes, and fits it to any book that Lady Fanny brings out), he proceeds to particularize, thus :—

“ The grinding excitement which thrills through every fibre of the soul as we peruse these passionate pages, is almost too painful to bear. Nevertheless, one drains the draughts of poesy to the dregs, so deliciously intoxicating is its nature. We defy any man who begins these volumes to quit them ere he has perused each line. The plot may be briefly told as thus :—Henri, an exiled prince of Franconia (it is easy to understand the flimsy allegory), arrives at Rome and is presented to the sovereign Pontiff. At a feast, given in his honor at the Vatican, a dancing girl (the loveliest creation that ever issued from poet’s brain) is introduced, and exhibits some specimens of her art. The young prince is instantaneously smitten with the charms of the Saltatrice ; he breathes into her ear the accents of his love, and is listened to with favor. He has, however, a rival, and a powerful one. The POPE has already cast his eye upon the Apulian maid, and burns with lawless passion. One of the grandest scenes ever writ occurs between the rivals. The Pope offers to Castanetta every temptation ; he will even resign his crown and marry her : but she refuses. The prince can make no such offers ; he cannot wed her : ‘ The blood of Borbone,’ he says, ‘ may not be thus misallied.’ He determines to avoid her. In despair, she throws herself off the Tarpeian

rock ; and the Pope becomes a maniac. Such is an outline of this tragic tale.

“Besides this fabulous and melancholy part of the narrative, which is unsurpassed, much is written in the gay and sparkling style for which our lovely author is unrivalled. The sketch of the Marchesina degli Spinachi and her lover, the Duca di Gammoni, is delicious ; and the intrigue between the beautiful Princess Kalbsbraten and Count Bouterbrod is exquisitely painted : everybody, of course, knows who these characters are. The discovery of the manner in which Kartoffeln, the Saxon envoy, poisons the princess’s dishes, is only a graceful and real repetition of a story which was agitated throughout all the diplomatic circles last year. Schinken, the Westphalian, must not be forgotten ; nor Olla, the Spanish Spy. How does Lady Fanny Flummery, poet as she is, possess a sense of the ridiculous and a keenness of perception which would do honor to a Rabelais or a Rochefoucauld ? To those who ask this question, we have one reply, and that an example :—Not among women, ’tis true ; for till the Lady Fanny came among us, woman never soared so high. Not among women, indeed ! —but in comparing her to that great spirit for whom our veneration is highest and holiest, we offer no dishonor to his shrine :—in saying that he who wrote of *Romeo* and *Desdemona* might have drawn Castanetta and Enrico, we utter but the truthful expressions of our hearts ; in asserting that so long as SHAKSPEARE lives, so long will FLUMMERY endure ; in declaring that he who rules in all hearts, and over all spirits and all climes, has found a congenial spirit, we do but justice to Lady Fanny—justice to him who sleeps by Avon !”

With which we had better, perhaps, conclude. Our object has been, in descanting upon the Fashionable Authoress, to point out the influence which her writing possesses over society, rather than to criticize her life. The former is quite harmless ; and we don’t pretend to be curious about the latter. The woman herself is not so blamable : it is the silly people who cringe at her feet that do the mischief, and, gulled themselves, gull the most gullable of publics. Think you, O Timson, that her ladyship asks you for your *beaux yeux* or your wit ? Fool ! you do think so, or try and think so ; and yet you know she loves not you, but the **** newspaper. Think, little Fitch, in your fine waistcoat, how dearly you have paid for it ! Think, M’Lather, how many smirks, and lies, and columns of good

three-halfpence-a-line matter that big garnet pin has cost you ! the woman laughs at you, man ! you, who fancy that she is smitten with you—laughs at your absurd pretensions, your way of eating fish at dinner, your great hands, your eyes, your whiskers, your coat, and your strange north-country twang. Down with this Delilah ! Avaunt, O Circe ! giver of poisonous feeds. To your natural haunts, ye gentlemen of the press ! if bachelors, frequent your taverns, and be content. Better is Sally the waiter, and the first cut of the joint, than a dinner of four courses, and humbug therewith. Ye who are married, go to your homes ; dine not with those persons who scorn your wives. Go not forth to parties, that ye may act Tom Fool for the amusement of my lord and my lady ; but play your natural follies among your natural friends. Do this for a few years, and the Fashionable Authoress is extinct. O Jove, what a prospect ! She, too, has retreated to her own natural calling, being as much out of place in a book as you, my dear M'Lather, in a drawing-room. Let milliners look up to her ; let Howell and James swear by her ; let simpering dandies caper about her car ; let her write poetry if she likes, but only for the most exclusive circles ; let mantua-makers puff her—but not men : let such things be, and the Fashionable Authoress is no more ! Blessed, blessed thought ! No more fiddle-faddle novels ! no more namby-pamby poetry ! no more fribble “Blossoms of Loveliness !” When will you arrive, O happy Golden Age ?

THE ARTISTS.

IT is confidently stated that there was once a time when the quarter of Soho was thronged by the fashion of London. Many wide streets are there in the neighborhood, stretching cheerfully towards Middlesex Hospital in the north, bounded by Dean Street in the west, where the lords and ladies of William's time used to dwell,—till in Queen Anne's time, Bloomsbury put Soho out of fashion, and Great Russell Street became the pink of the mode.

Both these quarters of the town have submitted to the awful rule of nature, and are now to be seen undergoing the dire process of decay. Fashion has deserted Soho, and left her in her gaunt, lonely old age. The houses have a vast, dingy, mouldy, dowager look. No more beaux, in mighty peri-

wigs, ride by in gilded clattering coaches ; no more lackeys accompany them, bearing torches, and shouting for precedence. A solitary policeman paces these solitary streets,—the only dandy in the neighborhood. You hear the milkman yelling his milk with a startling distinctness, and the clack of a servant-girl's pattens sets people a-staring from the windows.

With Bloomsbury we have here nothing to do ; but as genteel stock-brokers inhabit the neighborhood of Regent's Park, —as lawyers have taken possession of Russell Square,—so Artists have seized upon the desolate quarter of Soho. They are to be found in great numbers in Berners Street. Up to the present time, naturalists have never been able to account for this mystery of their residence. What has a painter to do with Middlesex Hospital ? He is to be found in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square. And why ? Philosophy cannot tell, any more than why milk is found in a cocoa-nut.

Look at Newman Street. Has earth, in any dismal corner of her great round face, a spot more desperately gloomy ? The windows are spotted with wafers, holding up ghastly bills, that tell you the house is "To Let." Nobody walks there—not even an old-clothes-man ; the first inhabited house has bars to the windows, and bears the name of "Ahasuerus, officer to the Sheriff of Middlesex ;" and here, above all places, must painters take up their quarters,—day by day must these reckless people pass Ahasuerus's treble gate. There was my poor friend, Tom Tickner (who did those sweet things for "The Book of Beauty"). Tom, who could not pay his washerwoman, lived opposite the bailiff's ; and could see every miserable debtor, or greasy Jew writ-bearer that went in or out of his door. The street begins with a bailiff's, and ends with a hospital. I wonder how men live in it, and are decently cheerful, with this gloomy, doubled-barrelled moral pushed perpetually into their faces. Here, however, they persist in living, no one knows why ; owls may still be found roosting in Netley Abbey, and a few Arabs are to be seen at the present minute in Palmyra.

The ground floors of the houses where painters live are mostly make-believe shops, black empty warehouses, containing fabulous goods. There is a sedan-chair opposite a house in Rathbone Place, that I have myself seen every day for forty-three years. The house has commonly a huge india-rubber-colored door, with a couple of glistening brass plates and bells. A portrait-painter lives on the first floor ; a great historical genius inhabits the second. Remark the first-floor's middle

drawing-room window ; it is four feet higher than its two companions, and has taken a fancy to peep into the second-floor front. So much for the outward appearance of their habitations, and for the quarters in which they commonly dwell. They seem to love solitude, and their mighty spirits rejoice in vastness and gloomy ruin.

I don't say a word here about those geniuses who frequent the thoroughfares of the town, and have picture-frames containing a little gallery of miniature peers, beauties, and general officers, in the Quadrant, the passages about St. Martin's Lane, the Strand, and Cheapside. Lord Lyndhurst is to be seen in many of these gratis exhibitions — Lord Lyndhurst cribbed from Chalon ; Lady Peel from Sir Thomas ; Miss Croker from the same ; *the* Duke, from ditto ; an original officer in the Spanish Legion ; a colonel or so, of the Bunhill-Row Fencibles ; a lady on a yellow sofa, with four children in little caps and blue ribbons. We have all of us seen these pretty pictures, and are aware that our own features may be "done in this style." Then there is the man on the chain-pier at Brighton, who pares out your likeness in sticking-plaster ; there is Miss Croke, or Miss Runt, who gives lessons in Poonah-painting, japanning, or mezzotinting ; Miss Stump, who attends ladies' schools with large chalk heads from Le Brun or the Cartoons ; Rubbery, who instructs young gentlemen's establishments in pencil ; and Sepio, of the Water-Color Society, who paints before eight pupils daily, at a guinea an hour, keeping his own drawings for himself.

All these persons, as the most indifferent reader must see, equally belong to the tribe of Artists (the last not more than the first), and in an article like this should be mentioned properly. But though this paper has been extended from eight pages to sixteen, not a volume would suffice to do justice to the biographies of the persons above mentioned. Think of the superb Sepio, in a light-blue satin cravat, and a light-brown coat, and yellow kids, tripping daintily from Grosvenor Square to Gloucester Place, a small sugar-loaf boy following, who carries his morocco portfolio. Sepio scents his handkerchief, curls his hair, and wears, on a great coarse fist a large emerald ring that one of his pupils gave him. He would not smoke a cigar for the world ; he is always to be found at the Opera ; and, gods ! how he grins, and waggles his head about, as Lady Flummery nods to him from her box.

He goes to at least six great parties in the season. At the houses where he teaches, he has a faint hope that he is received

as an equal, and propitiates scornful footmen by absurd donations of sovereigns. The rogue has plenty of them. He has a stock-broker, and a power of guinea-lessons stowed away in the Consols. There are a number of young ladies of genius in the aristocracy, who admire him hugely ; he begs you to contradict the report about him and Lady Smigsmag ; every now and then he gets a present of game from a marquis ; the City ladies die to have lessons of him ; he prances about the Park on a high-bred cock-tail, with lackered boots and enormous high heels ; and he has a mother and sisters somewhere—washerwomen, it is said, in Pimlico.

How different is his fate to that of poor Rubbery, the school drawing-master ! Highgate, Homerton, Putney, Hackney, Hornsey, Turnham Green, are his resorts ; he has a select seminary to attend at every one of these places ; and if, from all these nurseries of youth, he obtains a sufficient number of half-crowns to pay his week's bills, what a happy man is he !

He lives most likely in a third floor in Howland Street, and has commonly five children, who have all a marvellous talent for drawing—all save one, perhaps, that is an idiot, which a poor sick mother is ever carefully tending. Sepio's great aim and battle in life is to be considered one of the aristocracy ; honest Rubbery would fain be thought a gentleman, too ; but, indeed, he does not know whether he is so or not. Why be a gentleman ?—a gentleman Artist does not obtain the wages of a tailor ; Rubbery's butcher looks down upon him with a royal scorn ; and his wife, poor gentle soul (a clergyman's daughter, who married him in the firm belief that her John would be knighted, and make an immense fortune),—his wife, I say, has many fierce looks to suffer from Mrs. Butcher, and many meek excuses or prayers to proffer, when she cannot pay her bill,—or when, worst of all, she has humbly to beg for a little scrap of meat upon credit, against John's coming home. He has five-and-twenty miles to walk that day, and must have something nourishing when he comes in—he is killing himself, poor fellow, she knows he is : and Miss Crick has promised to pay him his quarter's charge on the very next Saturday. “ Gentlefolks, indeed,” says Mrs. Butcher ; “ pretty gentlefolks these, as can't pay for half a pound of steak ! ” Let us thank heaven that the Artist's wife has her meat, however,—there is good in that shrill, fat, mottle-faced Mrs. Brisket, after all.

Think of the labors of that poor Rubbery. He was up at four in the morning, and toiled till nine upon a huge damp icy lithographic stone ; on which he has drawn the “ Star of the

Wave," or the "Queen of the Tourney," or, "She met at Almack's," for Lady Flummery's last new song. This done, at half-past nine, he is to be seen striding across Kensington Gardens, to wait upon the before-named Miss Crick, at Lamont House. Transport yourself in imagination to the Misses Kittle's seminary, Potzdam Villa, Upper Homerton, four miles from Shoreditch ; and at half-past two Professor Rubbery is to be seen swinging along towards the gate. Somebody is on the look-out for him ; indeed it is his eldest daughter, Marianne, who has been pacing the shrubbery, and peering over the green railings this half hour past. She is with the Misses Kittle on the "mutual system," a thousand times more despised than the butchers' and the grocers' daughters, who are educated on the same terms, and whose papas are warm men in Aldgate. Wednesday is the happiest day of Marianne's week : and this the happiest hour of Wednesday. Behold ! Professor Rubbery wipes his hot brows and kisses the poor thing, and they go in together out of the rain, and he tells her that the twins are well out of the measles, thank God ! and that Tom has just done the Antinous, in a way that must make him sure of the Academy prize, and that mother is better of her rheumatism now. He has brought her a letter, in large round hand, from Polly ; a famous soldier, drawn by little Frank ; and when, after his two hours' lesson, Rubbery is off again, our dear Marianne cons over the letter and picture a hundred times with soft tearful smiles, and stows them away in an old writing-desk, amidst a heap more of precious home relics, wretched trumpery scraps and baubles, that you and I, Madam, would sneer at ; but that in the poor child's eyes (and, I think, in the eyes of One who knows how to value widows' mites and humble sinners offerings) are better than bank-notes and Fitt diamonds. O kind heaven, that has given these treasures to the poor ! Many and many an hour does Marianne lie awake with full eyes, and yearn for that wretched old lodging in Howland Street, where mother and brothers lie sleeping ; and, gods ! what a fête it is, when twice or thrice in the year she comes home !

* * * * *

I forget how many hundred millions of miles, for how many billions of centuries, how many thousands of decillions of angels, peris, houris, demons, afreets, and the like, Mahomet travelled, lived, and counted, during the time that some water was falling from a bucket to the ground ; but have we not been wandering most egregiously away from Rubbery, during the minute in

which his daughter is changing his shoes, and taking off his reeking mackintosh in the hall of Potzdam Villa? She thinks him the finest artist that ever cut an H. B.; that's positive: and as a drawing-master, his merits are wonderful; for at the Misses Kittle's annual vacation festival, when the young ladies' drawings are exhibited to their mammas and relatives (Rubbery attending in a clean shirt, with his wife's large brooch stuck in it, and drinking negus along with the very best);—at the annual festival, I say, it will be found that the sixty-four drawings exhibited—"Tintern Abbey," "Kenilworth Castle," "Horse—from Carl Vernet," "Head—from West," or what not (say sixteen of each sort)—are the one exactly as good as the other; so that, although Miss Slamcoe gets the prize, there is really no reason why Miss Timson, who is only four years old, should not have it: her design being accurately stroke for stroke, tree for tree, curl for curl, the same as Miss Slamcoe's, who is eighteen. The fact is, that of these drawings, Rubbery, in the course of the year, has done every single stroke, although the girls and their parents are ready to take their affidavits (or, as I heard once a great female grammarian say, their *affies davit*) that the drawing-master has never been near the sketches. This is the way with them; but mark!—when young ladies come home, are settled in life, and mammas of families,—can they design so much as a horse, or a dog, or a "moo-cow," for little Jack who bawls out for them? Not they! Rubbery's pupils have no more notion of drawing, any more than Sepio's of painting, when that eminent artist is away.

Between these two gentlemen, lie a whole class of teachers of drawing, who resemble them more or less. I am ashamed to say that Rubbery takes his pipe in the parlor of an hotel, of which the largest room is devoted to the convenience of poor people, amateurs of British gin: whilst Sepio trips down to the Club, and has a pint of the smallest claret: but of course the tastes of men vary; and you find them simple or presuming, careless or prudent, natural and vulgar, or false and atrociously genteel, in all ranks and stations of life.

As for the other persons mentioned at the beginning of this discourse, viz.: the cheap portrait-painter, the portrait-cutter in sticking-plaster, and Miss Croke, the teacher of mezzotint and Poonah-painting,—nothing need be said of them in this place, as we have to speak of matters more important. Only about Miss Croke, or about other professors of cheap art, let the reader most sedulously avoid them. Mezzotinto is a take-in, Poonah-painting a rank, villainous deception. So is "Grecian

art without brush or pencils." These are only small mechanical contrivances, over which young ladies are made to lose time. And now, having disposed of these small skirmishers who hover round the great body of Artists, we are arrived in presence of the main force; that we must begin to attack in form. In the "partition of the earth," as it has been described by Schiller, the reader will remember that the poet, finding himself at the end of the general scramble without a single morsel of plunder, applied passionately to Jove, who pitied the poor fellow's condition, and complimented him with a seat in the Empyrean. "The strong and the cunning," says Jupiter, "have seized upon the inheritance of the world, whilst thou wert star-gazing and rhyming: not one single acre remains wherewith I can endow thee; but, in revenge, if thou art disposed to visit me in my own heaven, come when thou wilt, it is always open to thee."

The cunning and strong have scrambled and struggled more on our own little native spot of earth than in any other place on the world's surface; and the English poet (whether he handles a pen or a pencil) has little other refuge than that windy, unsubstantial one which Jove has vouchsafed to him. Such airy board and lodging is, however, distasteful to many; who prefer, therefore, to give up their poetical calling, and, in a vulgar beef-eating world, to feed upon and fight for vulgar beef.

For such persons (among the class of painters), it may be asserted that portrait-painting was invented. It is the Artist's compromise with heaven; "the light of common day," in which, after a certain quantity of "travel from the East," the genius fades at last. Abbé Barthelemy (who sent *Le Jeune Anacharsis* travelling through Greece in the time of Plato,—travelling through ancient Greece in lace ruffles, red heels, and a pigtail),—Abbé Barthelemy, I say, declares that somebody was once standing against a wall in the sun, and that somebody else traced the outline of somebody's shadow; and so painting was "invented." Angelica Kauffmann has made a neat picture of this neat subject; and very well worthy she was of handling it. Her painting *might* grow out of a wall and a piece of charcoal; and honest Barthelemy might be satisfied that he had here traced the true origin of the art. What a base pedigree have these abominable Greek, French, and High-Dutch heathens invented for that which is divine!—a wall, ye gods, to be represented as the father of that which came down radiant from you! The man who invented such a blasphemy, ought to be impaled upon broken bottles, or shot off pitilessly by spring-guns, nailed to the bricks like a deal owl or a weasel, or tied

up—a kind of vulgar Prometheus—and baited forever by the house-dog.

But let not our indignation carry us too far. Lack of genius in some, of bread in others, of patronage in a shopkeeping world, that thinks only of the useful, and is little inclined to study the sublime, has turned thousands of persons calling themselves, and wishing to be, Artists, into so many common face-painters, who must look out for the “*kalon*” in the fat features of a red-gilled Alderman, or, at best, in a pretty, simpering, white-necked beauty from “Almack’s.” The dangerous charms of these latter, especially, have seduced away many painters; and we often think that this very physical superiority which English ladies possess, this tempting brilliancy of health and complexion, which belongs to them more than to any others, has operated upon our Artists as a serious disadvantage, and kept them from better things. The French call such beauty “*La beauté du Diable*; and a devilish power it has truly; before our Armidas and Helens how many Rinaldos and Parises have fallen, who are content to forget their glorious calling, and slumber away their energies in the laps of these soft tempters. O ye British enchantresses! I never see a gilded annual-book, without likening it to a small island near Cape Pelorus, in Sicily, whither, by twanging of harps, singing of ravishing melodies, glancing of voluptuous eyes, and the most beautiful fashionable undress in the world, the naughty sirens lured the passing seaman. Steer clear of them, ye Artists! pull, pull for your lives, ye crews of Suffolk Street and the Water-Color gallery! stop your ears, bury your eyes, tie yourself to the mast, and away with you from the gaudy, smiling “Books of Beauty.” Land, and you are ruined! Look well among the flowers on yonder beach—it is whitened with the bones of painters.

For my part, I never have a model under seventy, and her with several shawls and a cloak on. By these means the imagination gets fair play, and the morals remain unendangered.

Personalities are odious; but let the British public look at pictures of the celebrated Mr. Shalloo—the moral British public—and say whether our grandchildren (or the grandchildren of the exalted personages whom Mr. Shalloo paints) will not have a queer idea of the manners of their grandmamas, as they are represented in the most beautiful, dexterous, captivating water-color drawings that ever were? Heavenly powers, how they simper and ogle! with what gimcracks of lace, ribbons, ferronières, smelling-bottles, and what not, is every one of them overloaded! What shoulders, what ringlets, what

funny little pug-dogs do they most of them exhibit to us ! The days of Lancret and Watteau are lived over again, and the court ladies of the time of Queen Victoria look as moral as the immaculate countesses of the days of Louis Quinze. The last President of the Royal Academy * is answerable for many sins, and many imitators ; especially for that gay, simpering, meretricious look which he managed to give to every lady who sat to him for her portrait ; and I do not know a more curious contrast than that which may be perceived by any one who will examine a collection of his portraits by the side of some by Sir Joshua Reynolds. They seem to have painted different races of people ; and when one hears very old gentlemen talking of the superior beauty that existed in their early days (as very old gentlemen, from Nestor downwards, have and will), one is inclined to believe that there is some truth in what they say ; at least, that the men and women under George the Third were far superior to their descendants in the time of George the Fourth. Whither has it fled—that calm matronly grace, or beautiful virgin innocence, which belonged to the happy women who sat to Sir Joshua ? Sir Thomas's ladies are ogling out of their gilt frames, and asking us for admiration ; Sir Joshua's sit quiet, in maiden meditation fancy free, not anxious for applause, but sure to command it ; a thousand times more lovely in their sedate serenity than Sir Thomas's ladies in their smiles, and their satin ball-dresses.

But this is not the general notion, and the ladies prefer the manner of the modern Artist. Of course, such being the case, the painters must follow the fashion. One could point out half a dozen Artists who, at Sir Thomas's death, have seized upon a shred of his somewhat tawdry mantle. There is Carmine, for instance, a man of no small repute, who will stand as the representative of his class.

Carmine has had the usual education of a painter in this country ; he can read and write—that is, has spent years drawing the figure—and has made his foreign tour. It may be that he had original talent once, but he has learned to forget this, as the great bar to his success ; and must imitate, in order to live. He is among Artists what a dentist is among surgeons a man who is employed to decorate the human head, and who is paid enormously for so doing. You know one of Carmine's beauties at any exhibition, and see the process by which they are manufactured. He lengthens the noses, widens the foreheads, opens the eyes, and gives them the proper languishing

* Sir Thomas Lawrence.

leer ; diminishes the mouth, and infallibly tips the end of it with a pretty smile of his favorite color. He is a personable, white-handed, bald-headed, middle-aged man now, with that grave blandness of look which one sees in so many prosperous empty-headed people. He has a collection of little stories and court gossip about Lady This, and "my particular friend, Lord So-and-so," which he lets off in succession to every sitter ; indeed, a most bland, irreproachable, gentlemanlike man. He gives most patronizing advice to young Artists, and makes a point of praising all—not certainly too much, but in a gentlemanlike, indifferent, simpering, way. This should be the maxim with prosperous persons, who have had to make their way, and wish to keep what they have made. They praise everybody, and are called good-natured, benevolent men. Surely no benevolence is so easy ; it simply consists in lying, and smiling, and wishing everybody well. You will get to do so quite naturally at last, and at no expense of truth. At first, when a man has feelings of his own—feelings of love or of anger—this perpetual grin and good-humor is hard to maintain. I used to imagine, when I first knew Carmine, that there were some particular springs in his wig (that glossy, oily, curl crop of chestnut hair) that pulled up his features into a smile, and kept the muscles so fixed for the day. I don't think so now, and should say he grinned, even when he was asleep and his teeth were out ; the smile does not lie in the manufacture of the wig, but in the construction of the brain. Claude Carmine has the organ of *don't-care-a-damn-ativeness* wonderfully developed ; not that reckless don't-care-a-damn-ativeness which leads a man to disregard all the world, and himself into the bargain. Claude stops before he comes to himself ; but beyond that individual member of the Royal Academy, has not a single sympathy for a single human creature. The account of his friends' deaths, woes, misfortunes, or good luck, he receives with equal good-nature ; he gives three splendid dinners per annum, Gunter, Dukes, Fortnum and Mason, everything ; he dines out the other three hundred and sixty-two days in the year, and was never known to give away a shilling, or to advance, for one half-hour, the forty pounds per quarter wages that he gives to Mr. Scumble, who works the backgrounds, limbs, and draperies of his portraits.

He is not a good painter : how should he be ; whose painting as it were never goes beyond a whisper, and who would make a general simpering as he looked at an advancing cannon-ball ?—but he is not a bad painter, being a keen, respectable

man of the world, who has a cool head, and knows what is what. In France, where tigerism used to be the fashion among the painters, I make no doubt Carmine would have let his beard and wig grow, and looked the fiercest of the fierce ; but with us a man must be genteel ; the perfection of style (in writing and in drawing-rooms) being "*de ne pas en avoir*," Carmine of course is agreeably vapid. His conversation has accordingly the flavor and briskness of a clear, brilliant, stale bottle of soda-water,—once in five minutes or so, you see rising up to the surface a little bubble—a little tiny shining point of wit,—it rises and explodes feebly, and then dies. With regard to wit, people of fashion (as we are given to understand) are satisfied with a mere *soupçon* of it. Anything more were indecorous ; a genteel stomach could not bear it : Carmine knows the exact proportions of the dose, and would not venture to administer to his sitters anything beyond the requisite quantity.

There is a great deal more said here about Carmine—the man, than Carmine—the Artist ; but what can be written about the latter ? New ladies in white satin, new Generals in red, new Peers in scarlet and ermine, and stout Members of Parliament pointing to inkstands and sheets of letter-paper, with a Turkey-carpet beneath them, a red curtain above them, a Doric pillar supporting them, and a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning lowering and flashing in the background, spring up every year, and take their due positions "upon the line" in the Academy, and send their compliments of hundreds to swell Carmine's heap of Consols. If he paints Lady Flummery for the tenth time, in the character of the tenth Muse, what need have we to say anything about it ? The man is a good workman, and will manufacture a decent article at the best price ; but we should no more think of noticing each, than of writing fresh critiques upon every new coat that Nugee or Stultz turned out. The papers say, in reference to his picture "No. 591. 'Full length portrait of her Grace the Duchess of Doldrum. Carmine, R. A.' Mr. Carmine never fails ; this work, like all others by the same artist, is excellent :"—or, "No. 591, &c. The lovely Duchess of Doldrum has received from Mr. Carmine's pencil ample justice ; the *chiar' oscuro* of the picture is perfect ; the likeness admirable ; the keeping and coloring have the true Titianesque gusto ; if we might hint a fault, it has the left ear of the lap-dog a 'little' out of drawing."

Then, perhaps, comes a criticism which says : "The Duchess of Doldrum's picture by Mr. Carmine is neither better nor worse than five hundred other performances of the same

artist. It would be very unjust to say that these Portraits are bad, for they have really a considerable cleverness ; but to say that they were good, would be quite as false ; nothing in our eyes was ever further from being so. Every ten years Mr. Carmine exhibits what is called an original picture of three inches square, but beyond this, nothing original is to be found in him : as a lad, he copied Reynolds, then Opie, then Lawrence ; then having made a sort of style of his own, he has copied himself ever since," &c.

And then the critic goes on to consider the various parts of Carmine's pictures. In speaking of critics, their peculiar relationship with painters ought not to be forgotten ; and as in a former paper we have seen how a fashionable authoress has her critical toadies, in like manner has the painter his enemies and friends in the press ; with this difference, probably, that the writer can bear a fair quantity of abuse without wincing, while the artist not uncommonly grows mad at such strictures, considers them as personal matters, inspired by a private feeling of hostility, and hates the critic for life who has ventured to question his judgment in any way. We have said before, poor Academicians, for how many conspiracies are you made to answer ! We may add now, poor critics, what black personal animosities are discovered for you, when you happen (right or wrong, but according to your best ideas) to speak the truth ! Say that Snooks's picture is badly colored.—“O heavens !” shrieks Snooks, “what can I have done to offend this fellow ?” Hint that such a figure is badly drawn—and Snooks instantly declares you to be his personal enemy, actuated only by envy and vile pique. My friend Pebbler, himself a famous Artist, is of opinion that the critic should *never* abuse the painter's performances, because, says he, the painter knows much better than any one else what his own faults are, and because you never do him any good. Are men of the brush so obstinate ?—very likely : but the public—the public ? are we not to do our duty by it too ; and, aided by our superior knowledge and genius for the fine arts, point out to it the way it should go ? Yes, surely ; and as by the efforts of dull or interested critics many bad painters have been palmed off upon the nation as geniuses of the first degree ; in like manner, the sagacious and disinterested (like some we could name) have endeavored to provide this British nation with pure principles of taste,—or at least to prevent them from adopting such as are impure.

Carmine, to be sure, comes in for very little abuse ; and indeed, he deserves but little. He is a fashionable painter, and

preserves the golden mediocrity which is necessary for the fashion. Let us bid him good-by. He lives in a house all to himself, most likely,—has a footman, sometimes a carriage ; is apt to belong to the “Athenæum ;” and dies universally respected ; that is, not one single soul cares for him dead, as he, living, did not care for one single soul.

Then, perhaps, we should mention M‘Gilp, or Blather, rising young men, who will fill Carmine’s place one of these days, and occupy his house in —, when the fulness of time shall come, and (he borne to a narrow grave in the Harrow Road by the whole mourning Royal Academy) they shall leave their present first floor in Newman Street, and step into his very house and shoes.

There is little difference between the juniors and the seniors ; they grin when they are talking of him together, and express a perfect confidence that they can paint a head against Carmine any day—as very likely they can. But until his demise, they are occupied with painting people about the Regent’s Park and Russell Square ; are very glad to have the chance of a popular clergyman, or a college tutor, or a mayor of Stoke Poges after the Reform Bill. Such characters are commonly mezzotinted afterwards ; and the portrait of our esteemed townsman So-and-so, by that talented artist Mr. M‘Gilp, of London, is favorably noticed by the provincial press, and is to be found over the sideboards of many country gentlemen. If they come up to town, to whom do they go ? To M‘Gilp, to be sure ; and thus, slowly, his practice and his prices increase.

The Academy student is a personage that should not be omitted here ; he resembles very much, outwardly, the medical student, and has many of the latter’s habits and pleasures. He very often wears a broad-brimmed hat and a fine dirty crimson velvet waistcoat, his hair commonly grows long, and he has braiding to his pantaloons. He works leisurely at the Academy, he loves theatres, billiards, and novels, and has his house-of-call somewhere in the neighborhood of Saint Martin’s Lane, where he and his brethren meet and sneer at Royal Academicians. If you ask him what line of art he pursues, he answers with a smile exceedingly supercilious, “Sir, I am an historical painter ;” meaning that he will only condescend to take subjects from Hume, or Robertson, or from the classics—which he knows nothing about. This stage of an historical painter is only preparatory, lasting perhaps from eighteen to five-and-twenty, when the gentleman’s madness begins to disappear, and he comes to look at life sternly in the face, and to learn that man shall not

live by historical painting alone. Then our friend falls to portrait-painting, or annual-painting, or makes some other such sad compromise with necessity.

He has probably a small patrimony, which defrays the charge of his studies and cheap pleasures during his period of apprenticeship. He makes the *obligé* tour to France and Italy, and returns from those countries with a multitude of spoiled canvases and a large pair of mustaches, with which he establishes himself in one of the dingy streets of Soho before mentioned. There is poor Pipson, a man of indomitable patience, and undying enthusiasm for his profession. He could paper Exeter Hall with his studies from the life, and with portraits in chalk and oil of French *sapeurs* and Italian brigands, that kindly descend from their mountain-caverns, and quit their murderous occupations, in order to sit to young gentlemen at Rome, at the rate of tenpence an hour. Pipson returns from abroad, establishes himself, has his cards printed, and waits and waits for commissions for great historical pictures. Meanwhile, night after night, he is to be found at his old place in the Academy, copying the old life-guardsman—working, working away—and never advancing one jot. At eighteen, Pipson copied statues and life-guardsmen to admiration ; at five-and-thirty he can make admirable drawings of life-guardsmen and statues. Beyond this he never goes ; year after year his historical picture is returned to him by the envious Academicians, and he grows old, and his little patrimony is long since spent ; and he earns nothing himself. How does he support hope and life ?—that is the wonder. No one knows until he tries (which God forbid he should !) upon what a small matter hope and life can be supported. Our poor fellow lives on from year to year in a miraculous way ; tolerably cheerful in the midst of his semi-starvation, and wonderfully confident about next year, in spite of the failures of the last twenty-five. Let us thank God for imparting to us, poor weak mortals, the inestimable blessing of *vanity*. How many half-witted votaries of the arts—poets, painters, actors, musicians—live upon this food, and scarcely any other !—If the delusion were to drop from Pipson's eyes, and he should see himself as he is,—if some malevolent genius were to mingle with his feeble brains one fatal particle of common sense,—he would just walk off Waterloo Bridge, and abjure poverty, incapacity, cold lodgings, unpaid baker's bills, ragged elbows, and deferred hopes, at once and forever.

We do not mean to depreciate the profession of historical painting, but simply to warn youth against it as dangerous and

unprofitable. It is as if a young fellow should say, "I will be a Raffaelle or a Titian,—a Milton or a Shakspeare," and if he will count up how many people have lived since the world began, and how many there have been of the Raffaelle or Shakspeare sort, he can calculate to a nicety what are the chances in his favor. Even successful historical painters, what are they?—in a worldly point of view, they mostly inhabit the second floor, or have great desolate studios in back premises, whither life-guardsmen, old-clothesmen, blackamoors, and other "properties" are conducted, to figure at full length as Roman conquerors, Jewish high-priests, or Othellos on canvas. Then there are gay, smart, water-color painters,—a flourishing and pleasant trade. Then there are shabby, fierce-looking geniuses, in ringlets, and all but rags, who paint, and whose pictures are never sold, and who vow they are the objects of some general and scoundrelly conspiracy. There are landscape painters, who travel to the uttermost ends of the earth and brave heat and cold, to bring to the greedy British public views of Cairo, Calcutta, St. Petersburg, Timbuctoo. You see English artists under the shadow of the Pyramids, making sketches of the Copts, perched on the backs of dromedaries, accompanying a caravan across the desert, or getting materials for an annual in Iceland or Siberia. What genius and what energy do not they all exhibit—these men, whose profession, in this wise country of ours, is scarcely considered as liberal!

If we read the works of the Reverend Dr. Lempriere, Monsieur Winckelmann, Professor Plato, and others who have written concerning the musty old Grecians, we shall find that the Artists of those barbarous times meddled with all sorts of trades besides their own, and dabbled in fighting, philosophy, metaphysics, both Scotch and German, politics, music, and the deuce knows what. A rambling sculptor who used to go about giving lectures in those days, Socrates by name, declared that the wisest of men in his time were artists. This Plato, before mentioned, went through a regular course of drawing, figure and landscape, black-lead, chalk, with or without stump, sepia, water-color, and oils. Was there ever such absurdity known? Among these benighted heathens, painters were the most accomplished gentlemen,—and the most accomplished gentlemen were painters; the former would make you a speech, or read you a dissertation on Kant, or lead you a regiment,—with the very best statesman, philosopher, or soldier in Athens. And they had the folly to say, that by thus busying and accomplishing themselves in all manly studies, they were advancing

eminently in their own peculiar one. What was the consequence? Why, that fellow Socrates not only made a miserable fifth-rate sculptor, but was actually hanged for treason.

And serve him right. Do *our* young artists study anything beyond the proper way of cutting a pencil, or drawing a model? Do you hear of *them* hard at work over books, and bothering their brains with musty learning? Not they, forsooth: we understand the doctrine of division of labor, and each man sticks to his trade. Artists do not meddle with the pursuits of the rest of the world; and, in revenge, the rest of the world does not meddle with Artists. Fancy an Artist being a senior wrangler or a politician; and on the other hand, fancy a real gentleman turned painter! No, no; ranks are defined. A real gentleman may get money by the law, or by wearing a red coat and fighting, or a black one and preaching; but that he should sell himself to *Art*—forbid it, heaven! And do not let your ladyship on reading this cry, “Stuff!—stupid envy, rank republicanism,—an artist *is* a gentleman.” Madam, would you like to see your son, the Honorable Fitzroy Plantagenet, a painter? You would die sooner; the escutcheon of the Smigsmags would be blotted forever, if Plantagenet ever ventured to make a mercantile use of a bladder of paint.

Time was—some hundred years back—when writers lived in Grub Street, and poor ragged Johnson shrunk behind a screen in Cave’s parlor—that the author’s trade was considered a very mean one; which a gentleman of family could not take up but as an amateur. This absurdity is pretty nearly worn out, now, and I do humbly hope and pray for the day when the other shall likewise disappear. If there be any nobleman with a talent that way, why—why don’t we see him among the R. A.’s?

501. The Schoolmaster. Sketch taken } abroad } 502. View of the Artist’s residence at } Windsor } 503. Murder of the Babes in the Tower. } 504. A little Agitation }	Brum, Henry, Lord, R.A., F.R.S., S.A., <i>of the National Institute of France</i> Maconkey, Right Honorable T. B. Rustle, Lord J. Pill, Right Honorable Sir Robert. O’Carol, Daniel, M. R. I. A.
---	---

Fancy, I say, such names as these figuring in the catalogue of the Academy: and why should they not? The real glorious days of the art (which wants equality and not patronage) will revive then. Patronage—a plague on the word!—it implies inferiority; and in the name of all that is sensible, why is a

respectable country gentleman, or a city attorney's lady, or any person of any rank, however exalted, to "patronize" an Artist!

There are some who sigh for the past times, when magnificent, swaggering Peter Paul Rubens (who himself patronized a queen) rode abroad with a score of gentlemen in his train, and a purse-bearer to scatter ducats ; and who love to think how he was made an English knight and a Spanish grandee, and went of embassies as if he had been a born marquis. Sweet it is to remember, too, that Sir Antony Vandyck, K.B., actually married out of the peerage : and that when Titian dropped his mahlstick, the Emperor Charles V. picked it up (O gods! what heroic self-devotion)—picked it up, saying, "I can make fifty dukes, but not one Titian." Nay, was not the Pope of Rome going to make Raffaelle a Cardinal,—and were not these golden days ?

Let us say at once, "No." The very fuss made about certain painters in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries shows that the body of artists had no rank or position in the world. They hung upon single patrons : and every man who holds his place by such a tenure, must feel himself an inferior, more or less. The times are changing now, and as authors are no longer compelled to send their works abroad under the guardianship of a great man and a slavish dedication, painters, too, are beginning to deal directly with the public. Who are the great picture-buyers now?—the engravers and their employers, the people,—"the only source of legitimate power," as they say after dinner. A fig then for Cardinals' hats ! were Mr. O'Connell in power to-morrow let us hope he would not give one, not even a paltry bishopric *in partibus*, to the best painter in the Academy. What need have they of honors out of the profession ? Why are they to be be-knighted like a parcel of aldermen?—for my part, I solemnly declare, that I will take nothing under a peerage, after the exhibition of my great picture, and don't see, if painters *must* have titles conferred upon them for eminent services, why the Marquis of Mulready or the Earl of Landseer should not sit in the house as well as any law or soldier lord.

The truth to be elicited from this little digressive dissertation is this painful one,—that young Artists are not generally as well instructed as they should be ; and let the Royal Academy look to it, and give some sound courses of lectures to their pupils on literature and history, as well as on anatomy, or light and shade.

THE
TREMENDOUS ADVENTURES
OF
MAJOR GAHAGAN.

THE
TREMENDOUS ADVENTURES
of
MAJOR CAHAGAN.

THE

TREMENDOUS ADVENTURES

OF

MAJOR GAHAGAN.

CHAPTER I.

“TRUTH IS STRANGE, STRANGER THAN FICTION.”

I THINK it but right that in making my appearance before the public I should at once acquaint them with my titles and name. My card, as I leave it at the houses of the nobility, my friends, is as follows:—

MAJOR GOLIAH O'GRADY GAHAGAN, H.E.I.C.S.,

Commanding Battalion of

Irregular Horse,

AHMEDNUGGAR.

Seeing, I say, this simple visiting ticket, the world will avoid any of those awkward mistakes as to my person, which have been so frequent of late. There has been no end to the blunders regarding this humble title of mine, and the confusion thereby created. When I published my volume of poems, for instance, the *Morning Post* newspaper remarked “that the Lyrics of the Heart, by Miss Gahagan, may be ranked among the sweetest flowrets of the present spring season.” The

Quarterly Review, commenting upon my "Observations on the Pons Asinorum" (4to. London, 1836), called me "Doctor Gahagan," and so on. It was time to put an end to these mistakes, and I have taken the above simple remedy.

I was urged to it by a very exalted personage. Dining in August last at the palace of the T—lr—es at Paris, the lovely young Duch-ss of Orl—ns (who, though she does not speak English, understands it as well as I do), said to me in the softest Teutonic, "Lieber Herr Major, haben sie den Ahmed-nuggarischen-jäger-battalion gelassen?" "Warum denn?" said I, quite astonished at her R—l H—ss's question. The P—cess then spoke of some trifle from my pen, which was simply signed Goliah Gahagan.

There was, unluckily, a dead silence as H. R. H. put this question.

"Comment donc?" said H. M. Lo-is Ph-l-ppe, looking gravely at Count Molé; "le cher Major a quitté l'armée! Nicolas donc sera maître de l'Inde!" H. M— and the Pr. M-n-ster pursued their conversation in a low tone, and left me, as may be imagined, in a dreadful state of confusion. I blushed and stuttered, and murmured out a few incoherent words to explain—but it would not do—I could not recover my equanimity during the course of the dinner; and while endeavoring to help an English duke, my neighbor, to *poulet à l'Austerlitz*, fairly sent seven mushrooms and three large greasy *croûtes* over his whiskers and shirt-frill. Another laugh at my expense. "Ah! M. le Major," said the Q— of the B-lg—ns, archly, "vous n'aurez jamais votre brevet de Colonel." Her M—y's joke will be better understood when I state that his Grace is the brother of a Minister.

I am not at liberty to violate the sanctity of private life, by mentioning the names of the parties concerned in this little anecdote. I only wish to have it understood that I am a gentleman, and live at least in *decent* society. *Verbum sat.*

But to be serious. I am obliged always to write the name of Goliah in full, to distinguish me from my brother, Gregory Gahagan, who was also a Major (in the King's service), and whom I killed in a duel, as the public most likely knows. Poor Greg! a very trivial dispute was the cause of our quarrel, which never would have originated but for the similarity of our names. The circumstance was this: I had been lucky enough to render the Nawaub of Lucknow some trifling service (in the notorious affair of Choprasjee Muckjee), and his Highness sent down a gold toothpick-case directed to Captain G. Gahagan, which I

of course thought was for me: my brother madly claimed it; we fought, and the consequence was, that in about three minutes he received a slash on the right side (cut 6), which effectually did his business:—he was a good swordsman enough—I was THE BEST in the universe. The most ridiculous part of the affair is, that the toothpick-case was his after all—he had left it on the Nawaub's table at tiffin. I can't conceive what madness prompted him to fight about such a paltry bauble; he had much better have yielded it at once, when he saw I was determined to have it. From this slight specimen of my adventures, the reader will perceive that my life has been one of no ordinary interest; and, in fact, I may say that I have led a more remarkable life than any man in the service—I have been at more pitched battles, led more forlorn hopes, had more success among the fair sex, drunk harder, read more, and been a handsomer man than any officer now serving her Majesty.

When I first went to India in 1802, I was a raw cornet of seventeen, with blazing red hair, six feet four in height, athletic at all kinds of exercises, owing money to my tailor and everybody else who would trust me, possessing an Irish brogue, and my full pay of 120*l.* a year. I need not say that with all these advantages I did that which a number of clever fellows have done before me—I fell in love, and proposed to marry immediately.

But how to overcome the difficulty?—It is true that I loved Julia Jowler—loved her to madness; but her father intended her for a Member of Council at least, and not for a beggarly Irish ensign. It was, however, my fate to make the passage to India (on board of the “Samuel Snob” East Indiaman, Captain Duffy,) with this lovely creature, and my misfortune instantaneously to fall in love with her. We were not out of the Channel before I adored her, worshipped the deck which she trod upon, kissed a thousand times the cuddy-chair on which she used to sit. The same madness fell on every man in the ship. The two mates fought about her at the Cape; the surgeon, a sober, pious Scotchman, from disappointed affection, took so dreadfully to drinking as to threaten spontaneous combustion; and old Colonel Lilywhite, carrying his wife and seven daughters to Bengal, swore that he would have a divorce from Mrs. L., and made an attempt at suicide; the captain himself told me, with tears in his eyes, that he hated his hitherto-adored Mrs. Duffy, although he had had nineteen children by her.

We used to call her the witch—there was magic in her.

beauty and in her voice. I was spell-bound when I looked at her, and stark staring mad when she looked at me! O lustrous black eyes!—O glossy night-black ringlets!—O lips!—O dainty frocks of white muslin!—O tiny kid slippers?—though old and gouty, Gahagan sees you still! I recollect, off Ascension, she looked at me in her particular way one day at dinner, just as I happened to be blowing on a piece of scalding hot green fat. I was stupefied at once—I thrust the entire morsel (about half a pound) into my mouth. I made no attempt to swallow, or to masticate it, but left it there for many minutes, burning, burning! I had no skin to my palate for seven weeks after, and lived on rice-water during the rest of the voyage. The anecdote is trivial, but it shows the power of Julia Jowler over me.

The writers of marine novels have so exhausted the subject of storms, shipwrecks, mutinies, engagements, sea-sickness, and so forth, that (although I have experienced each of these in many varieties) I think it quite unnecessary to recount such trifling adventures; suffice it to say, that during our five months' *trajet*, my mad passion for Julia daily increased; so did Colonel Lilywhite's; so did the doctor's, the mate's—that of most part of the passengers, and a considerable number of the crew. For myself, I swore—ensign as I was—I would win her for my wife; I vowed that I would make her glorious with my sword—that as soon as I had made a favorable impression on my commanding officer (which I did not doubt to create), I would lay open to him the state of my affections, and demand his daughter's hand. With such sentimental outpourings did our voyage continue and conclude.

We landed at the Sunderbunds on a grilling hot day in December, 1802, and then for the moment Julia and I separated. She was carried off to her papa's arms in a palankeen, surrounded by at least forty hookahbadars; whilst the poor cornet, attended but by two dandies and a solitary beastly (by which unnatural name these blackamoors are called), made his way humbly to join the regiment at head-quarters.

The —th Regiment of Bengal Cavalry, then under the command of Lieut.-Colonel Julius Jowler, C. B., was known throughout Asia and Europe by the proud title of the Bundelcund Invincibles—so great was its character for bravery, so remarkable were its services in that delightful district of India. Major Sir George Gutch was next in command, and Tom Thrupp, as kind a fellow as ever ran a Mahratta through the body, was second Major. We were on the eve of that remarkable war which was speedily to spread throughout the whole of

India, to call forth the valor of a Wellesley, and the indomitable gallantry of a Gahagan ; which was illustrated by our victories at Ahmednuggar (where I was the first over the barricade at the storming of the Pettah) ; at Arnaum, where I slew with my own sword twenty-three matchlock-men, and cut a dromedary in two ; and by that terrible day of Assaye, where Wellesley would have been beaten but for me—me alone : I headed nineteen charges of cavalry, took (aided by only four men of my own troop) seventeen field-pieces, killing the scoundrelly French artillerymen ; on that day I had eleven elephants shot under me, and carried away Scindiah's nose-ring with a pistol-ball. Wellesley is a Duke and a Marshal, I but a simple Major of Irregulars. Such is fortune and war ! But my feelings carry me away from my narrative, which had better proceed with more order.

On arriving, I say, at our barracks at Dum Dum, I for the first time put on the beautiful uniform of the Invincibles : a light-blue swallow-tailed jacket with silver lace and wings, ornamented with about 3,000 sugar-loaf buttons, rhubarb-colored leather inexpressibles (tights), and red morocco boots with silver spurs and tassels, set off to admiration the handsome persons of the officers of our corps. We wore powder in those days ; and a regulation pigtail of seventeen inches, a brass helmet surrounded by leopard-skin, with a bearskin top and a horsetail feather, gave the head a fierce and chivalrous appearance, which is far more easily imagined than described.

Attired in this magnificent costume, I first presented myself before Colonel Jowler. He was habited in a manner precisely similar, but not being more than five feet in height, and weighing at least fifteen stone, the dress he wore did not become him quite so much as slimmer and taller men. Flanked by his tall Majors, Thrapp and Gutch, he looked like a stumpy skittle-ball between two attenuated skittles. The plump little Colonel received me with vast cordiality, and I speedily became a prime favorite with himself and the other officers of the corps. Jowler was the most hospitable of men ; and gratifying my appetite and my love together, I continually partook of his dinners, and feasted on the sweet presence of Julia.

I can see now, what I would not and could not perceive in those early days, that this Miss Jowler — on whom I had lavished my first and warmest love, whom I had endowed with all perfection and purity — was no better than a little impudent flirt, who played with my feelings, because during the monotony of a sea-voyage she had no other toy to play with ; and who

deserted others for me, and me for others, just as her whim or her interest might guide her. She had not been three weeks at head-quarters when half the regiment was in love with her. Each and all of the candidates had some favor to boast of, or some encouraging hopes on which to build. It was the scene of the "Samuel Snob" over again, only heightened in interest by a number of duels. The following list will give the reader a notion of some of them :—

1. Cornet Gahagan Ensign Hicks, of the Sappers and Miners. Hicks received a ball in his jaw, and was half choked by a quantity of caroty whisker forced down his throat with the ball.

2. Capt. Macgillicuddy, B. N. I. Cornet Gahagan. I was run through the body, but the sword passed between the ribs, and injured me very slightly.

3. Capt. Macgillicuddy, B. N. I. Mr. Mulligatawny, B. C. S., Deputy-Assistant Vice Sub-Controller of the Boggley wollah Indigo grounds, Ramgolly branch.

Macgillicuddy should have stuck to sword's-play, and he might have come off his second duel as well as in his first ; as it was, the civilian placed a ball and a part of Mac's gold repeater in his stomach. A remarkable circumstance attended this shot, an account of which I sent home to the "Philosophical Transactions :" the surgeon had extracted the ball, and was going off, thinking that all was well, when the gold repeater struck thirteen in poor Macgillicuddy's abdomen. I suppose that the works must have been disarranged in some way by the bullet, for the repeater was one of Barraud's, never known to fail before, and the circumstance occurred at seven o'clock.*

I could continue, almost *ad infinitum*, an account of the wars which this Helen occasioned, but the above three specimens will, I should think, satisfy the peaceful reader. I delight not in scenes of blood, heaven knows, but I was compelled in the course of a few weeks, and for the sake of this one woman, to fight nine duels myself, and I know that four times as many more took place concerning her.

I forgot to say that Jowler's wife was a half-caste woman, who had been born and bred entirely in India, and whom the

* So admirable are the performances of these watches, which will stand in any climate, that I repeatedly heard poor Macgillicuddy relate the following fact. The hours, as it is known, count in Italy from one to twenty-four : *the day Mac landed at Naples his repeater rung the Italian hours, from one to twenty-four* ; as soon as he crossed the Alps it only sounded as usual.—G. O'G. G.

Colonel had married from the house of her mother, a native. There were some singular rumors abroad regarding this lady's history : it was reported that she was the daughter of a native Rajah, and had been carried off by a poor English subaltern in Lord Clive's time. The young man was killed very soon after, and left his child with its mother. The black Prince forgave his daughter and bequeathed to her a handsome sum of money. I suppose that it was on this account that Jowler married Mrs. J., a creature who had not, I do believe, a Christian name, or a single Christian quality : she was a hideous, bloated, yellow creature, with a beard, black teeth, and red eyes : she was fat, lying, ugly, and stingy—she hated and was hated by all the world, and by her jolly husband as devoutly as by any other. She did not pass a month in the year with him, but spent most of her time with her native friends. I wonder how she could have given birth to so lovely a creature as her daughter. This woman was of course with the Colonel when Julia arrived, and the spice of the devil in her daughter's composition was most carefully nourished and fed by her. If Julia had been a flirt before, she was a downright jilt now ; she set the whole cantonment by the ears ; she made wives jealous and husbands miserable ; she caused all those duels of which I have discoursed already, and yet such was the fascination of THE WITCH that I still thought her an angel. I made court to the nasty mother in order to be near the daughter ; and I listened untiringly to Jowler's interminable dull stories, because I was occupied all the time in watching the graceful movements of Miss Julia.

But the trumpet of war was soon ringing in our ears ; and on the battle-field Gahagan is a man ! The Bundelcund Invincibles received orders to march, and Jowler, Hector like, donned his helmet and prepared to part from his Andromache. And now arose his perplexity : what must be done with his daughter, his Julia ? He knew his wife's peculiarities of living, and did not much care to trust his daughter to her keeping ; but in vain he tried to find her an asylum among the respectable ladies of his regiment. Lady Gutch offered to receive her, but would have nothing to do with Mrs. Jowler ; the surgeon's wife, Mrs. Sawbone, would have neither mother nor daughter ; there was no help for it, Julia and her mother must have a house together, and Jowler knew that his wife would fill it with her odious blackamoor friends.

I could not, however, go forth satisfied to the campaign until I learned from Julia my fate. I watched twenty opportunities

to see her alone, and wandered about the Colonel's bungalow as an informer does about a public house, marking the incomings and the outgoings of the family, and longing to seize the moment when Miss Jowler, unbiassed by her mother or her papa, might listen, perhaps, to my eloquence, and melt at the tale of my love.

But it would not do—old Jowler seemed to have taken all of a sudden to such a fit of domesticity, that there was no finding him out of doors, and his rhubarb-colored wife (I believe that her skin gave the first idea of our regimental breeches), who before had been gadding ceaselessly abroad, and poking her broad nose into every *ménage* in the cantonment, stopped faithfully at home with her spouse. My only chance was to beard the old couple in their den, and ask them at once for their *cub*.

So I called one day at tiffin :—old Jowler was always happy to have my company at this meal ; it amused him, he said, to see me drink Hodgson's pale ale (I drank two hundred and thirty-four dozen the first year I was in Bengal)—and it was no small piece of fun, certainly, to see old Mrs. Jowler attack the currie-bhaut ;—she was exactly the color of it, as I have had already the honor to remark, and she swallowed the mixture with a gusto which was never equalled, except by my poor friend Dando *à propos d'huîtres*. She consumed the first three platefuls with a fork and spoon, like a Christian ; but as she warmed to her work, the old hag would throw away her silver implements, and dragging the dishes towards her, go to work with her hands, flip the rice into her mouth with her fingers, and stow away a quantity of eatables sufficient for a sepoy company. But why do I diverge from the main point of my story ?

Julia, then, Jowler, and Mrs. J., were at luncheon : the dear girl was in the act to *sabler* a glass of Hodgson as I entered. "How do you do, Mr. Gagin ?" said the old hag, leeringly. "Eat a bit of currie-bhaut,"—and she thrust the dish towards me, securing a heap as it passed. "What ! Gagy my boy, how do, how do ?" said the fat Colonel. "What ! run through the body ?—got well again—have some Hodgson—run through your body too !"—and at this, I may say, coarse joke (alluding to the fact in these hot climates the ale oozes out as it were from the pores of the skin) old Jowler laughed : a host of swarthy chopdars, kitmatgars, sices, consomahs, and bobbychies laughed too, as they provided me, unasked, with the grateful fluid. Swallowing six tumblers of it, I paused nervously for a moment, and then said—

"Bobbachy, consomah, ballybaloo hoga."

The black ruffians took the hint, and retired.

"Colonel and Mrs. Jowler," said I solemnly, "we are alone; and you, Miss Jowler, you are alone too; that is—I mean—I take this opportunity to—(another glass of ale, if you please,)—to express, once for all, before departing on a dangerous campaign"—(Julia turned pale)—"before entering, I say, upon a war which may stretch in the dust my high-raised hopes and me, to express my hopes while life still remains to me, and to declare in the face of heaven, earth, and Colonel Jowler, that I love you, Julia!" The Colonel, astonished, let fall a steel fork, which stuck quivering for some minutes in the calf of my leg; but I heeded not the paltry interruption. "Yes, by yon bright heaven," continued I, "I love you, Julia! I respect my commander, I esteem your excellent and beauteous mother; tell me, before I leave you, if I may hope for a return of my affection. Say that you love me, and I will do such deeds in this coming war, as shall make you proud of the name of your Gahagan."

The old woman, as I delivered these touching words, stared, snapped and ground her teeth, like an enraged monkey. Julia was now red, now white; the Colonel stretched forward, took the fork out of the calf of my leg, wiped it, and then seized a bundle of letters which I had remarked by his side.

"A cornet!" said he, in a voice choking with emotion; "a pitiful, beggarly Irish cornet aspire to the hand of Julia Jowler! Gag—Gahagan, are you mad, or laughing at us? Look at these letters, young man—at these letters, I say—one hundred and twenty-four epistles from every part of India (not including one from the Governor-General, and six from his brother, Colonel Wellesley)—one hundred and twenty-four proposals for the hand of Miss Jowler! Cornet Gahagan," he continued, "I wish to think well of you: you are the bravest, the most modest, and, perhaps, the handsomest man in our corps; but you have not got a single rupee. You ask me for Julia, and you do not possess even an anna!"—(Here the old rogue grinned, as if he had made a capital pun.)—"No, no," said he, waxing good-natured; "Gagy my boy, it is nonsense! Julia love, retire with your mamma; this silly young gentleman will remain and smoke a pipe with me."

I took one; it was the bitterest chillum I ever smoked in my life.

* * * * *

I am not going to give here an account of my military ser

vices ; they will appear in my great national autobiography, in forty volumes, which I am now preparing for the press. I was with my regiment in all Wellesley's brilliant campaigns ; then taking dawk, I travelled across the country north-eastward, and had the honor of fighting by the side of Lord Lake at Laswaree, Deeg, Furrukabad, Futtyghur, and Bhurtpore : but I will not boast of my actions—the military man knows them, MY SOVEREIGN appreciates them. If asked who was the bravest man of the Indian army, there is not an officer belonging to it who would not cry at once, GAHAGAN. The fact is, I was desperate : I cared not for life, deprived of Julia Jowler.

With Julia's stony looks ever before my eyes, her father's stern refusal in my ears, I did not care, at the close of the campaign, again to seek her company or press my suit. We were eighteen months on service, marching and countermarching, and fighting almost every other day ; to the world I did not seem altered ; but the world only saw the face, and not the seared and blighted heart within me. My valor, always desperate, now reached to a pitch of cruelty ; I tortured my grooms and grass-cutters for the most trifling offence or error,—I never in action spared a man,—I sheared off three hundred and nine heads in the course of that single campaign.

Some influence, equally melancholy, seemed to have fallen upon poor old Jowler. About six months after we had left Dum Dum, he received a parcel of letters from Benares (whither his wife had retired with her daughter), and so deeply did they seem to weigh upon his spirits, that he ordered eleven men of his regiment to be flogged within two days ; but it was against the blacks that he chiefly turned his wrath. Our fellows, in the heat and hurry of the campaign, were in the habit of dealing rather roughly with their prisoners, to extract treasure from them : they used to pull their nails out by the root, to boil them in kedgeree pots, to flog them and dress their wounds with cayenne pepper, and so on. Jowler, when he heard of these proceedings, which before had always justly exasperated him (he was a humane and kind little man), used now to smile fiercely and say, “ D— the black scoundrels ! Serve them right, serve them right ! ”

One day, about a couple of miles in advance of the column, I had been on a foraging party with a few dragoons, and was returning peaceably to camp, when of a sudden a troop of Mahrattas burst on us from a neighboring mango-tope, in which they had been hidden : in an instant three of my men's saddles were empty and I was left with but seven more to make

head against at least thirty of these vagabond black horsemen. I never saw in my life a nobler figure than the leader of the troop—mounted on a splendid black Arab: he was as tall, very nearly, as myself; he wore a steel cap and a shirt of mail, and carried a beautiful French carbine, which had already done execution upon two of my men. I saw that our only chance of safety lay in the destruction of this man. I shouted to him in a voice of thunder (in the Hindustanee tongue of course), “Stop, dog, if you dare, and encounter a man!”

In reply his lance came whirling in the air over my head, and mortally transfixes poor Foggarty of ours, who was behind me. Grinding my teeth and swearing horribly, I drew that scimitar which never yet failed its blow,* and rushed at the Indian. He came down at full gallop, his own sword making ten thousand gleaming circles in the air, shrieking his cry of battle.

The contest did not last an instant. With my first blow I cut off his sword-arm at the wrist; my second I levelled at his head. I said that he wore a steel cap, with a gilt iron spike of six inches, and a hood of chain mail. I rose in my stirrups and delivered “*St. George*;” my sword caught the spike exactly on the point, split it sheer in two, cut crashing through the steel cap and hood, and was only stopped by a ruby which he wore in his back-plate. His head, cut clean in two between the eyebrows and nostrils, even between the two front teeth, fell one side on each shoulder, and he galloped on till his horse was stopped by my men, who were not a little amused at the feat.

As I had expected, the remaining ruffians fled on seeing their leader’s fate. I took home his helmet by way of curiosity, and we made a single prisoner, who was instantly carried before old Jowler.

We asked the prisoner the name of the leader of the troop; he said it was Chowder Loll.

“Chowder Loll!” shrieked Colonel Jowler. “O fate! thy hand is here!” He rushed wildly into his tent—the next day applied for leave of absence. Gutch took the command of the regiment, and I saw him no more for some time.

* * * * *

As I had distinguished myself not a little during the war, General Lake sent me up with despatches to Calcutta, where Lord Wellesley received me with the greatest distinction.

* In my affair with Macgillicuddy, I was fool enough to go out with small-swords:—miserable weapons, only fit for tailors.—G. O’G. G.

Fancy my surprise, on going to a ball at Government House, to meet my old friend Jowler ; my trembling, blushing, thrilling delight, when I saw Julia by his side !

Jowler seemed to blush too when he beheld me. I thought of my former passages with his daughter. "Gagy my boy," says he, shaking hands, "glad to see you. Old friend, Julia—come to tiffin—Hodgson's pale—brave fellow Gagy." Julia did not speak, but she turned ashy pale, and fixed upon me her awful eyes ! I fainted almost, and uttered some incoherent words. Julia took my hand, gazed at me still, and said, "Come !" Need I say I went ?

I will not go over the pale ale and currie-bhaut again ; but this I know, that in half an hour I was as much in love as I ever had been : and that in three weeks I—yes, I—was the accepted lover of Julia ! I did not pause to ask where were the one hundred and twenty-four offers ? why I, refused before, should be accepted now ? I only felt that I loved her, and was happy !

* * * * *

One night, one memorable night, I could not sleep, and, with a lover's pardonable passion, wandered solitary through the city of palaces until I came to the house which contained my Julia. I peeped into the compound—all was still ; I looked into the verandah—all was dark, except a light—yes, one light—and it was in Julia's chamber ! My heart throbbed almost to stifling. I would—I *would* advance, if but to gaze upon her for a moment, and to bless her as she slept. I *did* look, I *did* advance ; and, O heaven ! I saw a lamp burning, Mrs. Jow. in a night-dress, with a very dark baby in her arms, and Julia looking tenderly at an ayah, who was nursing another.

"Oh, mamma," said Julia, "what would that fool Gahagan say if he knew all ? "

"*He does know all !*" shouted I, springing forward, and tearing down the tatties from the window. Mrs. Jow. ran shrieking out of the room, Julia fainted, the cursed black children squalled, and their d—d nurse fell on her knees, gabbling some infernal jargon of Hindustanee. Old Jowler at this juncture entered with a candle and a drawn sword.

"Liar ! scoundrel ! deceiver !" shouted I. "Turn, ruffian, and defend yourself !" But old Jowler, when he saw me, only whistled, looked at his lifeless daughter, and slowly left the room.

Why continue the tale ? I need not now account for Jowler's gloom on receiving his letters from Benares—for his ex-

clamation upon the death of the Indian chief—for his desire to marry his daughter: the woman I was wooing was no longer Miss Julia Jowler, she was Mrs. Chowder Loll!

CHAPTER II.

ALLYGHUR AND LASWAREE.

I SAT down to write gravely and sadly, for (since the appearance of some of my adventures in a monthly magazine) unprincipled men have endeavored to rob me of the only good I possess, to question the statements that I make, and, themselves without a spark of honor or good feeling, to steal from me that which is my sole wealth—my character as a teller of THE TRUTH.

The reader will understand that it is to the illiberal strictures of a profligate press I now allude; among the London journalists, none (luckily for themselves) have dared to question the veracity of my statements: they know me, and they know that I am *in London*. If I can use the pen, I can also wield a more manly and terrible weapon, and would answer their contradictions with my sword! No gold or gems adorn the hilt of that war-worn scimitar; but there is blood upon the blade—the blood of the enemies of my country, and the maligners of my honest fame. There are others, however—the disgrace of a disgraceful trade—who, borrowing from distance a despicable courage, have ventured to assail me. The infamous editors of the *Kelso Champion*, the *Bungay Beacon*, the *Tipperary Argus*, and the *Stoke Pogis Sentinel*, and other dastardly organs of the provincial press, have, although differing in politics, agreed upon this one point, and, with a scoundrelly unanimity, vented a flood of abuse upon the revelations made by me.

They say that I have assailed private characters, and wilfully perverted history to blacken the reputation of public men. I ask, was any one of these men in Bengal in the year 1803? Was any single conductor of any one of these paltry prints ever in Bundelcund or the Rohilla country? Does this *exquisite* Tipperary scribe know the difference between Hurrygurrybang and Burrumtollah? Not he! and because, forsooth, in those strange and distant lands strange circumstances have taken place, it is insinuated that the relater is a liar: nay, that the very places themselves have no existence but in my imagina-

tion. Fools!—but I will not waste my anger upon them, and proceed to recount some other portions of my personal history.

It is, I presume, a fact which even *these* scribbling assassins will not venture to deny, that before the commencement of the campaign against Scindiah, the English General formed a camp at Kanouge on the Jumna, where he exercised that brilliant little army which was speedily to perform such wonders in the Dooab. It will be as well to give a slight account of the causes of a war which was speedily to rage through some of the fairest portions of the Indian continent.

Shah Allum, the son of Shah Lollum, the descendant by the female line of Nadir Shah (that celebrated Toorkomaun adventurer, who had wellnigh hurled Bajazet and Selim the Second from the throne of Bagdad)—Shah Allum, I say, although nominally the Emperor of Delhi, was in reality the slave of the various warlike chieftains who lorded it by turns over the country and the sovereign, until conquered and slain by some more successful rebel. Chowder Loll Masolgee, Zubberdust Khan, Dowsunt Row Scindiah, and the celebrated Bobbachy Jung Bahawder, had held for a time complete mastery in Delhi. The second of these, a ruthless Afghan soldier, had abruptly entered the capital; nor was he ejected from it until he had seized upon the principal jewels, and likewise put out the eyes of the last of the unfortunate family of Afrasiâb. Scindiah came to the rescue of the sightless Shah Allum, and though he destroyed his oppressor, only increased his slavery; holding him in as painful a bondage as he had suffered under the tyrannous Afghan.

As long as these heroes were battling among themselves, or as long rather as it appeared that they had any strength to fight a battle, the British Government, ever anxious to see its enemies by the ears, by no means interfered in the contest. But the French Revolution broke out, and a host of starving sans-culottes appeared among the various Indian States, seeking for military service, and inflaming the minds of the various native princes against the British East India Company. A number of these entered into Scindiah's ranks: one of them, Perron, was commander of his army; and though that chief was as yet quite engaged in his hereditary quarrel with Jeswunt Row Holkar, and never thought of an invasion of the British territory, the Company all of a sudden discovered that Shah Allum, his sovereign, was shamefully ill-used, and determined to re-establish the ancient splendor of his throne.

Of course it was sheer benevolence for poor Shah Allum that prompted our governors to take these kindly measures in his favor. I don't know how it happened that, at the end of the war, the poor Shah was not a whit better off than at the beginning ; and that though Holkar was beaten, and Scindiah annihilated, Shah Allum was much such a puppet as before. Somehow, in the hurry and confusion of this struggle, the oyster remained with the British Government, who had so kindly offered to dress it for the Emperor, while his Majesty was obliged to be contented with the shell.

The force encamped at Kanouge bore the title of the Grand Army of the Ganges and the Jumna ; it consisted of eleven regiments of cavalry and twelve battalions of infantry, and was commanded by General Lake in person.

Well, on the 1st of September we stormed Perron's camp at Allyghur ; on the fourth we took that fortress by assault ; and as my name was mentioned in general orders, I may as well quote the Commander-in-Chief's words regarding me—they will spare me the trouble of composing my own eulogium :—

“ The Commander-in-Chief is proud thus publicly to declare his high sense of the gallantry of Lieutenant Gahagan, of the — cavalry. In the storming of the fortress, although unprovided with a single ladder, and accompanied but by a few brave men, Lieutenant Gahagan succeeded in escalading the inner and fourteenth wall of the place. Fourteen ditches lined with sword-blades and poisoned chevaux-de-frise, fourteen walls bristling with innumerable artillery and as smooth as looking-glasses, were in turn triumphantly passed by that enterprising officer. His course was to be traced by the heaps of slaughtered enemies lying thick upon the platforms ; and alas ! by the corpses of most of the gallant men who followed him !—when at length he effected his lodgment, and the dastardly enemy, who dared not to confront him with arms, let loose upon him the tigers and lions of Scindiah's ménagerie. This meritorious officer destroyed, with his own hand, four of the largest and most ferocious animals, and the rest, awed by the indomitable majesty of BRITISH VALOR, shrank back to their dens. Thomas Higgory, a private, and Runty Goss, havildar, were the only two who remained out of the nine hundred who followed Lieutenant Gahagan. Honor to them ! Honor and tears for the brave men who perished on that awful day ! ”

*

*

*

*

*

I have copied this, word for word, from the *Bengal Hurkaru* of September 24, 1803 : and anybody who has the slightest doubt as to the statement, may refer to the paper itself.

And here I must pause to give thanks to Fortune, which so marvellously preserved me, Sergeant-Major Higgory, and Runty Goss. Were I to say that any valor of ours had carried us un-hurt through this tremendous combat, the reader would laugh me to scorn. No : though my narrative is extraordinary, it is nevertheless authentic ; and never, never would I sacrifice truth for the mere sake of effect. The fact is this :—the citadel of Allyghur is situated upon a rock, about a thousand feet above the level of the sea, and is surrounded by fourteen walls, as his Excellency was good enough to remark in his despatch. A man who would mount these without scaling-ladders, is an ass ; he who would *say* he mounted them without such assistance, is a liar and a knave. We *had* scaling-ladders at the commencement of the assault, although it was quite impossible to carry them beyond the first line of batteries. Mounted on them, however, as our troops were falling thick about me, I saw that we must ignominiously retreat, unless some other help could be found for our brave fellows to escalade the next wall. It was about seventy feet high. I instantly turned the guns of wall A on wall B, and peppered the latter so as to make, not a breach, but a scaling place ; the men mounting in the holes made by the shot. By this simple stratagem, I managed to pass each successive barrier—for to ascend a wall which the General was pleased to call “as smooth as glass” is an absurd impossibility : I seek to achieve none such :—

“I dare do all that may become a man,
Who dares do more, is neither more nor less.”

Of course, had the enemy’s guns been commonly well served, not one of us would ever have been alive out of the three ; but whether it was owing to fright, or to the excessive smoke caused by so many pieces of artillery, arrive we did. On the platforms, too, our work was not quite so difficult as might be imagined---killing these fellows was sheer butchery. As soon as we appeared, they all turned and fled helter-skelter, and the reader may judge of their courage by the fact that out of about seven hundred men killed by us, only forty had wounds in front, the rest being bayoneted as they ran.

And beyond all other pieces of good fortune was the very letting out of these tigers ; which was the *dernier resort* of Bournonville, the second commandant of the fort. I had observed this man (conspicuous for a tri-colored scarf which he wore) upon every one of the walls as we stormed them, and running away the very first among the fugitives. He had all the keys

of the gates ; and in his tremor, as he opened the ménagerie portal, left the whole bunch in the door, which I seized when the animals were overcome. Runty Goss then opened them one by one, our troops entered, and the victorious standard of my country floated on the walls of Allyghur !

When the General, accompanied by his staff, entered the last line of fortifications, the brave old man raised me from the dead rhinoceros on which I was seated, and pressed me to his breast. But the excitement which had borne me through the fatigues and perils of that fearful day failed all of a sudden, and I wept like a child upon his shoulder.

Promotion, in our army, goes unluckily by seniority ; nor is it in the power of the General-in-Chief to advance a Cæsar, if he finds him in the capacity of a subaltern ; my reward for the above exploit was, therefore, not very rich. His Excellency had a favorite horn snuff-box (for, though exalted in station, he was in his habits most simple) : of this, and about a quarter of an ounce of high-dried Welsh, which he always took, he made me a present, saying, in front of the line, "Accept this, Mr. Gahagan, as a token of respect from the first to the bravest officer in the army."

Calculating the snuff to be worth a halfpenny, I should say that fourpence was about the value of this gift : but it has at least this good effect—it serves to convince any person who doubts my story, that the facts of it are really true. I have left it at the office of my publisher, along with the extract from the *Bengal Hurkaru*, and anybody may examine both by applying in the counting-house of Mr. Cunningham.* That once popular expression, or proverb, "Are you up to snuff ?" arose out of the above circumstance ; for the officers of my corps, none of whom, except myself, had ventured on the storming-party, used to twit me about this modest reward for my labors. Never mind ! when they want me to storm a fort *again*, I shall know better.

Well, immediately after the capture of this important fortress, Perron, who had been the life and soul of Scindiah's army, came in to us, with his family and treasure, and was passed over to the French settlements at Chandernagur. Bourquin took his command, and against him we now moved. The morning of the 11th of September found us upon the plains of Delhi.

* The Major certainly offered to leave an old snuff-box at Mr. Cunningham's office ; but it contained no extract from a newspaper, and does not quite prove that he killed a rhinoceros and stormed fourteen intrenchments at the siege of Allyghur.

It was a burning hot day, and we were all refreshing ourselves after the morning's march, when I, who was on the advanced piquet along with O'Gawler of the King's Dragoons, was made aware of the enemy's neighborhood in a very singular manner. O'Gawler and I were seated under a little canopy of horse-cloths, which we had formed to shelter us from the intolerable heat of the sun, and were discussing with great delight a few Manilla cheroots, and a stone jar of the most exquisite, cool, weak, refreshing sangaree. We had been playing cards the night before, and O'Gawler had lost to me seven hundred rupees. I emptied the last of the sangaree into the two pint tumblers out of which we were drinking, and holding mine up, said, "Here's better luck to you next time, O'Gawler!"

As I spoke the words—whish!—a cannon-ball cut the tumbler clean out of my hand, and plumped into poor O'Gawler's stomach. It settled him completely, and of course I never got my seven hundred rupees. Such are the uncertainties of war!

To strap on my sabre and my accoutrements—to mount my Arab charger—to drink off what O'Gawler had left of the sangaree—and to gallop to the General, was the work of a moment. I found him as comfortably at tiffin as if he were at his own house in London.

"General," said I, as soon as I got into his pajamahs (or tent), "you must leave your lunch if you want to fight the enemy."

"The enemy—psha! Mr. Gahagan, the enemy is on the other side of the river."

"I can only tell your Excellency that the enemy's guns will hardly carry five miles, and that Cornet O'Gawler was this moment shot dead at my side with a cannon-ball."

"Ha! is it so?" said his Excellency, rising, and laying down the drumstick of a grilled chicken. "Gentlemen, remember that the eyes of Europe are upon us, and follow me!"

Each aide-de-camp started from table and seized his cocked hat; each British heart beat high at the thoughts of the coming *melée*. We mounted our horses, and galloped swiftly after the brave old General; I not the last in the train, upon my famous black charger.

It was perfectly true, the enemy were posted in force within three miles of our camp, and from a hillock in the advance to which we galloped; we were enabled with our telescopes to see the whole of his imposing line. Nothing can better describe it than this:—

A

—A is the enemy, and the dots represent the hundred and twenty pieces of artillery which defended his line. He was, moreover, intrenched ; and a wide morass in his front gave him an additional security.

His Excellency for a moment surveyed the line, and then said, turning round to one of his aides-de-camp, “Order up Major-General Tinkler and the cavalry.”

“*Here, does your Excellency mean?*” said the aide-de-camp, surprised, for the enemy had perceived us, and the cannon-balls were flying about as thick as peas.

“*Here, sir!*” said the old General, stamping with his foot in a passion, and the A. D. C. shrugged his shoulders and galloped away. In five minutes we heard the trumpets in our camp, and in twenty more the greater part of the cavalry had joined us.

Up they came, five thousand men, their standards flapping in the air, their long line of polished jack-boots gleaming in the golden sunlight. “And now we are here,” said Major-General Sir Theophilus Tinkler, “what next?” “Oh, d—— it,” said the Commander-in-Chief, “charge, charge—nothing like charging—galloping—guns—rascally black scoundrels—charge, charge!” And then turning round to me (perhaps he was glad to change the conversation), he said, “Lieutenant Gahagan, you will stay with me.”

And well for him I did, for I do not hesitate to say that the battle *was gained by me*. I do not mean to insult the reader by pretending that any personal exertions of mine turned the day,—that I killed, for instance, a regiment of cavalry or swallowed a battery of guns,—such absurd tales would disgrace both the hearer and the teller. I, as is well known, never say a single word which cannot be proved, and hate more than all other vices the absurd sin of egotism ; I simply mean that my *advice* to the General, at a quarter past two o’clock in the afternoon of that day, won this great triumph for the British army.

Gleig, Mill and Thorn have all told the tale of this war, though somehow they have omitted all mention of the hero of it. General Lake, for the victory of that day, became Lord Lake of Laswaree. Laswaree! and who, forsooth, was the

real conqueror of Laswaree? I can lay my hand upon my heart and say that *I* was. If any proof is wanting of the fact, let me give it at once, and from the highest military testimony in the world—I mean that of the Emperor Napoleon.

In the month of March, 1817, I was a passenger on board the “Prince Regent,” Captain Harris, which touched at St. Helena on its passage from Calcutta to England. In company with the other officers on board the ship, I paid my respects to the illustrious exile of Longwood, who received us in his garden, where he was walking about, in a nankeen dress, and a large broad-brimmed straw-hat, with General Montholon, Count Las Casas, and his son Emanuel, then a little boy; who I dare say does not recollect me, but who nevertheless played with my sword-knot and the tassels of my Hessian boots during the whole of our interview with his Imperial Majesty.

Our names were read out (in a pretty accent, by the way!) by General Montholon, and the Emperor, as each was pronounced, made a bow to the owner of it, but did not vouchsafe a word. At last Montholon came to mine. The Emperor looked me at once in the face, took his hands out of his pockets, put them behind his back, and coming up to me smiling, pronounced the following words:—

“Assaye, Delhi, Deeg, Futtyghur?”

I blushed, and taking off my hat with a bow, said— Sire, c'est moi.”

“Parbleu! je le savais bien,” said the Emperor, holding out his snuff-box. “En usez-vous, Major?” I took a large pinch (which, with the honor of speaking to so great a man, brought the tears into my eyes), and he continued as nearly as possible in the following words:—

“Sir, you are known; you come of an heroic nation. Your third brother, the Chef de Bataillon, Count Godfrey Gahagan, was in my Irish brigade.”

Gahagan.—“Sire, it is true. He and my countrymen in your Majesty's service stood under the green flag in the breach of Burgos, and beat Wellington back. It was the only time, as your Majesty knows, that Irishmen and Englishmen were beaten in that war.”

Napoleon (looking as if he would say, “D— your candor, Major Gahagan”).—“Well, well; it was so. Your brother was a Count, and died a General in my service.”

Gahagan.—“He was found lying upon the bodies of nine-and-twenty Cossacks at Borodino. They were all dead, and bore the Gahagan mark.”

Napoleon (to Montholon).—“C'est vrai, Montholon: je vous

donne ma parole d'honneur la plus sacrée, que c'est vrai. Ils ne sont pas d'autres, ces terribles Ga'gans. You must know that Monsieur gained the battle of Delhi as certainly as I did that of Austerlitz. In this way :—Ce belâtre de Lor Lake, after calling up his cavalry, and placing them in front of Holkar's batteries, qui balayient la plaine, was for charging the enemy's batteries with his horse, who would have been écrasés, mitrailleés, foudroyés to a man but for the cunning of ce grand rogue que vous voyez."

Montholon.—“Coquin de Major, va !”

Napoleon.—“Montholon ! tais-toi. When Lord Lake, with his great bull-headed English obstinacy, saw the *fâcheuse* position into which he had brought his troops, he was for dying on the spot, and would infallibly have done so—and the loss of his army would have been the ruin of the East India Company—and the ruin of the English East India Company would have established my empire (bah ! it was a republic then !) in the East—but that the man before us, Lieutenant Goliah Gahagan, was riding at the side of General Lake.”

Montholon (with an accent of despair and fury).—“Gredin ! cent mille tonnerres de Dieu !”

Napoleon (benignantly).—“Calme-toi, mon fidèle ami. What will you ? It was fate. Gahagan, at the critical period of the battle, or rather slaughter (for the English had not slain a man of the enemy), advised a retreat.”

Montholon.—“Le lâche ! Un Français meurt, mais il ne recule jamais.”

Napoleon.—“Stupide ! Don't you see why the retreat was ordered ?—don't you know that it was a feint on the part of Gahagan to draw Holkar from his impregnable intrenchments ? Don't you know that the ignorant Indian fell into the snare, and issuing from behind the cover of his guns, came down with his cavalry on the plains in pursuit of Lake and his dragoons ? Then it was that the Englishmen turned upon him ; the hardy children of the north swept down his feeble horsemen, bore them back to their guns, which were useless, entered Holkar's intrenchments along with his troops, sabred the artillerymen at their pieces, and won the battle of Delhi !”

As the Emperor spoke, his pale cheek glowed red, his eye flashed fire, his deep clear voice rung as of old when he pointed out the enemy from beneath the shadow of the Pyramids, or rallied his regiments to the charge upon the death-strewn plains of Wagram. I have had many a proud moment in my life but never such a proud one as this ; and I would

readily pardon the word “coward,” as applied to me by Montolon, in consideration of the testimony which his master bore in my favor.

“Major,” said the Emperor to me in conclusion, “why had I not such a man as you in my service? I would have made you a Prince and a Marshal!” and here he fell into a reverie, of which I knew and respected the purport. He was thinking, doubtless, that I might have retrieved his fortunes; and indeed I have very little doubt that I might.

Very soon after, coffee was brought by Monsieur Marchand, Napoleon’s valet de chambre, and after partaking of that beverage, and talking upon the politics of the day, the Emperor withdrew, leaving me deeply impressed by the condescension he had shown in this remarkable interview.

CHAPTER III.

A PEEP INTO SPAIN—ACCOUNT OF THE ORIGIN AND SERVICES OF THE AHMEDNUGGAR IRREGULARS.

Head-Quarters, Morella, Sept. 15th, 1838.

I HAVE been here for some months, along with my young friend Cabrera: and in the hurry and bustle of war—daily on guard and in the batteries for sixteen hours out of the twenty-four, with fourteen severe wounds and seven musket-balls in my body—it may be imagined that I have had little time to think about the publication of my memoirs. *Inter arma silent leges*—in the midst of fighting be hanged to writing! as the poet says; and I never would have bothered myself with a pen, had not common gratitude incited me to throw off a few pages.

Along with Oraa’s troops, who have of late been beleaguering this place, there was a young Milesian gentleman, Mr. Toone O’Connor Emmett Fitzgerald Sheeny, by name, a law student, and member of Gray’s Inn, and what he called *Bay Ah* of Trinity College, Dublin. Mr. Sheeny was with the Queen’s people, not in a military capacity, but as representative of an English journal; to which, for a trifling weekly remuneration, he was in the habit of transmitting accounts of the movements of the belligerents, and his own opinion of the politics of Spain. Receiving, for the discharge of his duty, a couple of guineas a week from the proprietors of the journal in question, he was enabled, as I need scarcely say, to make such a show in Oraa’s camp as only a Christino general officer, or at the very least a colonel of a regiment, can afford to keep up.

In the famous sortie which we made upon the twenty-third, I was of course among the foremost in the *melée*, and found myself, after a good deal of slaughtering (which it would be as disagreeable as useless to describe here), in the court of a small inn or podesta, which had been made the head-quarters of several Queenite officers during the siege. The pesatero or landlord of the inn had been despatched by my brave chapel-churies, with his fine family of children—the officers quartered in the podesta had of course bolted; but one man remained, and my fellows were on the point of cutting him into ten thousand pieces with their borachios, when I arrived in the room time enough to prevent the catastrophe. Seeing before me an individual in the costume of a civilian—a white hat, a light-blue satin cravat, embroidered with butterflies and other quadrupeds, a green coat and brass buttons, and a pair of blue plaid trousers, I recognized at once a countryman, and interposed to save his life.

In an agonized brogue the unhappy young man was saying all that he could to induce the chapel-churies to give up their intention of slaughtering him; but it is very little likely that his protestations would have had any effect upon them, had not I appeared in the room, and shouted to the ruffians to hold their hand.

Seeing a general officer before them (I have the honor to hold that rank in the service of his Catholic Majesty), and moreover one six feet four in height, and armed with that terrible *cabecilla* (a sword so called, because it is five feet long) which is so well known among the Spanish armies—seeing, I say, this figure, the fellows retired, exclaiming, “*Adios, corpo di bacco, nosotros,*” and so on, clearly proving (by their words) that they would, if they dared, have immolated the victim whom I had thus rescued from their fury. “*Villains!*” shouted I, hearing them grumble, “away! quit the apartment!” Each man, sulkily sheathing his sombrero, obeyed, and quitted the *cama-rella*.

It was then that Mr. Sheeny detailed to me the particulars to which I have briefly adverted; and, informing me at the same time that he had a family in England who would feel obliged to me for his release, and that his most intimate friend the English ambassador would move heaven and earth to revenge his fall, he directed my attention to a portmanteau passably well filled, which he hoped would satisfy the cupidity of my troops. I said, though with much regret, that I must subject his person to a search; and hence arose the circumstance which has called for what I fear you will consider a

somewhat tedious explanation. I found upon Mr. Sheeny's person three sovereigns in English money (which I have to this day), and singularly enough a copy of *The New Monthly Magazine*, containing a portion of my adventures. It was a toss-up whether I should let the poor young man be shot or no, but this little circumstance saved his life. The gratified vanity of authorship induced me to accept his portmanteau and valuables, and to allow the poor wretch to go free. I put the Magazine in my coat-pocket, and left him and the podesta.

The men, to my surprise, had quitted the building, and it was full time for me to follow; for I found our sallying party, after committing dreadful ravages in Oraa's lines, were in full retreat upon the fort, hotly pressed by a superior force of the enemy. I am pretty well known and respected by the men of both parties in Spain (indeed I served for some months on the Queen's side before I came over to Don Carlos); and, as it is my maxim never to give quarter, I never expect to receive it when taken myself. On issuing from the podesta with Sheeny's portmanteau and my sword in my hand, I was a little disgusted and annoyed to see our own men in a pretty good column retreating at double-quick, and about four hundred yards beyond me, up the hill leading to the fort; while on my left hand, and at only a hundred yards, a troop of the Queenite lancers were clattering along the road.

I had got into the very middle of the road before I made this discovery, so that the fellows had a full sight of me, and whizz! came a bullet by my left whisker before I could say Jack Robinson. I looked round—there were seventy of the accursed *malvados* at the least, and within, as I said, a hundred yards. Were I to say that I stopped to fight seventy men, you would write me down a fool or a liar: no, sir, I did not fight, I ran away.

I am six feet four—my figure is as well known in the Spanish army as that of the Count de Luchana, or my fierce little friend Cabrera himself. “GAHAGAN!” shouted out half a dozen scoundrelly voices, and fifty more shots came rattling after me. I was running—running as the brave stag before the hounds—running as I have done a great number of times before in my life, when there was no help for it but a race.

After I had run about five hundred yards, I saw that I had gained nearly three upon our column in front, and that likewise the Christina horsemen were left behind some hundred yards more; with the exception of three, who were fearfully near me. The first was an officer without a lance; he had fired both his pistols at me, and was twenty yards in advance of his comrades;

there was a similar distance between the two lancers who rode behind him. I determined then to wait for No. 1, and as he came up delivered cut 3 at his horse's near leg—off it flew, and down, as I expected, went horse and man. I had hardly time to pass my sword through my prostrate enemy, when, No. 2 was upon me. If I could but get that fellows' horse, thought I, I am safe; and I executed at once the plan which I hoped was to effect my rescue.

I had, as I said, left the podesta with Sheeny's portmanteau, and, unwilling to part with some of the articles it contained—some shirts, a bottle of whiskey, a few cakes of Windsor soap, &c., &c.—I had carried it thus far on my shoulders, but now was compelled to sacrifice it *malgré moi*. As the lancer came up, I dropped my sword from my right hand, and hurled the portmanteau at his head, with aim so true, that he fell back on his saddle like a sack, and thus when the horse galloped up to me, I had no difficulty in dismounting the rider: the whiskey-bottle struck him over his right eye, and he was completely stunned. To dash him from the saddle and spring myself into it, was the work of a moment; indeed, the two combats had taken place in about a fifth part of the time which it has taken the reader to peruse the description. But in the rapidity of the last encounter, and the mounting of my enemy's horse, I had committed a very absurd oversight—I was scampering away *without my sword!* What was I to do?—to scamper on, to be sure, and trust to the legs of my horse for safety!

The lancer behind me gained on me every moment, and I could hear his horrid laugh as he neared me. I leaned forward jockey fashion in my saddle, and kicked, and urged, and flogged with my hand, but all in vain. Closer—closer—the point of his lance was within two feet of my back. Ah! ah! he delivered the point, and fancy my agony when I felt it enter—through exactly fifty-nine pages of the *New Monthly Magazine*. Had it not been for that Magazine, I should have been impaled without a shadow of a doubt. Was I wrong in feeling gratitude? Had I not cause to continue my contributions to that periodical!

When I got safe into Morella, along with the tail of the sallying party, I was for the first time made acquainted with the ridiculous result of the lancer's thrust (as he delivered his lance, I must tell you that a ball came whizz over my head from our fellows, and entering at his nose, put a stop to *his* lancing for the future). I hastened to Cabrera's quarter, and related to him some of my adventures during the day.

"But, General," said he, you are standing. I beg you *chiudete l'uscio* (take a chair)."

I did so, and then for the first time was aware that there was some foreign substance in the tail of my coat, which prevented my sitting at ease. I drew out the Magazine which I had seized, and there, to my wonder, *discovered the Christino lance* twisted up like a fish-hook, or a pastoral crook.

"Ha! ha! ha!" said Cabrera (who is a notorious wag).

"Valdepeñas madrileños," growled out Tristany.

"By my *cachuca di caballero* (upon my honor as a gentleman)," shrieked out Ros d'Eroles, convulsed with laughter, "I will send it to the Bishop of Leon for a crozier."

"Gahagan has *consecrated* it," giggled out Ramon Cabrera; and so they went on with their *muchacas* for an hour or more. But, when they heard that the means of my salvation from the lance of the scoundrelly Christino had been the Magazine containing my own history, their laugh was changed into wonder. I read them (speaking Spanish more fluently than English) every word of my story. "But how is this?" said Cabrera. "You surely have other adventures to relate?"

"Excellent Sir," said I, "I have;" and that very evening, as we sat over our cups of *tertullia* (sangaree), I continued my narrative in nearly the following words:—

"I left off in the very middle of the battle of Delhi, which ended, as everybody knows, in the complete triumph of the British arms. But who gained the battle? Lord Lake is called Viscount Lake of Delhi and Laswaree, while Major Gaha—nonsense, never mind *him*, never mind the charge he executed when, sabre in hand, he leaped the six-foot wall in the mouth of the roaring cannon, over the heads of the gleaming pikes; when, with one hand seizing the sacred *peishcush*, or fish—which was the banner always borne before Scindiah,—he, with his good sword, cut off the trunk of the famous white elephant, which, shrieking with agony, plunged madly into the Mahratta ranks, followed by his giant brethren, tossing, like chaff before the wind, the affrighted *kitmatgars*. He, meanwhile, now plunging into the midst of a battalion of *consomahs*, now cleaving to the chine a screaming and ferocious *bobbachee*,* rushed on, like the *simoom* across the red Zaharan plain, killing, with his own hand, a hundred and forty-thr——but never mind —'alone he did it;' sufficient be it for him, however, that the

* The double-jointed camel of Bactria, which the classic reader may recollect is mentioned by Suidas (in his *Commentary on the Flight of Darius*), is so called by the *Mahrattas*.

victory was won : he cares not for the empty honors which were awarded to more fortunate men !

"We marched after the battle to Delhi, where poor blind old Shah Allum received us, and bestowed all kinds of honors and titles on our General. As each of the officers passed before him, the Shah did not fail to remark my person,* and was told my name.

"Lord Lake whispered to him my exploits, and the old man was so delighted with the account of my victory over the elephant (whose trunk I use to this day), that he said, 'Let him be called GUJPUTI,' or the lord of elephants ; and Gujputi was the name by which I was afterwards familiarly known among the natives,—the men, that is. The women had a softer appellation for me, and called me 'Mushook,' or charmer.

"Well, I shall not describe Delhi, which is doubtless well known to the reader ; nor the siege of Agra, to which place we went from Delhi ; nor the terrible day at Laswaree, which went nigh to finish the war. Suffice it to say that we were victorious, and that I was wounded ; as I have invariably been in the two hundred and four occasions when I have found myself in action. One point, however, became in the course of this campaign *quite evident—that something must be done for Gahagan.* The country cried shame, the King's troops grumbled, the sepoys openly murmured that their Gujputi was only a lieutenant, when he had performed such signal services. What was to be done ? Lord Wellesley was in an evident quandary. 'Gahagan,' wrote he, 'to be a subaltern is evidently not your fate—you were born for command ; but Lake and General Wellesley are good officers, they cannot be turned out—I must make a post for you. What say you, my dear fellow, to a corps of *irregular horse* ?'

"It was thus that the famous corps of AHMEDNUGGAR IRREGULARS had its origin ; a guerilla force, it is true, but one which will long be remembered in the annals of our Indian campaigns.

* * * * *

"As the commander of this regiment, I was allowed to settle the uniform of the corps, as well as to select recruits. These were not wanting as soon as my appointment was made known, but came flocking to my standard a great deal faster than to the regular corps in the Company's service. I had European officers, of course, to command them, and a few of my country-

* There is some trifling inconsistency on the Major's part. Shah Allum was notoriously blind : how, then, could he have seen Gahagan ? The thing is manifestly impossible.

men as sergeants ; the rest were all natives, whom I chose of the strongest and bravest men in India : chiefly Pitans, Afghans, Hurrumzadehs, and Calliawns : for these are well known to be the most warlike districts of our Indian territory.

"When on parade and in full uniform we made a singular and noble appearance. I was always fond of dress ; and, in this instance, gave a *carte blanche* to my taste, and invented the most splendid costume that ever perhaps decorated a soldier. I am, as I have stated already, six feet four inches in height, and of matchless symmetry and proportion. My hair and beard are of the most brilliant auburn, so bright as scarcely to be distinguished at a distance from scarlet. My eyes are bright blue, overshadowed by bushy eyebrows of the color of my hair, and a terrific gash of the deepest purple, which goes over the forehead, the eyelid, and the cheek, and finishes at the ear, gives my face a more strictly military appearance than can be conceived. When I have been drinking (as is pretty often the case) this gash becomes ruby bright, and as I have another which took off a piece of my under-lip, and shows five of my front teeth, I leave you to imagine that 'seldom lighted on the earth' (as the monster Burke remarked of one of his unhappy victims) 'a more extraordinary vision.' I improved these natural advantages ; and, while in cantonment during the hot winds at Chitty-bobbarry, allowed my hair to grow very long, as did my beard, which reached to my waist. It took me two hours daily to curl my hair in ten thousand little cork-screw ringlets, which waved over my shoulders, and to get my mustaches well round to the corners of my eyelids. I dressed in loose scarlet trousers and red morocco boots, a scarlet jacket, and a shawl of the same color round my waist ; a scarlet turban three feet high, and decorated with a tuft of the scarlet feathers of the flamingo, formed my head-dress, and I did not allow myself a single ornament, except a small silver skull and cross-bones in front of my turban. Two brace of pistols, a Malay creese, and a tulwar, sharp on both sides, and very nearly six feet in length, completed this elegant costume. My two flags were each surmounted with a real skull and cross-bones, and ornamented, one with a black, and the other with a red beard (of enormous length, taken from men slain in battle by me). On one flag were of course the arms of John Company ; on the other, an image of myself bestriding a prostrate elephant, with the simple word 'GUJPUTI' written underneath in the Nagaree, Persian and Sanscrit characters. I rode my black horse, and looked, by the immortal gods, like Mars. To me might be

applied the words which were written concerning handsome General Webb, In Marlborough's time ; —

“ To noble danger he conducts the way,
His great example all his troop obey,
Before the front the Major sternly rides,
With such an air as Mars to battle strides.
Propitious heaven must sure a hero save
Like Paris handsome, and like Hector brave !”

“ My officers (Captains Biggs and Mackanulty, Lieutenants Glogger, Pappendick, Stuffle, &c., &c.,) were dressed exactly in the same way, but in yellow ; and the men were similarly equipped, but in black. I have seen many regiments since, and many ferocious-looking men, but the Ahmednuggar Irregulars were more dreadful to the view than any set of ruffians on which I ever set eyes. I would to heaven that the Czar of Muscovy had passed through Cabool and Lahore, and that I with my old Ahmednuggars stood on a fair field to meet him ! Bless you, bless you, my swart companions in victory ! through the mist of twenty years I hear the booming of your war-cry, and mark the glitter of your scimitars as ye rage in the thickest of the battle ! ”*

“ But away with melancholy reminiscences. You may fancy what a figure the Irregulars cut on a field-day—a line of five hundred black-faced, black-dressed, black-horsed, black-bearded men—Biggs, Glogger, and the other officers in yellow, galloping about the field like flashes of lightning ; myself enlightening them, red, solitary, and majestic, like yon glorious orb in heaven.

“ There are very few men, I presume, who have not heard of Holkar's sudden and gallant incursion into the Dooab, in the year 1804, when we thought that the victory of Laswaree and the brilliant success at Deeg had completely finished him. Taking ten thousand horse he broke up his camp at Palimbang ; and the first thing General Lake heard of him was, that he was at Putna, then at Rumpooge, then at Doncaradam—he was, in fact, in the very heart of our territory.

“ The unfortunate part of the affair was this :—His Excellency, despising the Mahratta chieftain, had allowed him to advance about two thousand miles in his front, and knew not in the slightest degree where to lay hold on him. Was he at Hazarubaug ? was he at Bogle Gunje ? nobody knew, and

* I do not wish to brag of my style of writing, or to pretend that my genius as a writer has not been equalled in former times ; but if, in the works of Byron Scott, Goethe, or Victor Hugo, the reader can find a more beautiful sentence than the above, I will be obliged to him, that is all—I simply say, “ will be obliged to him.—G. O'G. G., M. H. E. I. C. S. C. I. H. A.

for a considerable period the movements of Lake's cavalry were quite ambiguous, uncertain, promiscuous, and undetermined.

"Such, briefly, was the state of affairs in October, 1804. At the beginning of that month I had been wounded (a trifling scratch, cutting off my left upper eyelid, a bit of my cheek, and my under-lip), and I was obliged to leave Biggs in command of my Irregulars whilst I retired for my wounds to an English station at Furruckabad, *alias* Futtyghur—it is, as every two-penny postman knows, at the apex of the Dooab. We have there a cantonment, and thither I went for the mere sake of the surgeon and the sticking-plaster.

"Furruckabad, then, is divided into two districts or towns: the lower Cotwal, inhabited by the natives, and the upper (which is fortified slightly, and has all along been called Futtyghur, meaning in Hindustanee 'the-favorite-resort-of-the-white-faced-Feringhees-near-the-mango-tope-consecrated-to-Ram') occupied by Europeans. (It is astonishing, by the way, how comprehensive that language is, and how much can be conveyed in one or two of the commonest phrases.)

"Biggs, then, and my men were playing all sorts of wondrous pranks with Lord Lake's army, whilst I was detained an unwilling prisoner of health at Futtyghur.

"An unwilling prisoner, however, I should not say. The cantonment at Futtyghur contained that which would have made *any* man a happy slave. Woman, lovely woman, was there in abundance and variety! The fact is, that, when the campaign commenced in 1803, the ladies of the army all congregated to this place, where they were left, as it was supposed, in safety. I might, like Homer, relate the names and qualities of all. I may at least mention *some* whose memory is still most dear to me. There was—

"Mrs. Major-General Bulcher, wife of Bulcher of the infantry.

"Miss Bulcher.

"MISS BELINDA BULCHER (whose name I beg the printer to put in large capitals).

"Mrs. Colonel Vandegobbleschroy.

"Mrs. Major Macan and the four Misses Macan.

"The Honorable Mrs. Burgoo, Mrs. Flix, Hicks, Wicks, and many more too numerous to mention. The flower of our camp was, however, collected there, and the last words of Lord Lake to me, as I left him, were, 'Gahagan, I commit those women to your charge. Guard them with your life, watch

over them with your honor, defend them with the matchless power of your indomitable arm."

"Futtyghur is, as I have said, a European station, and the pretty air of the bungalows, amid the clustering topes of mango-trees, has often ere this excited the admiration of the tourist and sketcher. On the brow of a hill—the Burrumpooter river rolls majestically at its base ; and no spot, in a word, can be conceived more exquisitely arranged, both by art and nature, as a favorite residence of the British fair. Mrs. Bulcher, Mrs. Vandegobbleschroy, and the other married ladies above mentioned, had each of them delightful bungalows and gardens in the place, and between one cottage **and** another my time passed as delightfully as can the hours of **any** man who is away from his darling occupation of war.

"I was the commandant of the fort. It is a little insignificant pettah, defended simply by a couple of gabions, a very ordinary counterscarp, and a bomb-proof embrasure. On the top of this my flag was planted, and the small garrison of forty men only were comfortably barracked off in the casemates within. A surgeon and two chaplains (there were besides three reverend gentlemen of amateur missions, who lived in the town,) completed, as I may say, the garrison of our little fortalice, which I was left to defend and to command.

"On the night of the first of November, in the year 1804, I had invited Mrs. Major-General Bulcher and her daughters, Mrs. Vandegobbleschroy, and, indeed, all the ladies in the cantonment, to a little festival in honor of the recovery of my health, of the commencement of the shooting season, and indeed as a farewell visit, for it was my intention to take dawk the very next morning and return to my regiment. The three amateur missionaries whom I have mentioned, and some ladies in the cantonment of very rigid religious principles, refused to appear at my little party. They had better never have been born than have done as they did : as you shall hear.

"We had been dancing merrily all night, and the supper (chiefly of the delicate condor, the luscious adjutant, and other birds of a similar kind, which I had shot in the course of the day) had been duly *feted* by every lady and gentleman present ; when I took an opportunity to retire on the ramparts, with the interesting and lovely Belinda Bulcher. I was occupied, as the French say, in *conter-ing fleurettes* to this sweet young creature, when, all of a sudden, a rocket was seen whizzing through the air, and a strong light was visible in the valley below the little fort.

“‘What, fireworks ! Captain Gahagan,’ said Belinda ; ‘this is too gallant.’

“‘Indeed, my dear Miss Bulcher,’ said I, ‘they are fireworks of which I have no idea : perhaps our friends the missionaries——’

“Look, look !’ said Belinda, trembling, and clutching tightly hold of my arm : ‘what do I see ? yes—no—yes ! it is—*our bungalow is in flames !*’

“It was true, the spacious bungalow occupied by Mrs. Major-General was at that moment seen a prey to the devouring element—another and another succeeded it—seven bungalows, before I could almost ejaculate the name of Jack Robinson, were seen blazing brightly in the black midnight air !

“I seized my night-glass, and looking towards the spot where the conflagration raged, what was my astonishment to see thousands of black forms dancing round the fires ; whilst by their lights I could observe columns after columns of Indian horse, arriving and taking up their ground in the very middle of the open square or tank, round which the bungalows were built !

“‘Ho, warder !’ shouted I (while the frightened and trembling Belinda clung closer to my side, and pressed the stalwart arm that encircled her waist), ‘down with the drawbridge ! see that your masolgees’ (small tumbrels which are used in place of large artillery) ‘be well loaded : you, sepoys, hasten and man the ravelin ! you, choprases, put out the lights in the embrasures ! we shall have warm work of it to-night, or my name is not Goliah Gahagan.’

“The ladies, the guests (to the number of eighty-three), the sepoys, choprases, masolgees, and so on, had all crowded on the platform at the sound of my shouting, and dreadful was the consternation, shrill the screaming, occasioned by my words. The men stood irresolute and mute with terror ! the women, trembling, knew scarcely whither to fly for refuge. ‘Who are yonder ruffians ?’ said I. A hundred voices yelped in reply—some said the Pindarees, some said the Mahrattas, some vowed it was Scindiah, and others declared it was Holkar—no one knew.

“‘Is there any one here,’ said I, ‘who will venture to reconnoitre yonder troops ?’ There was a dead pause.

“‘A thousand tomauns to the man who will bring me news of yonder army !’ again I repeated. Still a dead silence. The fact was that Scindiah and Holkar both were so notorious for their cruelty, that no one dared venture to face the danger. ‘Oh for fifty of my brave Ahmednuggarees !’ thought I.

“‘Gentlemen,’ said I, ‘I see it—you are cowards—none of you dare encounter the chance even of death. It is an encouraging prospect: know you not that the ruffian Holkar, if it be he, will with the morrow’s dawn beleaguer our little fort, and throw thousands of men against our walls? know you not that, if we are taken, there is no quarter, no hope; death for us—and worse than death for these lovely ones assembled here?’ Here the ladies shrieked and raised a howl as I have heard the jackals on a summer’s evening. Belinda, my dear Belinda! flung both her arms round me, and sobbed on my shoulder (or in my waistcoat-pocket rather, for the little witch could reach no higher).

“‘Captain Gahagan,’ sobbed she, ‘*Go—Go—Goggle—iah!*’

“‘My soul’s adored!’ replied I.

“‘Swear to me one thing.’

“‘I swear.’

“‘That if—that if—the nasty, horrid, odious black Mahratta-attahs take the fort, you will put me out of their power.’

“I clasped the dear girl to my heart, and swore upon my sword that, rather than she should incur the risk of dishonor, she should perish by my own hand. This comforted her; and her mother, Mrs. Major-General Bulcher, and her elder sister, who had not until now known a word of our attachment, (indeed, but for these extraordinary circumstances, it is probable that we ourselves should never have discovered it), were under these painful circumstances made aware of my beloved Belinda’s partiality for me. Having communicated thus her wish of self-destruction, I thought her example a touching and excellent one, and proposed to all the ladies that they should follow it, and that at the entry of the enemy into the fort, and at a signal given by me, they should one and all make away with themselves. Fancy my disgust when, after making this proposition, not one of the ladies chose to accede to it, and received it with the same chilling denial that my former proposal to the garrison had met with.

“In the midst of this hurry and confusion, as if purposely to add to it, a trumpet was heard at the gate of the fort, and one of the sentinels came running to me, saying that a Mahratta soldier was before the gate with a flag of truce!

“I went down, rightly conjecturing, as it turned out, that the party, whoever they might be, had no artillery; and received at the point of my sword a scroll, of which the following is a translation:—

"TO GOLIAH GAHAGAN GUJPUTI.

"'LORD OF ELEPHANTS, SIR,—I have the honor to inform you that I arrived before this place at eight o'clock P. M. with ten thousand cavalry under my orders. I have burned, since my arrival, seventeen bungalows in Furruckabad and Futtighur, and have likewise been under the painful necessity of putting to death three clergymen (mollahs), and seven English officers, whom I found in the village ; the women have been transferred to safe keeping in the harems of my officers and myself.

"'As I know your courage and talents, I shall be very happy if you will surrender the fortress, and take service as a major-general (hookahbadar) in my army. Should my proposal not meet with your assent, I beg leave to state that to-morrow I shall storm the fort, and on taking it, shall put to death every male in the garrison, and every female above twenty years of age. For yourself I shall reserve a punishment, which for novelty and exquisite torture has, I flatter myself, hardly ever been exceeded. Awaiting the favor of a reply, I am, Sir,

"'Your very obedient servant,

"'JESWUNT Row HOLKAR.

"'Camp before Futtighur, Sept. 1, 1804.

"'R. S. V. P.'

"The officer who had brought this precious epistle (it is astonishing how Holkar had aped the forms of English correspondence), an enormous Pitan soldier, with a shirt of mail, and a steel cap and cape, round which his turban wound, was leaning against the gate on his matchlock, and whistling a national melody. I read the letter, and saw at once there was no time to be lost. That man, thought I, must never go back to Holkar. Were he to attack us now before we were prepared, the fort would be his in half an hour.

"Tying my white pocket-handkerchief to a stick, I flung open the gate and advanced to the officer ; he was standing, I said, on the little bridge across the moat. I made him a low salaam, after the fashion of the country, and, as he bent forward to return the compliment, I am sorry to say, I plunged forward, gave him a violent blow on the head, which deprived him of all sensation, and then dragged him within the wall, raising the drawbridge after me.

"I bore the body into my own apartment ; there, swift as thought, I stripped him of his turban, cammerbund, peijam-mahs, and papooshes, and, putting them on myself, determined to go forth and reconnoitre the enemy."

Here I was obliged to stop, for Cabrera, Ros d'Eroles, and the rest of the staff, were sound asleep ! What I did in my reconnaissance, and how I defended the fort of Futtyghur, I shall have the honor of telling on another occasion.

CHAPTER IV.

THE INDIAN CAMP—THE SORTIE FROM THE FORT.

Head-Quarters, Morella, Oct. 3, 1838.

IT is a balmy night. I hear the merry jingle of the tambourine, and the cheery voices of the girls and peasants, as they dance beneath my casement, under the shadow of the clustering vines. The laugh and song pass gayly round, and even at this distance I can distinguish the elegant form of Ramon Cabrera, as he whispers gay nothings in the ears of the Andalusian girls, or joins in the thrilling chorus of Riego's hymn, which is ever and anon vociferated by the enthusiastic soldiery of Carlos Quinto. I am alone, in the most inaccessible and most bomb-proof tower of our little fortalice ; the large casements are open—the wind, as it enters, whispers in my ear its odorous recollections of the orange grove and the myrtle bower. My torch (a branch of the fragrant cedar-tree) flares and flickers in the midnight breeze, and disperses its scent and burning splinters on my scroll and the desk where I write—meet implements for a soldier's authorship !—it is *cartridge* paper over which my pen runs so glibly, and a yawning barrel of gunpowder forms my rough writing-table. Around me, below me, above me, all—all is peace ! I think, as I sit here so lonely, on my country, England ! and muse over the sweet and bitter recollections of my early days ! Let me resume my narrative, at the point where (interrupted by the authoritative summons of war) I paused on the last occasion.

I left off, I think—(for I am a thousand miles away from proof-sheets as I write, and, were I not writing the simple TRUTH, must contradict myself a thousand times in the course of my tale)—I think, I say, that I left off at that period of my story, when, Holkar being before Futtyghur, and I in com-

mand of that fortress, I had just been compelled to make away with his messenger ; and, dressed in the fallen Indian's accoutrements, went forth to reconnoitre the force, and, if possible, to learn the intentions of the enemy. However much my figure might have resembled that of the Pitan, and, disguised in his armor, might have deceived the lynx-eyed Mahrattas, into whose camp I was about to plunge, it was evident that a single glance at my fair face and auburn beard would have undeceived the dullest blockhead in Holkar's army. Seizing, then a bottle of Burgess's walnut catsup, I dyed my face and my hands, and, with the simple aid of a flask of Warren's jet, I made my hair and beard as black as ebony. The Indian's helmet and chain hood covered likewise a great part of my face, and I hoped thus, with luck, impudence, and a complete command of all the Eastern dialects and languages, from Burmah to Afghanistan, to pass scot-free through this somewhat dangerous ordeal.

I had not the word of the night, it is true—but I trusted to good fortune for that, and passed boldly out of the fortress, bearing the flag of truce as before ; I had scarcely passed on a couple of hundred yards, when lo ! a party of Indian horsemen, armed like him I had just overcome, trotted towards me. One was leading a noble white charger, and no sooner did he see me than, dismounting from his own horse, and giving the rein to a companion, he advanced to meet me with the charger ; a second fellow likewise dismounted and followed the first ; one held the bridle of the horse, while the other (with a multitude of salaams, aleikums, and other genuflexions,) held the jewelled stirrup, and kneeling, waited until I should mount.

I took the hint at once : the Indian who had come up to the fort was a great man—that was evident ; I walked on with a majestic air, gathered up the velvet reins, and sprung into the magnificent high-peaked saddle. “Buk, buk,” said I. “It is good. In the name of the forty-nine Imaums, let us ride on.” And the whole party set off at a brisk trot, I keeping silence, and thinking with no little trepidation of what I was about to encounter.

As we rode along, I heard two of the men commenting upon my unusual silence (for I suppose, I—that is the Indian—was a talkative officer). “The lips of the Bahawder are closed,” said one. “Where are those birds of Paradise, his long-tailed words? they are imprisoned between the golden bars of his teeth !”

“Kush,” said his companion, “be quiet! Bobbachy Bahawder has seen the dreadful Feringhee, Gahagan Khan Gujputi,

the elephant-lord, whose sword reaps the harvest of death ; there is but one champion who can wear the papooshes of the elephant-slayer—it is Bobbachy Bahawder!"

" You speak truly, Puneeree Muckun, the Bahawder ruminates on the words of the unbeliever : he is an ostrich, and hatches the eggs of his thoughts."

" Bekhusm ! on my nose be it ! May the young birds, his actions, be strong and swift in flight."

" May they *digest iron !*" said Puneeree Muckun, who was evidently a wag in his way.

" O-ho ! " thought I, as suddenly the light flashed upon me. " It was, then, the famous Bobbachy Bahawder, whom I overcame just now ! and he is the man destined to stand in *my* slippers, is he ? " and I was at that very moment standing in his own ! Such are the chances and changes that fall to the lot of the soldier !

I suppose everybody—everybody who has been in India, at least—has heard the name of Bobbachy Bahawder : it is derived from the two Hindustanee words—*bobbachy*, general ; *bahawder*, artilleryman. He had entered into Holkar's service in the latter capacity, and had, by his merit and undaunted bravery in action, attained the dignity of the peacock's feather, which is only granted to noblemen of the first class ; he was married, moreover, to one of Holkar's innumerable daughters : a match which, according to the *Chronique Scandaleuse*, brought more of honor than of pleasure to the poor Bobbachy. Gallant as he was in the field, it was said that in the harem he was the veriest craven alive, completely subjugated by his ugly and odious wife. In all matters of importance the late Bahawder had been consulted by his prince, who had, as it appears, (knowing my character, and not caring to do anything rash in his attack upon so formidable an enemy,) sent forward the unfortunate Pitan to reconnoitre the fort ; he was to have done yet more, as I learned from the attendant Puneeree Muckun, who was, I soon found out, an old favorite with the Bobbachy—doubtless on account of his honesty and love of repartee.

" The Bahawder's lips are closed," said he, as last, trotting up to me ; " has he not a word for old Puneeree Muckun ? "

" Bismillah, mashallah, barikallah," said I ; which means, " My good friend, what I have seen is not worth the trouble of relation, and fills my bosom with the darkest forebodings."

" You could not then see the Gujputi alone, and stab him with your dagger ? "

[Here was a pretty conspiracy!] “No, I saw him, but not alone ; his people were always with him.”

“Hurrumzadeh ! it is a pity ; we waited but the sound of your jogree (whistle), and straightway would have galloped up and seized upon every man, woman, and child in the fort : however, there are but a dozen men in the garrison, and they have not provision for two days—they must yield ; and then hurrah for the moon-faces ! Mashallah ! I am told the soldiers who first get in are to have their pick. How my old woman, Rotee Muckun, will be surprised when I bring home a couple of Feringhee wives,—ha ! ha !”

“Fool !” said I, “be still !—twelve men in the garrison ! there are twelve hundred ! Gahagan himself is as good as a thousand men ; and as for food, I saw with my own eyes five hundred bullocks grazing in the court-yard as I entered.” This was a bouncer, I confess ; but my object was to deceive Puneeree Muckun, and give him as high a notion as possible of the capabilities of defence which the besieged had.

“Pooch, pooch,” murmured the men ; “it is a wonder of a fortress : we shall never be able to take it until our guns come up.”

There was hope then ! they had no battering-train. Ere this arrived, I trusted that Lord Lake would hear of our plight, and march down to rescue us. Thus occupied in thought and conversation, we rode on until the advanced sentinel challenged us, when old Puneeree gave the word, and we passed on into the centre of Holkar’s camp.

It was a strange—a stirring sight ! The camp-fires were lighted ; and round them—eating, reposing, talking, looking at the merry steps of the dancing-girls, or listening to the stories of some Dhol Baut (or Indian improvisatore)—were thousands of dusky soldiery. The camels and horses were picketed under the banyan-trees, on which the ripe mango fruit was growing, and offered them an excellent food. Towards the spot which the golden fish and royal purdahs, floating in the wind, designated as the tent of Holkar, led an immense avenue—of elephants ! the finest street, indeed, I ever saw. Each of the monstrous animals had a castle on its back, armed with Mauritanian archers and the celebrated Persian matchlock-men ! it was the feeding time of these royal brutes, and the grooms were observed bringing immense toffungs, or baskets, filled with pine-apples, plantains, bananas, Indian corn, and cocoa-nuts, which grow luxuriantly at all seasons of the year. We passed down this extraordinary avenue—no less than three hundred

and eighty-eight tails did I count on each side—each tail as pertaining to an elephant twenty-five feet high—each elephant having a two-storied castle on its back—each castle containing sleeping and eating rooms for the twelve men that formed its garrison, and were keeping watch on the roof—each roof bearing a flag-staff twenty feet long on its top, the crescent glittering with a thousand gems, and round it the imperial standard,—each standard of silk velvet and cloth-of-gold, bearing the well-known device of Holkar, argent an or gules, between a sinople of the first, a chevron, truncated, wavy. I took nine of these myself in the course of a very short time after, and shall be happy, when I come to England, to show them to any gentleman who has a curiosity that way. Through this gorgeous scene our little cavalcade passed, and at last we arrived at the quarters occupied by Holkar.

That celebrated chieftain's tents and followers were gathered round one of the British bungalows which had escaped the flames, and which he occupied during the siege. When I entered the large room where he sat, I found him in the midst of a council of war ; his chief generals and viziers seated round him, each smoking his hookah, as is the common way with these black fellows, before, at, and after breakfast, dinner, supper, and bedtime. There was such a cloud raised by their smoke you could hardly see a yard before you—another piece of good luck for me—as it diminished the chances of my detection. When, with the ordinary ceremonies, the kitmatgars and consomahs had explained to the prince that Bobbachy Bahawder, the right eye of the Sun of the universe (as the ignorant heathens called me), had arrived from his mission, Holkar immediately summoned me to the maidaun, or elevated platform, on which he was seated in a luxurious easy-chair, and I, instantly taking off my slippers, falling on my knees, and beating my head against the ground ninety-nine times, proceeded, still on my knees, a hundred and twenty feet through the room, and then up the twenty steps which led to his maidaun—a silly, painful, and disgusting ceremony, which can only be considered as a relic of barbarian darkness, which tears the knees and shins to pieces, let alone the pantaloons. I recommend anybody who goes to India, with the prospect of entering the service of the native rajahs, to recollect my advice, and have them *well wadded*.

Well, the right eye of the Sun of the universe scrambled as well as he could up the steps of the maidaun (on which, in rows, smoking, as I have said, the musnuds or general officers

were seated), and I arrived within speaking-distance of Holkar, who instantly asked me the success of my mission. The impetuous old man thereon poured out a multitude of questions : "How many men are there in the fort?" said he ; "how many women? Is it victualled? have they ammunition? Did you see Gahagan Sahib, the commander? did you kill him?"

All these questions Jeswunt Row Holkar puffed out with so many whiffs of tobacco.

Taking a chillum myself, and raising about me such a cloud that, upon my honor as a gentleman, no man at three yards' distance could perceive anything of me except the pillar of smoke in which I was encompassed, I told Holkar, in Oriental language of course, the best tale I could with regard to the fort.

"Sir," said I, "to answer your last question first—that dreadful Gujputi I have seen—and he is alive: he is eight feet, nearly, in height; he can eat a bullock daily (of which he has seven hundred at present in the compound, and swears that during the siege he will content himself with only three a week): he has lost, in battle, his left eye; and what is the consequence? O Ram Gunge" (O thou-with-the-eye-as-bright-as-morning and-with-beard-as-black-as-night), "Goliah Gujputi—NEVER SLEEPS!"

"Ah, you Ghorumsaug (you thief of the world)," said the Prince Vizier, Saadut Alee Beg Bimbukchee—"it's joking you are;"—and there was a universal buzz through the room at the announcement of this bouncer.

"By the hundred and eleven incarnations of Vishnu," said I, solemnly (an oath which no Indian was ever known to break), "I swear that so it is: so at least he told me, and I have good cause to know his power. Gujputi is an enchanter: he is leagued with devils; he is invulnerable. Look," said I, unsheathing my dagger—and every eye turned instantly towards me—"thrice did I stab him with this steel—in the back, once—twice right through the heart; but he only laughed me to scorn, and bade me tell Holkar that the steel was not yet forged which was to inflict an injury upon him."

I never saw a man in such a rage as Holkar was when I gave him this somewhat imprudent message.

"Ah, lily-livered rogue!" shouted he out to me, "milk-blooded unbeliever! pale-faced miscreant! lives he after insulting thy master in thy presence? In the name of the Prophet, I spit on thee, defy thee, abhor thee, degrade thee! Take that, thou liar of the universe! and that—and that—and that!"

Such are the frightful excesses of barbaric minds ! every time this old man said, "Take that," he flung some article near him at the head of the undaunted Gahagan—his dagger, his sword, his carbine, his richly ornamented pistols, his turban covered with jewels, worth a hundred thousand crores of rupees—finally, his hookah, snake mouthpiece, silver-bell, chillum and all—which went hissing over my head, and flattening into a jelly the nose of the Grand Vizier.

"Yock muzzee!" my nose is off," said the old man, mildly. "Will you have my life, O Holkar? it is thine likewise!" and no other word of complaint escaped his lips.

Of all these missiles, though a pistol and carbine had gone off as the ferocious Indian flung them at my head, and the naked scimitar, fiercely but adroitly thrown, had lopped off the limbs of one or two of the musnuds as they sat trembling on their omrahs, yet, strange to say, not a single weapon had hurt me. When the hubbub ceased, and the unlucky wretches who had been the victims of this fit of rage had been removed, Holkar's good-humor somewhat returned, and he allowed me to continue my account of the fort; which I did, not taking the slightest notice of his burst of impatience: as indeed it would have been the height of impoliteness to have done, for such accidents happened many times in the day.

"It is well that the Bobbachy has returned," snuffed out the poor Grand Vizier, after I had explained to the Council the extraordinary means of defence possessed by the garrison. "Your star is bright, O Bahawder! for this very night we had resolved upon an escalade of the fort, and he had swore to put every one of the infidel garrison to the edge of the sword."

"But you have no battering train," said I.

"Bah! we have a couple of ninety-six pounders, quite sufficient to blow the gates open; and then, hey for a charge!" said Loll Mahomed, a general of cavalry, who was a rival of Bobbachy's, and contradicted, therefore, every word I said. "In the name of Juggernaut, why wait for the heavy artillery! Have we not swords? Have we not hearts? Mashallah! Let cravens stay with Bobbachy, all true men will follow Loll Mahomed! Allahhumdillah, Bismillah, Barikallah?"* and drawing his scimitar, he waved it over his head, and shouted out his cry of battle. It was repeated by many of the other omrahs; the sound of their cheers was carried into the camp,

* The Major has put the most approved language into the mouths of his Indian characters. Bismillah, Barikallah, and so on, according to the novelists, form the very essence of Eastern conversation.

and caught up by the men ; the camels began to cry, the horses to prance and neigh, the eight hundred elephants set up a scream, the trumpeters and drummers clanged away at their instruments. I never heard such a din before or after. How I trembled for my little garrison when I heard the enthusiastic cries of this innumerable host !

There was but one way for it. "Sir," said I, addressing Holkar, "go out to-night, and you go to certain death. Loll Mahomed has not seen the fort as I have. Pass the gate if you please, and for what ? to fall before the fire of a hundred pieces of artillery ; to storm another gate, and then another, and then to be blown up, with Gahagan's garrison in the citadel. Who talks of courage ? Were I not in your august presence, O star of the faithful, I would crop Loll Mahomed's nose from his face, and wear his ears as an ornament in my own pugree ! Who is there here that knows not the difference between yonder yellow-skinned coward and Gahagan Khan Guj—I mean Bobbachy Bahawder ? I am ready to fight one, two, three, or twenty of them, at broad-sword, small-sword, single-stick, with fists, if you please. By the holy piper, fighting is like mate and dhrink to Ga—to Bobbachy, I mane—whoop ! come on, you divvle, and I'll bate the skin off your ugly bones."

This speech had very nearly proved fatal to me, for, when I am agitated, I involuntarily adopt some of the phraseology peculiar to my own country ; which is so un-eastern, that, had there been any suspicion as to my real character, detection must indubitably have ensued. As it was, Holkar perceived nothing, but instantaneously stopped the dispute. Loll Mahomed, however, evidently suspected something, for, as Holkar, with a voice of thunder, shouted out, "Tomasha (silence)," Loll sprang forward and gasped out—

" My lord ! my lord ! this is not Bob——"

But he could say no more. "Gag the slave !" screamed out Holkar, stamping with fury ; and a turban was instantly twisted round the poor devil's jaws. " Ho, furoshes ! carry out Loll Mahomed Khan, give him a hundred dozen on the soles of his feet, set him upon a white donkey, and carry him round the camp, with an inscription before him : ' This is the way that Holkar rewards the talkative. ' "

I breathed again ; and ever as I heard each whack of the bamboo falling on Loll Mahomed's feet, I felt peace returning to my mind, and thanked my stars that I was delivered of this danger.

" Vizier," said Holkar, who enjoyed Loll's roars amazingly.

"I owe you a reparation for your nose: kiss the hand of your prince, O Saadut Alee Beg Bimbukchee! be from this day forth Zoheir u Dowlut!"

The good old man's eyes filled with tears. "I can bear thy severity, O Prince," said he; "I cannot bear thy love. Was it not an honor that your Highness did me just now when you condescended to pass over the bridge of your slave's nose?"

The phrase was by all voices pronounced to be very poetical. The Vizier retired, crowned with his new honors, to bed. Holkar was in high good humor.

"Bobbachy," said he, "thou, too, must pardon me. A propos, I have news for thee. Your wife, the incomparable Puttee Rooge" (white and red rose), "has arrived in camp."

"My wife, my lord!" said I, aghast.

"Our daughter, the light of thine eyes! Go, my son; I see thou art wild with joy. The Princess's tents are set up close by mine, and I know thou longest to join her."

My wife? Here was a complication truly

CHAPTER V.

THE ISSUE OF MY INTERVIEW WITH MY WIFE.

I FOUND Puneeree Muckun, with the rest of my attendants, waiting at the gate, and they immediately conducted me to my own tents in the neighborhood. I have been in many dangerous predicaments before that time and since, but I don't care to deny that I felt in the present instance such a throbbing of the heart as I never have experienced when leading a forlorn hope, or marching up to a battery.

As soon as I entered the tents a host of menials sprang forward, some to ease me of my armor, some to offer me refreshments, some with hookahs, attar of roses (in great quart bottles), and the thousand delicacies of Eastern life. I motioned them away. "I will wear my armor," said I; "I shall go forth to-night; carry my duty to the princess, and say I grieve that to-night I have not the time to see her. Spread me a couch here, and bring me supper here: a jar of Persian wine well cooled, a lamb stuffed with pistachio-nuts, a pillow of a couple of turkeys, a curried kid — anything, Begone! Give me a pipe; leave me alone, and tell me when the meal is ready."

I thought by these means to put off the fair Puttee Rooge, and hoped to be able to escape without subjecting myself to the examination of her curious eyes. After smoking for a while, an attendant came to tell me that my supper was prepared in the inner apartment of the tent (I suppose that the reader, if he be possessed of the commonest intelligence, knows that the tents of the Indian grandees are made of the finest Cashmere shawls, and contain a dozen rooms at least, with carpets, chimneys, and sash-windows complete). I entered, I say, into an inner chamber, and there began with my fingers to devour my meal in the Oriental fashion, taking, every now and then, a pull from the wine jar, which was cooling deliciously in another jar of snow.

I was just in the act of despatching the last morsel of a most savory stewed lamb and rice, which had formed my meal, when I heard a scuffle of feet, a shrill clatter of female voices, and, the curtain being flung open, in marched a lady accompanied by twelve slaves, with moon faces and slim waists, lovely as the houris in Paradise.

The lady herself, to do her justice, was as great a contrast to her attendants as could possibly be : she was crooked, old, of the complexion of molasses, and rendered a thousand times more ugly by the tawdry dress and the blazing jewels with which she was covered. A line of yellow chalk drawn from her forehead to the tip of her nose (which was further ornamented by an immense glittering nose-ring), her eyelids painted bright red, and a large dab of the same color on her chin, showed she was not of the Mussulman, but the Brahmin faith—and of a very high caste ; you could see that by her eyes. My mind was instantaneously made up as to my line of action.

The male attendants had of course quitted the apartment, as they heard the well-known sound of her voice. It would have been death to them to have remained and looked in her face. The females ranged themselves round their mistress, as she squatted down opposite to me.

“And is this,” said she, “a welcome, O Khan ! after six months’ absence, for the most unfortunate and loving wife in all the world ? Is this lamb, O glutton ! half so tender as thy spouse ? Is this wine, O sot ! half so sweet as her looks ?”

I saw the storm was brewing—her slaves, to whom she turned, kept up a kind of chorus :—

“Oh, the faithless one !” cried they. “Oh, the rascal, the false one, who has no eye for beauty, and no heart for love, like the Khanum’s !”

“A lamb is not so sweet as love,” said I gravely : “but a

lamb has a good temper ; a wine-cup is not so intoxicating as a woman—but a wine-cup has *no tongue*, O Khanum Gee ! ” and again I dipped my nose in the soul-refreshing jar.

The sweet Puttee Rooge was not, however, to be put off by my repartees ; she and her maidens recommenced their chorus, and chattered and stormed until I lost all patience.

“ Retire, friends,” said I, “ and leave me in peace.”

“ Stir, on your peril ! ” cried the Khanum.

So, seeing there was no help for it but violence, I drew out my pistols, cocked them, and said, “ O houris ! these pistols contain each too balls : the daughter of Holkar bears a sacred life for me—but for you !—by all the saints of Hindustan, four of ye shall die if ye stay a moment longer in my presence ! ” This was enough ; the ladies gave a shriek, and skurried out of the apartment like a covey of partridges on the wing.

Now, then, was the time for action. My wife, or rather Bobbachy’s wife, sat still, a little flurried, by the unusual ferocity which her lord had displayed in her presence. I seized her hand and, gripping it close, whispered in her ear, to which I put the other pistol :—“ O Khanum, listen and scream not ; the moment you scream, you die ! ” She was completely beaten ; she turned as pale as a woman could in her situation, and said, “ Speak, Bobbachy Bahawder, I am dumb.”

“ Woman,” said I, taking off my helmet, and removing the chain cape which had covered almost the whole of my face—“ *I am not thy husband—I am the slayer of elephants, the world-renowned GAHAGAN !* ”

As I said this, and as the long ringlets of red hair fell over my shoulders (contrasting strangely with my dyed face and beard), I formed one of the finest pictures that can possibly be conceived, and I recommend it as a subject to Mr. Heath, for the next “ Book of Beauty.”

“ Wretch ! ” said she, “ what wouldest thou ? ”

“ You black-faced fiend,” said I, “ raise but your voice, and you are dead ! ”

“ And afterwards,” said she, “ do you suppose that *you* can escape ? The torments of hell are not so terrible as the tortures that Holkar will invent for thee.”

“ Tortures, madam ? ” answered I, coolly. “ Fiddlesticks ! You will neither betray me, nor will I be put to the torture : on the contrary, you will give me your best jewels and facilitate my escape to the fort. Don’t grind your teeth and swear at me. Listen, madam : you know this dress and these arms ;—they are the arms of your husband, Bobbachy Bahawder—*my*

prisoner. He now lies in yonder fort, and if I do not return before daylight, at *sunrise he dies*: and then, when they send his corpse back to Holkar, what will you, *his widow*, do?"

"Oh!" said she, shuddering, "spare me, spare me!"

"I'll tell you what you will do. You will have the pleasure of dying along with him—of *being roasted*, madam: an agonizing death, from which your father cannot save you, to which he will be the first man to condemn and conduct you. Ha! I see we understand each other, and you will give me over the cash-box and jewels." And so saying I threw myself back with the calmest air imaginable, flinging the pistols over to her. "Light me a pipe, my love," said I, "and then go and hand me over the dollars; do you hear?" You see I had her in my power—up a tree, as the Americans say, and she very humbly lighted my pipe for me, and then departed for the goods I spoke about.

What a thing is luck! If Loll Mahomed had not been made to take that ride round the camp, I should infallibly have been lost.

My supper, my quarrel with the princess, and my pipe afterwards, had occupied a couple of hours of my time. The princess returned from her quest, and brought with her the box, containing valuables to the amount of about three millions sterling. (I was cheated of them afterwards, but have the box still, a plain deal one.) I was just about to take my departure, when a tremendous knocking, shouting, and screaming was heard at the entrance of the tent. It was Holkar himself, accompanied by that cursed Loll Mahomed, who, after his punishment, found his master restored to good-humor, and had communicated to him his firm conviction that I was an impostor.

"Ho, Begum!" shouted he, in the ante-room (for he and his people could not enter the women's apartments), "speak, O my daughter! is your husband returned?"

"Speak, madam," said I, "or remember the roasting."

"He is, papa," said the Begum.

"Are you sure? Ho! ho! ho!" (the old ruffian was laughing outside)—"are you sure it is?—Ha! aha!—he-e-e!"

"Indeed it is he, and no other. I pray you, father, to go, and to pass no more such shameless jests on your daughter. Have I ever seen the face of any other man?" And hereat she began to weep as if her heart would break—the deceitful minx!

Holkar's laugh was instantly turned to fury. "Oh, you liar and eternal thief!" said he, turning round (as I presume, for

I could only hear) to Loll Mahomed, “to make your prince eat such monstrous dirt as this! Furoshes, seize this man. I dismiss him from my service, I degrade him from his rank, I appropriate to myself all his property: and hark ye, furoshes, GIVE HIM A HUNDRED DOZEN MORE!”

Again I heard the whacks of the bamboos, and peace flowed into my soul.

* * * *

Just as morn began to break, two figures were seen to approach the little fortress of Futtyghur: one was a woman wrapped closely in a veil, the other a warrior, remarkable for the size and manly beauty of his form, who carried in his hand a deal box of considerable size. The warrior at the gate gave the word and was admitted, the woman returned slowly to the Indian camp. Her name was Puttee Rooge; his was—

G. O'G. G., M. H. E. I. C. S., C. I. H. A.

CHAPTER VI.

FAMINE IN THE GARRISON.

THUS my dangers for the night being overcome, I hastened with my precious box into my own apartment, which communicated with another, where I had left my prisoner, with a guard to report if he should recover, and to prevent his escape. My servant, Ghorumsaug, was one of the guard. I called him, and the fellow came, looking very much confused and frightened, as it seemed, at my appearance.

“Why, Ghorumsaug,” said I, “what makes thee look so pale, fellow?” (He was as white as a sheet.) “It is thy master, dost thou not remember him?” The man had seen me dress myself in the Pitan’s clothes, but was not present when I had blacked my face and beard in the manner I have described.

“O Bramah, Vishnu, and Mahomet!” cried the faithful fellow, “and do I see my dear master disguised in this way? For heaven’s sake let me rid you of this odious black paint; for what will the ladies say in the ball-room, if the beautiful Feringhee should appear amongst them with his roses turned into coal?”

I am still one of the finest men in Europe, and at the time of which I write, when only two-and-twenty, I confess I *was* a little vain of my personal appearance, and not very willing to appear before my dear Belinda disguised like a blackamoor. I allowed Ghorumsaug to divest me of the heathenish armor and habiliments which I wore ; and having, with a world of scrubbing and trouble, divested my face and beard of their black tinge, I put on my own becoming uniform, and hastened to wait on the ladies ; hastened, I say,—although delayed would have been the better word, for the operation of bleaching lasted at least two hours.

“How is the prisoner, Ghorumsaug ?” said I, before leaving my apartment.

“He has recovered from the blow which the Lion dealt him ; two men and myself watch over him ; and Macgillicuddy Sahib (the second in command) has just been the rounds, and has seen that all was secure.”

I bade Ghorumsaug help me to put away my chest of treasure (my exultation in taking it was so great that I could not help informing him of its contents) ; and this done, I despatched him to his post near the prisoner, while I prepared to sally forth and pay my respects to the fair creatures under my protection. “What good after all have I done,” thought I to myself, “in this expedition which I had so rashly undertaken ?” I had seen the renowned Holkar, I had been in the heart of his camp ; I knew the disposition of his troops, that there were eleven thousand of them, and that he only waited for his guns to make a regular attack on the fort. I had seen Puttee Rooge ; I had robbed her (I say *robbed* her, and I don’t care what the reader or any other man may think of the act,) of a deal box, containing jewels to the amount of three millions sterling, the property of herself and husband.

Three millions in money and jewels ! And what the deuce were money and jewels to me or to my poor garrison ? Could my adorable Miss Bulcher eat a fricassee of diamonds, or, Cleopatra-like, melt down pearls to her tea ? Could I, careless as I am about food, with a stomach that would digest anything —(once, in Spain, I ate the leg of a horse during a famine, and was so eager to swallow this morsel that I bolted the shoe, as well as the hoof, and never felt the slightest inconvenience from either),—could I, I say, expect to live long and well upon a ragout of rupees, or a dish of stewed emeralds and rubies ? With all the wealth of Crœsus before me I felt melancholy ; and would have paid cheerfully its weight in carats for a good

honest round of boiled beef. Wealth, wealth, what art thou? What is gold?—Soft metal. What are diamonds?—Shining tinsel. The great wealth-winners, the only fame-achievers, the sole objects worthy of a soldier's consideration, are beefsteaks, gunpowder, and cold iron.

The two latter means of competency we possessed; I had in my own apartments a small store of gunpowder (keeping it under my own bed, with a candle burning for fear of accidents); I had 14 pieces of artillery (4 long 48's and 4 caronades, 5 howitzers, and a long brass mortar, for grape, which I had taken myself at the battle of Assaye), and muskets for ten times my force. My garrison, as I have told the reader in a previous number, consisted of 40 men, two chaplains, and a surgeon; add to these my guests, 83 in number, of whom nine only were gentlemen (in tights, powder, pigtails, and silk stockings, who had come out merely for a dance, and found themselves in for a siege). Such were our numbers:—

Troops and artillerymen	40
Ladies	74
Other non-combatants	11
MAJOR-GEN. O'G. GAHAGAN.	1,000
	—
	1,125

I count myself good for a thousand, for so I was regularly rated in the army: with this great benefit to it, that I only consumed as much as an ordinary mortal. We were then, as far as the victuals went, 126 mouths; as combatants we numbered 1,040 gallant men, with 12 guns and a fort, against Holkar and his 12,000. No such alarming odds, if—

If!—ay, there was the rub—*if* we had *shot*, as well as powder for our guns; *if* we had not only *men* but *meat*. Of the former commodity we had only three rounds for each piece. Of the latter, upon my sacred honor, to feed 126 souls, we had but

Two drumsticks of fowls, and a bone of ham.

Fourteen bottles of ginger-beer.

Of soda-water, four ditto.

Two bottles of fine Spanish olives.

Raspberry cream—the remainder of two dishes.

Seven macaroons, lying in the puddle of a demolished trifle.

Half a drum of best Turkey figs.

Some bits of broken bread; two Dutch cheeses (whole); the crust of an old Stilton; and about an ounce of almonds and raisins.

Three ham-sandwiches, and a pot of currant-jelly, and 197 bottles of brandy, rum, madeira, pale ale (my private stock); a couple of hard eggs for a salad, and a flask of Florence oil.

This was the provision for the whole garrison! The men

after supper had seized upon the relics of the repast, as they were carried off from the table ; and these were the miserable remnants I found and counted on my return, taking good care to lock the door of the supper-room, and treasure what little sustenance still remained in it.

When I appeared in the saloon, now lighted up by the morning sun, I not only caused a sensation myself, but felt one in my own bosom, which was of the most painful description. Oh, my reader ! may you never behold such a sight as that which presented itself : eighty-three men and women in ball-dresses ; the former with their lank powdered locks streaming over their faces ; the latter with faded flowers, uncurled wigs, smudged rouge, blear eyes, draggling feathers, rumpled satins—each more desperately melancholy and hideous than the other—each, except my beloved Belinda Bulcher, whose raven ringlets never having been in curl could of course never go *out* of curl ; whose cheek, pale as the lily, could, as it may naturally be supposed, grow no paler ; whose neck and beauteous arms, dazzling as alabaster, needed no pearl-powder, and therefore, as I need not state, did not suffer because the pearl-powder had come off. Joy (deft link-boy !) lit his lamps in each of her eyes as I entered. As if I had been her sun, her spring, lo ! blushing roses mantled in her cheek ! Seventy-three ladies, as I entered, opened their fire upon me, and stunned me with cross-questions, regarding my adventures in the camp—*she*, as she saw me, gave a faint scream, (the sweetest, sure, that ever gurgled through the throat of a woman !) then started up—then made as if she would sit down—then moved backwards—then tottered forwards—then tumbled into my—Psha ! why recall, why attempt to describe that delicious—that passionate greeting of two young hearts ? What was the surrounding crowd to *us* ? What cared we for the sneers of the men, the titters of the jealous women, the shrill “Upon my word !” of the elder Miss Bulcher, and the loud expostulations of Belinda’s mamma ? The brave girl loved me, and wept in my arms. “Goliah ! my Goliah !” said she, “my brave, my beautiful, *thou* art returned, and hope comes back with thee. Oh ! who can tell the anguish of my soul, during this dreadful, dreadful night !” Other similar ejaculations of love and joy she uttered ; and if I *had* perilled life in her service, if I *did* believe that hope of escape there was none, so exquisite was the moment of our meeting, that I forgot all else in this overwhelming joy !

* * * * *

[The Major’s description of this meeting, which lasted at

the very most not ten seconds, occupies thirteen pages of writing. We have been compelled to dock off twelve-and-a-half; for the whole passage, though highly creditable to his feelings, might possibly be tedious to the reader.]

* * * * *

As I said, the ladies and gentlemen were inclined to sneer, and were giggling audibly. I led the dear girl to a chair, and, scowling round with a tremendous fierceness, which those who know me know I can sometimes put on, I shouted out, "Hark ye! men and women—I am this lady's truest knight—her husband I hope one day to be. I am commander, too, in this fort—the enemy is without it; another word of mockery—another glance of scorn—and, by heaven, I will hurl every man and woman from the battlements, a prey to the ruffianly Holkar!" This quieted them. I am a man of my word, and none of them stirred or looked disrespectfully from that moment.

It was now *my* turn to make *them* look foolish. Mrs. Vandegobbleschroy (whose unfailing appetite is pretty well known to every person who has been in India) cried, "Well, Captain Gahagan, your ball has been pleasant, and the supper was despatched so long ago, that myself and the ladies would be very glad of a little breakfast." And Mrs. Van giggled as if she had made a very witty and reasonable speech. "Oh! breakfast by all means," said the rest; "we really are dying for a warm cup of tea."

"Is it bohay tay or souchong tay that you'd like, ladies?" says I.

"Nonsense, you silly man; any tea you like," said fat Mrs. Van.

"What do you say, then, to some prime *gunpowder*?" Of course they said it was the very thing.

"And do you like hot rowls or cowld—muffins or crumpets—fresh butter or salt? And you, gentlemen, what do you say to some ileyant divvled-kidneys for yourselves, and just a trifle of grilled turkeys, and a couple of hundhred new-laid eggs for the ladies?"

"Pooh, pooh! be it as you will, my dear fellow," answered they all.

"But stop," says I. "O ladies, O ladies: O gentlemen, gentlemen, that you should ever have come to the quarters of Goliah Gahagan, and he been without—"

"What?" said they, in a breath.

"Alas! alas! I have not got a single stick of chocolate in the whole house."

"Well, well, we can do without it."

"Or a single pound of coffee."

"Never mind ; let that pass too." (Mrs. Van and the rest were beginning to look alarmed.)

"And about the kidneys—now I remember, the black divvles outside the fort have seized upon all the sheep ; and how are we to have kidneys without them ?" (Here there was a slight o—o—o !)

"And with regard to the milk and crame, it may be remarked that the cows are likewise in pawn, and not a single drop can be had for money or love : but we can beat up eggs, you know, in the tay, which will be just as good."

"Oh ! just as good."

"Only the divvle's in the luck, there's not a fresh egg to be had—no, nor a fresh chicken," continued I, "nor a stale one either ; nor a tayspoonful of souchong, nor a thimbleful of bo-hay ; nor the laste taste in life of butther, salt or fresh ; nor hot rowls or cowld !"

"In the name of heaven !" said Mrs. Van, growing very pale, "what is there, then ?"

"Ladies and gentlemen, I'll tell you what there is now," shouted I. "There's

"Two drumsticks of fowls, and a bone of ham.

"Fourteen bottles of ginger-beer," &c., &c., &c.

And I went through the whole list of eatables as before, ending with the ham-sandwiches and the pot of jelly.

"Law ! Mr. Gahagan," said Mrs. Colonel Vandegobbleschroy, "give me the ham-sandwiches—I must manage to breakfast off them."

And you should have heard the pretty to-do there was at this modest proposition ! Of course I did not accede to it—why should I ? I was the commander of the fort, and intended to keep these three very sandwiches for the use of myself and my dear Belinda. "Ladies," said I, "there are in this fort one hundred and twenty-six souls, and this is all the food which is to last us during the siege. Meat there is none—of drink there is a tolerable quantity ; and at one o'clock punctually, a glass of wine and one olive shall be served out to each woman : the men will receive two glasses, and an olive and a fig—and this must be your food during the siege. Lord Lake cannot be absent more than three days ; and if he be—why, still there is a chance—why do I say a chance ?—a certainty of escaping from the hands of these ruffians."

"Oh, name it, name it, dear Captain Gahagan!" screeched the whole covey at a breath.

"It lies," answered I, "in the *powder magazine*. I will blow this fort, and all it contains, to atoms, ere it becomes the prey of Holkar."

The women, at this, raised a squeal that might have been heard in Holkar's camp, and fainted in different directions; but my dear Belinda whispered in my ear, "Well done, thou noble knight! bravely said, my heart's Goliah!" I felt I was right: I could have blown her up twenty times for the luxury of that single moment! "And now, ladies," said I, "I must leave you. The two chaplains will remain with you to administer professional consolation—the other gentlemen will follow me up stairs to the ramparts, where I shall find plenty of work for them."

CHAPTER VII.

THE ESCAPE.

Loth as they were, these gentlemen had nothing for it but to obey, and they accordingly followed me to the ramparts, where I proceeded to review my men. The fort, in my absence, had been left in command of Lieutenant Macgillicuddy, a countryman of my own (with whom, as may be seen in an early chapter of my memoirs, I had an affair of honor); and the prisoner Bobbachy Bahawder, whom I had only stunned, never wishing to kill him, had been left in charge of that officer. Three of the garrison (one of them a man of the Ahmednuggar Irregulars, my own body-servant, Ghorumsaug above named,) were appointed to watch the captive by turns, and never leave him out of their sight. The lieutenant was instructed to look to them and to their prisoner, and as Bobbachy was severely injured by the blow which I had given him, and was, moreover, bound hand and foot, and gagged smartly with cords, I considered myself sure of his person.

Macgillicuddy did not make his appearance when I reviewed my little force, and the three havildars were likewise absent: this did not surprise me, as I had told them not to leave their prisoner; but desirous to speak with the lieutenant, I de-

spatched a messenger to him, and ordered him to appear immediately.

The messenger came back ; he was looking ghastly pale : he whispered some information into my ear, which instantly caused me to hasten to the apartments where I had caused Bobbachy Bahawder to be confined.

The men had fled ;—Bobbachy had fled ; and in his place, fancy my astonishment when I found—with a rope cutting his naturally wide mouth almost into his ears—with a dreadful sabre-cut across his forehead—with his legs tied over his head, and his arms tied between his legs—my unhappy, my attached friend—Mortimer Macgillicuddy !

He had been in this position for about three hours—it was the very position in which I had caused Bobbachy Bahawder to be placed—an attitude uncomfortable, it is true, but one which renders escape impossible, unless treason aid the prisoner.

I restored the lieutenant to his natural erect position : I poured half a bottle of whiskey down the immensely enlarged orifice of his mouth, and when he had been released, he informed me of the circumstances that had taken place.

Fool that I was ! idiot !—upon my return to the fort, to have been anxious about my personal appearance, and to have spent a couple of hours in removing the artificial blackening from my beard and complexion, instead of going to examine my prisoner —when his escape would have been prevented. O foppery, foppery !—it was that cursed love of personal appearance which had led me to forget my duty to my general, my country, my monarch, and my own honor !

Thus it was that the escape took place :—My own fellow of the Irregulars, whom I had summoned to dress me, performed the operation to my satisfaction, invested me with the elegant uniform of my corps, and removed the Pitan's disguise, which I had taken from the back of the prostrate Bobbachy Bahawder. What did the rogue do next ?—Why, he carried back the dress to the Bobbachy—he put it, once more, on its right owner ; he and his infernal black companions (who had been won over by the Bobbachy with promises of enormous reward), gagged Macgillicuddy, who was going the rounds, and then marched with the Indian coolly up to the outer gate, and gave the word. The sentinel, thinking it was myself who had first come in, and was as likely to go out again—(indeed my rascally valet said that Gahagan Sahib was about to go out with him and his two companions to reconnoitre,)—opened the gates, and off they went !

This accounted for the confusion of my valet when I entered!—and for the scoundrel's speech, that the lieutenant had *just been the rounds* ;—he *had*, poor fellow, and had been seized and bound in this cruel way. The three men, with their liberated prisoner, had just been on the point of escape, when my arrival disconcerted them : I had changed the guard at the gate (whom they had won over likewise) ; and yet, although they had overcome poor Mac, and although they were ready for the start, they had positively no means for effecting their escape, until I was ass enough to put means in their way. Fool ! fool ! thrice besotted fool that I was, to think of my own silly person when I should have been occupied solely with my public duty.

From Macgillicuddy's incoherent accounts, as he was gasping from the effects of the gag and the whiskey he had taken to revive him, and from my own subsequent observations, I learned this sad story. A sudden and painful thought struck me—my precious box !—I rushed back, I found that box—I have it still. Opening it, there, where I had left ingots, sacks of bright tomauns, kopeks and rupees, strings of diamonds as big as ducks' eggs, rubies as red as the lips of my Belinda, countless strings of pearls, amethysts, emeralds, piles upon piles of bank-notes—I found—a piece of paper ! with a few lines in the Sanscrit language, which are thus, word for word, translated :—

“**EPIGRAM.**

“*(On disappointing a certain Major.)*

“The conquering lion return'd with his prey,
And safe in his cavern he set it,
The sly little fox stole the booty away ;
And as he escaped, to the lion did say,
‘Aha ! don't you wish you may get it?’”

Confusion ! Oh, how my blood boiled as I read these cutting lines. I stamped,—I swore,—I don't know to what insane lengths my rage might have carried me, had not at this moment a soldier rushed in, screaming, “The enemy, the enemy !”

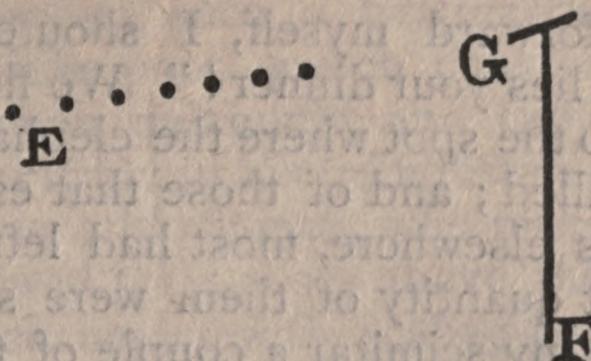
I ready delay you to no purpose, said the General, and I
trust you will not mind, does not a soldier have a right to be
a soldier? and the General said, "I have not the time to be
troubled with such a question, but I will tell you this, that
CHAPTER VIII. **THE CAPTIVE.**

IT was high time, indeed, that I should make my appearance. Waving my sword with one hand and seizing my telescope with the other, I at once frightened and examined the enemy. Well they knew when they saw that flamingo plume floating in the breeze—that awful figure standing in the breach—that waving war-sword sparkling in the sky—well, I say, they knew the name of the humble individual who owned the sword, the plume, and the figure. The ruffians were mustered in front, the cavalry behind. The flags were flying, the drums, gongs, tambourines, violoncellos, and other instruments of Eastern music, raised in the air a strange, barbaric melody ; the officers (yatabals), mounted on white dromedaries, were seen galloping to and fro, carrying to the advancing hosts the orders of Holkar.

You see that two sides of the fort of Futtyghur (rising as it does on a rock that is almost perpendicular) are defended by the Burrumpooter river, two hundred feet deep at this point, and a thousand yards wide, so that I had no fear about them attacking me in *that* quarter. My guns, therefore (with their six and thirty miserable charges of shot) were dragged round to the point at which I conceived Holkar would be most likely to attack me. I was in a situation that I did not dare to fire, except at such times as I could kill a hundred men by a single discharge of a cannon ; so the attacking party marched and marched, very strongly, about a mile and a half off, the elephants marching without receiving the slightest damage from us, until they had come to within four hundred yards of our walls (the rogues knew all the secrets of our weakness, through the betrayal of the dastardly Ghorumsaug, or they never would have ventured so near). At that distance—it was about the spot where the Futtyghur hill began gradually to rise—the invading force stopped ; the elephants drew up in a line, at right angles with our wall (the fools ! they thought they should expose themselves too much by taking a position to it) ; the cavalry halted too, and—after the deuce's own flourish of trumpets and banging of gongs, to be sure,—somebody, in a flame-colored satin dress, with an immense jewel blazing in his pugree (that looked through my telescope like a small but very

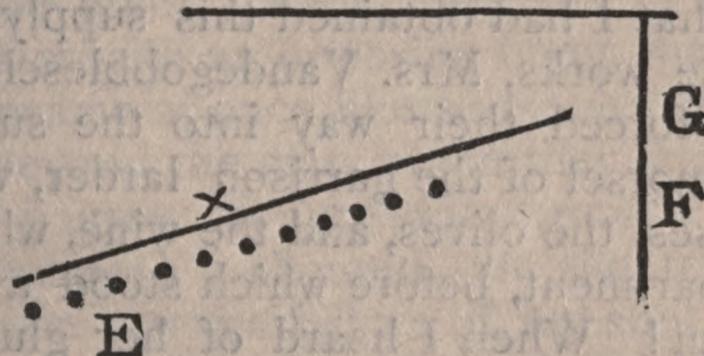
bright planet), got up from the back of one of the very biggest elephants, and began a speech.

The elephants were, as I said, in a line formed with admirable precision, about three hundred of them. The following little diagram will explain matters :—



E is the line of elephants. F is the wall of the fort. G a gun in the fort. Now the reader will see what I did.

The elephants were standing, their trunks wagging to and fro gracefully before them ; and I, with superhuman skill and activity, brought the gun G (a devilish long brass gun) to bear upon them. I pointed it myself ; bang ! it went, and what was the consequence ? Why, this :—



F is the fort, as before. E, the elephants, as we have previously seen them. What then is X ? X is the line taken by the ball fires from C, which took off one hundred and thirty-four elephants' trunks, and only spent itself in the tusk of a very old animal, that stood the hundred and thirty-fifth !

I say that such a shot was never fired before or since ; that a gun was never pointed in such a way. Suppose I had been a common man, and contented myself with firing bang at the head of the first animal ? An ass would have done it, prided himself had he hit his mark, and what would have been the consequence ? Why, that the ball might have killed two elephants and wounded a third ; but here, probably, it would have stopped, and done no further mischief. The trunk was the place at which to aim ; there are no bones there ; and away, consequently, went the bullet, shearing, as I have said, through

one hundred and thirty five probosces. Heavens ! what a howl there was when the shot took effect ! What a sudden stoppage of Holkar's speech ! What a hideous snorting of elephants ? What a rush backwards was made by the whole army, as if some demon was pursuing them !

Away they went. No sooner did I see them in full retreat, than, rushing forward myself, I shouted to my men, "My friends, yonder lies your dinner !" We flung open the gates—we tore down to the spot where the elephants had fallen : seven of them were killed ; and of those that escaped to die of their hideous wounds elsewhere, most had left their trunks behind them. A great quantity of them were seized ; and I myself, cutting up with my scimitar a couple of the fallen animals, as a butcher would a calf, motioned to the men to take the pieces back to the fort, where barbecued elephant was served round for dinner instead of the miserable allowance of an olive and a glass of wine, which I had promised to my female friends, in my speech to them. The animal reserved for the ladies was a young white one—the fattest and tenderest I ever ate in my life : they are very fair eating, but the flesh has an india-rubber flavor, which until one is accustomed to it, is unpalatable.

It was well that I had obtained this supply, for, during my absence upon the works, Mrs. Vandegobbleschroy and one or two others had forced their way into the supper-room, and devoured every morsel of the garrison larder, with the exception of the cheeses, the olives, and the wine, which were locked up in my own apartment, before which stood a sentinel. Disgusting Mrs. Van ! When I heard of her gluttony, I had almost a mind to eat *her*. However, we made a very comfortable dinner off the barbecued steaks, and when everybody had done, had the comfort of knowing that there was enough for one meal more.

The next day, as I expected, the enemy attacked us in great force, attempting to escalade the fort ; but by the help of my guns, and my good sword, by the distinguished bravery of Lieutenant Macgillicuddy and the rest of the garrison, we beat this attack off completely, the enemy sustaining a loss of seven hundred men. We were victorious ; but when another attack was made, what were we to do ? We had still a little powder left ; but had fired off all the shot, stones, iron-bars, &c., in the garrison ! On this day, too, we devoured the last morsel of our food : I shall never forget Mrs. Vandegobbleschroy's despairing look, as I saw her sitting alone, attempting to make some impression on the little white elephant's roasted tail.

The third day the attack was repeated. The resources of genius are never at an end. Yesterday I had no ammunition ; to day, I discovered charges sufficient for two guns, and two swivels, which were much longer, but had bores of about blunderbuss size.

This time my friend Loll Mahomed, who had received, as the reader may remember, such a bastinadoing for my sake, headed the attack. The poor wretch could not walk, but he was carried in an open palanquin, and came on waving his sword, and cursing horribly in his Hindustan jargon. Behind him came troops of matchlock-men, who picked off every one of our men who showed their noses above the ramparts : and a great host of blackamoors with scaling-ladders, bundles to fill the ditch, fascines, gabions, culverins, demi-lunes, counterscarps, and all the other appurtenances of offensive war.

On they came : my guns and men were ready for them. You will ask how many pieces were loaded ? I answer, that though my garrison were without food, I knew my duty as an officer—and *had put the two Dutch cheeses into the two guns, and had crammed the contents of a bottle of olives into each swivel.*

They advanced,—whish ! went one of the Dutch cheeses, bang ! went the other. Alas ! they did little execution. In their first contact with an opposing body, they certainly floored it ; but they became at once like so much Welsh-rabbit, and did no execution beyond the man whom they struck down.

“ Hogree, pogree, wongree-fum (praise to Allah and the forty-nine Imaums !)” shouted out the ferocious Loll Mahomed when he saw the failure of my shot. “ Onward, sons of the Prophet ! the infidel has no more ammunition. A hundred thousand lacs of rupees to the man who brings me Gahagan’s head !”

His men set up a shout, and rushed forward—he, to do him justice, was at the very head, urging on his own palanquin-bearers, and poking them with the tip of his scimitar. They came panting up the hill : I was black with rage, but it was the cold, concentrated rage of despair. “ Macgillicuddy,” said I, calling that faithful officer, “ you know where the barrels of powder are ? He did. “ You know the use to make of them ? ” He did. He grasped my hand. “ Goliah,” said he, “ farewell ! I swear that the fort shall be in atoms, as soon as yonder unbelievers have carried it. Oh, my poor mother ! ” added the gallant youth, as sighing, yet fearless, he retired to his post.

I gave one thought to my blessed, my beautiful Belinda, and

then, stepping into the front, took down one of the swivels ;—a shower of matchlock balls came whizzing round my head. I did not heed them.

I took the swivel, and aimed coolly. Loll Mahomed, his palanquin, and his men, were now not above two hundred yards from the fort. Loll was straight before me, gesticulating and shouting to his men. I fired—bang !!!

I aimed so true, that *one hundred and seventeen best Spanish olives were lodged in a lump in the face of the unhappy Loll Mahomed.* The wretch, uttering a yell the most hideous and unearthly I ever heard, fell back dead ; the frightened bearers flung down the palanquin and ran—the whole host ran as one man : their screams might be heard for leagues. “Tomasha, tomasha,” they cried, “it is enchantment !” Away they fled, and the victory a third time was ours. Soon as the fight was done, I flew back to my Belinda. We had eaten nothing for twenty-four hours, but I forgot hunger in the thought of once more beholding *her* !

The sweet soul turned towards me with a sickly smile as I entered, and almost fainted in my arms ; but alas ! it was not love which caused in her bosom an emotion so strong—it was hunger ! “Oh ! my Goliah,” whispered she, “for three days I have not tasted food—I could not eat that horrid elephant yesterday ; but now—oh ! heaven ! * * * ” She could say no more, but sank almost lifeless on my shoulder. I administered to her a trifling dram of rum, which revived her for a moment, and then rushed down stairs, determined that if it were a piece of my own leg, she should still have something to satisfy her hunger. Luckily I remembered that three or four elephants were still lying in the field, having been killed by us in the first action, two days before. Necessity, thought I, has no law ; my adorable girl must eat elephant, until she can get something better.

I rushed into the court where the men were, for the most part, assembled. “Men,” said I, “our larder is empty ; we must fill it as we did the day before yesterday. Who will follow Gahagan on a foraging party ? ” I expected that, as on former occasions, every man would offer to accompany me.

To my astonishment not a soul moved—a murmur arose among the troops ; and at last one of the oldest and bravest came forward.

“Captain,” he said, “it is of no use ; we cannot feed upon elephants forever ; we have not a grain of powder left, and must give up the fort when the attack is made to-morrow. We

may as well be prisoners now as then, and we won't go elephant-hunting any more."

"Ruffian!" I said, "he who first talks of surrender, dies!" and I cut him down. "Is there any one else who wishes to speak?"

No one stirred.

"Cowards! miserable cowards!" shouted I; "what, you dare not move for fear of death, at the hands of those wretches who even now fled before your arms—what, do I say *your* arms?—before *mine*!—alone I did it; and as alone I routed the foe, alone I will victual the fortress! Ho! open the gate!"

I rushed out ; not a single man would follow. The bodies of the elephants that we had killed still lay on the ground where they had fallen, about four hundred yards from the fort.

I descended calmly the hill, a very steep one, and coming to the spot, took my pick of the animals, choosing a tolerably small and plump one, of about thirteen feet high, which the vultures had respected. I threw this animal over my shoulders, and made for the fort.

As I marched up the acclivity, whizz—piff—whirr ! came the balls over my head ; and pitter-patter, pitter-patter ! they fell on the body of the elephant like drops of rain. The enemy were behind me ; I knew it and quickened my pace. I heard the gallop of their horse : they came nearer, nearer ; I was within a hundred yards of the fort—seventy—fifty ! I strained every nerve ; I panted with the superhuman exertion—I ran—could a man run very fast with such a tremendous weight on his shoulders ?

Up came the enemy ; fifty horsemen were shouting and screaming at my tail. O heaven ! five yards more—one moment—and I am saved ! It is done—I strain the last strain—I make the last step—I fling forward my precious burden into the gate opened wide to receive me and it, and—I fall ! The gate thunders to, and I am left *on the outside* ! Fifty knives are gleaming before my bloodshot eyes—fifty black hands are at my throat, when a voice exclaims, “ Stop !—kill him not, it is Gujputi ! ” A film came over my eyes—exhausted nature would bear no more.

og f'now sw has nedt as won stedcoing od how as you
 "I zah sebcoing to edct tazt odw od" bin I "I nsitnL
 or zodaiw oly salo-ens **CHAPTER IX.** nwoh mid zos I has

SURPRISE OF FUTTYGHUR.

WHEN I awoke from the trance into which I had fallen, I found myself in a bath, surrounded by innumerable black faces; and a Hindoo pothukoor (whence our word apothecary) feeling my pulse and looking at me with an air of sagacity.

“Where am I?” I exclaimed, looking round and examining the strange faces, and the strange apartment which met my view. “Bekhusm!” said the apothecary. “Silence! Gahagan Sahib is in the hands of those who know his valor, and will save his life.”

“Know my valor, slave? Of course you do,” said I; “but the fort—the garrison—the elephant—Belinda, my love—my darling—Macgillicuddy—the scoundrelly mutineers—the deal bo—* * * * ”

I could say no more; the painful recollections pressed so heavily upon my poor shattered mind and frame, that both failed once more. I fainted again, and I know not how long I lay insensible.

“Again, however, I came to my senses: the pothukoor applied restoratives, and after a slumber of some hours I awoke, much refreshed. I had no wound; my repeated swoons had been brought on (as indeed well they might) by my gigantic efforts in carrying the elephant up a steep hill a quarter of a mile in length. Walking, the task is bad enough; but running, it is the deuce; and I would recommend any of my readers who may be disposed to try and carry a dead elephant, never, on any account, to go a pace of more than five miles an hour.

Scarcely was I awake, when I heard the clash of arms at my door (plainly indicating that sentinels were posted there), and a single old gentleman, richly habited, entered the room. Did my eyes deceive me? I had surely seen him before. No—yes—no—yes—it *was* he: the snowy white beard, the mild eyes, the nose flattened to a jelly, and level with the rest of the venerable face, proclaimed him at once to be—Saadut Alee Beg Bimbukchee, Holkar’s prime vizier; whose nose, as the reader may recollect, his highness had flattened with his kaleawn during my interview with him in the Pitan’s disguise. I now knew my fate but too well—I was in the hands of Holkar.

Saadut Alea Beg Bimbukchee slowly advanced towards me, and with a mild air of benevolence, which distinguished that excellent man (he was torn to pieces by wild horses the year after, on account of a difference with Holkar), he came to my bedside, and taking gently my hand, said, "Life and death, my son, are not ours. Strength is deceitful, valor is unavailing, fame is only wind—the nightingale sings of the rose all night—where is the rose in the morning? Booch, booch! it is withered by a frost. The rose makes remarks regarding the nightingale, and where is that delightful song-bird? Pena-bekhoda, he is netted, plucked, spitted, and roasted! Who knows how misfortune comes? It has come to Gahagan Gujputi!"

"It is well," said I, stoutly, and in the Malay language. "Gahagan Gujputi will bear it like a man."

"No doubt—like a wise man and a brave one; but there is no lane so long to which there is not a turning, no night so black to which there comes not a morning. Icy winter is followed by merry spring-time—grief is often succeeded by joy."

"Interpret, O riddler!" said I; "Gahagan Khan is no reader of puzzles—no prating mollah. Gujputi loves not words, but swords."

"Listen, then, O Gujputi: you are in Holkar's power."

"I know it."

"You will die by the most horrible tortures to-morrow morning."

"I dare say."

"They will tear your teeth from your jaws, your nails from your fingers, and your eyes from your head."

"Very possibly."

"They will flay you alive, and then burn you."

"Well; they can't do any more."

"They will seize upon every man and woman in yonder fort,"—it was not then taken!—“and repeat upon them the same tortures.”

"Ha! Belinda! Speak—how can all this be avoided?"

"Listen. Gahagan loves the moon-face called Belinda."

"He does, Vizier, to distraction."

"Of what rank is he in the Koompani's army?"

"A captain."

"A miserable captain—oh, shame! Of what creed is he?"

"I am an Irishman, and a Catholic."

"But he has not been very particular about his religious duties?"

"Alas, no."

“He has not been to his mosque for these twelve years?”

“‘Tis too true.”

“Hearken now, Gahagan Khan. His Highness Prince Holkar has sent me to thee. You shall have the moon-face for your wife—your second wife, that is ;—the first shall be the incomparable Puttee Rooge, who loves you to madness ;—with Puttee Rooge, who is the wife, you shall have the wealth and rank of Bobbachy Bahawder, of whom his Highness intends to get rid. You shall be second in command of his Highness’s forces. Look, here is his commission signed with the celestial seal, and attested by the sacred names of the forty-nine Imaums. You have but to renounce your religion and your service, and all these rewards are yours.”

He produced a parchment, signed as he said, and gave it to me (it was beautifully written in Indian ink : I had it for fourteen years, but a rascally valet, seeing it very dirty, *washed* it, forsooth, and washed off every bit of the writing). I took it calmly, and said, “This is a tempting offer. O Vizier, how long wilt thou give me to consider of it ?”

After a long parley, he allowed me six hours, when I promised to give him an answer. My mind, however, was made up—as soon as he was gone, I threw myself on the sofa and fell asleep.

* * * * *

At the end of the six hours the Vizier came back : two people were with him ; one, by his martial appearance, I knew to be Holkar, the other I did not recognize. It was about midnight.

“Have you considered ?” said the Vizier, as he came to my couch.

“I have,” said I, sitting up,—I could not stand, for my legs were tied, and my arms fixed in a neat pair of steel handcuffs. “I have,” said I, “unbelieving dogs ! I have. Do you think to pervert a Christian gentleman from his faith and honor ? Ruffian blackamoors ! do your worst ; heap tortures on this body, they cannot last long. Tear me to pieces : after you have torn me into a certain number of pieces, I shall not feel it ; and if I did, if each torture could last a life, if each limb were to feel the agonies of a whole body, what then ? I would bear all—all—all—all—all—ALL !” My breast heaved—my form dilated—my eye flashed as I spoke these words. “‘Ty-
rants !’ said I, “dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori.” Having thus clinched the argument, I was silent.

The venerable Grand Vizier turned away; I saw a tear trickling down his cheeks.

"What a constancy," said he. "Oh, that such beauty and such bravery should be doomed so soon to quit the earth!"

His tall companion only sneered and said, "And Belinda —?"

"Ha!" said I, "ruffian, be still!—heaven will protect her spotless innocence. Holkar, I know thee, and thou knowest *me* too! Who, with his single sword, destroyed thy armies? Who, with his pistol, cleft in twain thy nose-ring? Who slew thy generals? Who slew thy elephants? Three hundred mighty beasts went forth to battle: of these *I* slew one hundred and thirty-five! Dog, coward, ruffian, tyrant, unbeliever! Gahagan hates thee, spurns thee, spits on thee!"

Holkar, as I made these uncomplimentary remarks, gave a scream of rage, and, drawing his scimitar, rushed on to despatch me at once (it was the very thing I wished for), when the third person sprang forward, and seizing his arm, cried—

"Papa! oh, save him!" It was Puttee Rooge! "Remember," continued she, "his misfortunes—remember, oh, remember my—love!"—and here she blushed, and putting one finger into her mouth, and hanging down her head, looked the very picture of modest affection.

Holkar sulkily sheathed his scimitar, and muttered, "'Tis better as it is; had I killed him now, I had spared him the torture. None of this shameless fooling, Puttee Rooge," continued the tyrant, dragging her away. "Captain Gahagan dies three hours from hence." Puttee Rooge gave one scream and fainted—her father and the Vizier carried her off between them; nor was I loth to part with her, for, with all her love, she was as ugly as the deuce.

They were gone—my fate was decided. I had but three hours more of life: so I flung myself again on the sofa, and fell profoundly asleep. As it may happen to any of my readers to be in the same situation, and to be hanged themselves, let me earnestly entreat them to adopt this plan of going to sleep, which I for my part have repeatedly found to be successful. It saves unnecessary annoyance, it passes away a great deal of unpleasant time; and it prepares one to meet like a man the coming catastrophe.

* * * * *

Three o'clock came; the sun was at this time making his appearance in the heavens, and with it came the guards, who were appointed to conduct me to the torture. I woke, rose, was

carried out, and was set on the very white donkey on which Loll Mahomed was conducted through the camp after he was bastinadoed. Bobbachy Bahawder rode behind me, restored to his rank and state ; troops of cavalry hemmed us in on all sides ; my ass was conducted by the common executioner : a crier went forward, shouting out, " Make way for the destroyer of the faithful—he goes to bear the punishment of his crimes." We came to the fatal plain : it was the very spot whence I had borne away the elephant, and in full sight of the fort. I looked towards it. Thank heaven ! King George's banner waved on it still—a crowd were gathered on the walls—the men, the dastards who had deserted me—and women, too. Among the latter I thought I distinguished *one* who—O gods ! the thought turned me sick—I trembled and looked pale for the first time.

" He trembles ! he turns pale," shouted out Bobbachy Bahawder, ferociously exulting over his conquered enemy.

" Dog ! " shouted I—(I was sitting with my head to the donkey's tail, and so looked the Bobbachy full in the face)—" not so pale as you looked when I felled you with this arm—not so pale as your women looked when I entered your harem ! " Completely chop-fallen, the Indian ruffian was silent : at any rate, I had done for *him*.

We arrived at the place of execution. A stake, a couple of feet thick and eight high, was driven in the grass : round the stake, about seven feet from the ground, was an iron ring, to which were attached two fetters ; in these my wrists were placed. Two or three executioners stood near, with strange-looking instruments : others were blowing at a fire, over which was a cauldron, and in the embers were stuck other prongs and instrument of iron.

The crier came forward and read my sentence. It was the same in effect as that which had been hinted to me the day previous by the Grand Vizier. I confess I was too agitated to catch every word that was spoken.

Holkar himself, on a tall dromedray, was at a little distance. The Grand Vizier came up to me—it was his duty to stand by, and see the punishment performed. " It is yet time ! " said he.

I nodded my head, but did not answer.

The Vizier cast up to heaven a look of inexpressible anguish, and with a voice choking with emotion, said, " *Executioner—do—your—duty !*"

The horrid man advanced—he whispered sulkily in the ears of the Grand Vizier, " *Guggly ka ghee, hum khedgeree,*" said he, " *the oil does not boil yet—wait one minute.*" The assistants

blew, the fire blazed, the oil was heated. The Vizier drew a few feet aside : taking a large ladle full of the boiling liquid, he advanced—

* * * * *

“ Whish ! bang, bang ! pop ! ” the executioner was dead at my feet, shot through the head ; the ladle of scalding oil had been dashed in the face of the unhappy Grand Vizier, who lay on the plain, howling. “ Whish ! bang ! pop ! Hurrah !—forwards !—cut them down !—no quarter ! ”

I saw—yes, no, yes no, yes !—I saw regiment upon regiment of galloping British horsemen riding over the ranks of the flying natives. First of the host, I recognized, O heaven ! my AH-MEDNUGGAR IRREGULARS ! On came the gallant line of black steeds and horsemen ; swift, swift before them rode my officers in yellow—Glogger, Pappendick, and Stuffle ; their sabres gleamed in the sun, their voices rung in the air. “ D—them ! ” they cried, “ give it them, boys ! ” A strength supernatural thrilled through my veins at that delicious music : by one tremendous effort, I wrested the post from its foundation, five feet in the ground. I could not release my hands from the fetters, it is true ; but, grasping the beam tightly, I sprung forward—with one blow I levelled the five executioners in the midst of the fire, their fall upsetting the scalding oil-can ; with the next, I swept the bearers of Bobbachy’s palankin off their legs ; with the third, I caught that chief himself in the small of the back, and sent him flying on to the sabres of my advancing soldiers ! ”

The next minute, Glogger and Stuffle were in my arms, Pappendick leading on the Irregulars. Friend and foe in that wild chase had swept far away. We were alone ; I was freed from my immense bar ; and ten minutes afterwards, when Lord Lake trotted up with his staff, he found me sitting on it.

“ Look at Gahagan,” said his lordship. “ Gentlemen, did I not tell you we should be sure to find him *at his post* ? ”

The gallant old nobleman rode on : and this was the famous BATTLE OF FURRUCKABAD, OR SURPRISE OF FUTTYGHUR, fought on the 17th of November, 1804.

* * * * *

About a month afterwards, the following announcement appeared in the *Boggleywollah Hurkarru* and other Indian papers :—“ Married, on the 25th of December, at Futtyghur, by the Rev. Dr. Snorter, Captain Goliah O’Grady Gahagan, Commanding Irregular Horse, Ahmednuggar, to Belinda, second

daughter of Major-General Bulcher, C. B. His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief gave away the bride ; and after a splendid *déjeuner*, the happy pair set off to pass the Mango season at Hurrygurrybang. Venus must recollect, however, that Mars must not *always* be at her side. The Irregulars are nothing without their leader."

Such was the paragraph—such the event—the happiest in the existence of

G. O'G. G., M. H. E. I. C. S., C. I. H. A.

Such was the paragraph—such the event—the happiest in the existence of

G. O'G. G., M. H. E. I. C. S., C. I. H. A.

Such was the paragraph—such the event—the happiest in the existence of

G. O'G. G., M. H. E. I. C. S., C. I. H. A.

THE HISTORY
OF THE
NEXT FRENCH REVOLUTION.

[From a forthcoming History of Europe.]

THE HISTORY

OF THE

NEXT FRENCH REVOLUTION.

[*From a forthcoming History of Europe.*]

CHAPTER I.

IT is seldom that the historian has to record events more singular than those which occurred during this year, when the Crown of France was battled for by no less than four pretenders, with equal claims, merits, bravery, and popularity. First in the list we place—His Royal Highness Louis Anthony Frederick Samuel Anna-Maria, Duke of Brittany, and son of Louis XVI. The unhappy Prince, when a prisoner with his unfortunate parents in the Temple, was enabled to escape from that place of confinement, hidden (for the treatment of the ruffians who guarded him had caused the young Prince to dwindle down astonishingly) in the cocked-hat of the Representative, Rœderer. It is well known that, in the troublous revolutionary times, cocked-hats were worn of a considerable size.

He passed a considerable part of his life in Germany; was confined there for thirty years in the dungeons of Spielberg; and, escaping thence to England, was, under pretence of debt, but in reality from political hatred, imprisoned there also in the Tower of London. He must not be confounded with any other of the persons who laid claim to be children of the unfortunate victim of the first Revolution.

The next claimant, Henri of Bordeaux, is better known.

In the year 1843 he held his little fugitive court in furnished lodgings, in a forgotten district of London, called Belgrave Square. Many of the nobles of France flocked thither to him, despising the persecutions of the occupant of the throne ; and some of the chiefs of the British nobility—among whom may be reckoned the celebrated and chivalrous Duke of Jenkins—aided the adventurous young Prince with their counsels, their wealth, and their valor.

The third candidate was his Imperial Highness Prince John Thomas Napoleon—a fourteenth cousin of the late Emperor ; and said by some to be a Prince of the House of Gomersal. He argued justly that, as the immediate relatives of the celebrated Corsican had declined to compete for the crown which was their right, he, Prince John Thomas, being next in succession, was, undoubtedly, heir to the vacant imperial throne. And in support of his claim, he appealed to the fidelity of Frenchmen and the strength of his good sword.

His Majesty Louis Philippe was, it need not be said, the illustrious wielder of the sceptre which the three above-named princes desired to wrest from him. It does not appear that the sagacious monarch was esteemed by his subjects, as such a prince should have been esteemed. The light-minded people, on the contrary, were rather weary than otherwise of his sway. They were not in the least attached to his amiable family, for whom his Majesty with characteristic thrift had endeavored to procure satisfactory allowances. And the leading statesmen of the country, whom his Majesty had disgusted, were suspected of entertaining any but feelings of loyalty towards his house and person.

It was against the above-named pretenders that Louis Philippe (now nearly a hundred years old), a prince amongst sovereigns, was called upon to defend his crown.

The city of Paris was guarded, as we all know, by a hundred and twenty-four forts, of a thousand guns each—provisioned for a considerable time, and all so constructed as to fire, if need were, upon the palace of the Tuileries. Thus, should the mob attack it, as in August 1792, and July 1830, the building could be razed to the ground in an hour ; thus, too, the capital was quite secure from foreign invasion. Another defence against the foreigners was the state of the roads. Since the English companies had retired, half a mile only of railroad had been completed in France, and thus any army accustomed, as those of Europe now are, to move at sixty miles an hour, would have been *ennuyé* to death before they could have marched from

the Rhenish, the Maritime, the Alpine, or the Pyrenean frontier upon the capital of France. The French people, however, were indignant at this defect of communication in their territory, and said, without the least show of reason, that they would have preferred that the five hundred and seventy-five thousand billions of francs which had been expended upon the fortifications should have been laid out in a more peaceful manner. However, behind his forts, the King lay secure.

As it is our aim to depict in as vivid a manner as possible the strange events of the period, the actions, the passions of individuals and parties engaged, we cannot better describe them than by referring to contemporary documents, of which there is no lack. It is amusing at the present day to read in pages of the *Moniteur* and the *Journal des Débats* the accounts of the strange scenes which took place.

The year 1884 had opened very tranquilly. The Court of the Tuileries had been extremely gay. The three-and-twenty youngest Princes of England, sons of her Majesty Victoria, had enlivened the balls by their presence ; the Emperor of Russia and family had paid their accustomed visit ; and the King of the Belgians had, as usual, made his visit to his Royal father-in-law, under pretence of duty and pleasure, but really to demand payment of the Queen of the Belgians' dowry, which Louis Philippe of Orleans still resolutely declined to pay. Who would have thought that in the midst of such festivity danger was lurking rife, in the midst of such quiet, rebellion ?

Charenton was the great lunatic asylum of Paris, and it was to this repository that the scornful journalist consigned the pretender to the throne of Louis XVI.

But on the next day, viz.: Saturday, the 29th February, the same journal contained a paragraph of a much more startling and serious import ; in which, although under a mask of carelessness, it was easy to see the Government alarm.

On Friday, the 28th February, the *Journal des Débats* contained a paragraph, which did not occasion much sensation at the Bourse, so absurd did its contents seem. It ran as follows :—

“ ENCORE UN LOUIS XVII.! A letter from Calais tells us that a strange personage lately landed from England (from Bedlam we believe) has been giving himself out to be the son of the unfortunate Louis XVI. This is the twenty-fourth pretender of the species who has asserted that his father was the august victim of the Temple. Beyond his pretensions, the poor creature is said to be pretty harmless ; he is accompanied

by one or two old women, who declare they recognize in him the Dauphin ; he does not make any attempt to seize upon his throne by force of arms, but waits until heaven shall conduct him to it.

“If his Majesty comes to Paris, we presume he will *take up* his quarters in the palace of *Charenton*.

“We have not before alluded to certain rumors which have been afloat (among the lowest *canaille* and the vilest *estaminets* of the metropolis), that a notorious personage—why should we hesitate to mention the name of the Prince John Thomas Napoleon?—has entered France with culpable intentions, and revolutionary views. The *Moniteur* of this morning, however, confirms the disgraceful fact. A pretender is on our shores ; an armed assassin is threatening our peaceful liberties ; a wandering, homeless cutthroat is robbing on our highways ; and the punishment of his crime awaits him. Let no considerations of the past defer that just punishment ; it is the duty of the legislator to provide for *the future*. Let the full powers of the law be brought against him, aided by the stern justice of the public force. Let him be tracked, like a wild beast, to his lair, and meet the fate of one. But the sentence has, ere this, been certainly executed. The brigand, we hear, has been distributing (without any effect) pamphlets among the low ale-houses and peasantry of the department of the Upper Rhine (in which he lurks) ; and the Police have an easy means of tracking his footsteps.

“Corporal Crâne, of the Gendarmerie, is on the track of the unfortunate young man. His attempt will only serve to show the folly of the pretenders, and the love, respect, regard, fidelity, admiration, reverence, and passionate personal attachment in which we hold our beloved sovereign.”

“SECOND EDITION!—CAPTURE OF THE PRINCE.

“A courier has just arrived at the Tuileries with a report that after a scuffle between Corporal Crâne and the ‘Imperial Army,’ in a water-barrel, whither the latter had retreated, victory has remained with the former. A desperate combat ensued in the first place, in a hay-loft, whence the pretender was ejected with immense loss. He is now a prisoner—and we dread to think what his fate may be ! It will warn future aspirants, and give Europe a lesson which it is not likely to forget. Above all, it will set beyond a doubt the regard, respect, admiration, reverence, and adoration which we all feel for our sovereign.”

“THIRD EDITION.

“A second courier has arrived. The infatuated Crâne has made common cause with the Prince, and forever forfeited the respect of Frenchmen. A detachment of the 520th Léger has marched in pursuit of the pretender and his dupes. Go, Frenchmen, go and conquer! Remember that it is our rights you guard, our homes which you march to defend; our laws which are confided to the points of your unsullied bayonets;—above all, our dear, dear sovereign, around whose throne you rally!

“Our feelings overpower us. Men of the 520th, remember your watchword is Gemappes,—your countersign, Valmy.”

“The Emperor of Russia and his distinguished family quitted the Tuileries this day. His Imperial Majesty embraced his Majesty the King of the French with tears in his eyes, and conferred upon their RR. HH. the Princes of Nemours and Joinville, the Grand Cross of the Order of the Blue Eagle.”

“His Majesty passed a review of the Police force. The venerable monarch was received with deafening cheers by this admirable and disinterested body of men. Those cheers were echoed in all French hearts. Long, long may our beloved Prince be among us to receive them!”

CHAPTER II.

HENRY V. AND NAPOLEON III.

Sunday, Feb. 30th.

WE resume our quotations from the *Débats*, which thus introduces a third pretender to the throne:—

“Is this distracted country never to have peace? While on Friday we recorded the pretensions of a maniac to the great throne of France; while on Saturday we were compelled to register the culpable attempts of one whom we regard as a ruffian, murderer, swindler, forger, burglar, and common pickpocket, to gain over the allegiance of Frenchmen—it is to-day our painful duty to announce a *third* invasion—yes, a third invasion. The wretched, superstitious, fanatic Duke of Bordeaux

has landed at Nantz, and has summoned the Vendéans and the Brétons to mount the white cockade.

“Grand Dieu ! are we not happy under the tricolor ? Do we not repose under the majestic shadow of the best of Kings ? Is there any name prouder than that of Frenchman ; any subject more happy than that of our sovereign ? Does not the whole French family adore their father ? Yes. Our lives, our hearts, our blood, our fortune, are at his disposal : it was not in vain that we raised, it is not the first time we have rallied round, the august throne of July. The unhappy Duke is most likely a prisoner by this time ; and the martial court which shall be called upon to judge our infamous traitor and pretender, may at the same moment judge another. Away with both ! let the ditch of Vincennes (which has been already fatal to his race) receive his body, too, and with it the corpse of the other pretender. Thus will a great crime be wiped out of history, and the names of a slaughtered martyr avenged !

“One word more. We hear that the Duke of Jenkins accompanies the descendant of Caroline of Naples. An *English Duke, entendez-vous !* An English Duke, great heaven ! and the Princes of England still dancing in our royal halls ! Where, where will the perfidy of Albion end ?”

“The King reviewed the third and fourth battalions of Police. The usual heartrending cheers accompanied the monarch, who looked younger than ever we saw him—ay, as young as when he faced the Austrian cannon at Valmy and scattered their squadrons at Gemappes.

“Rations of liquor, and crosses of the Legion of Honor, were distributed to all the men.

“The English Princes quitted the Tuileries in twenty-three coaches-and-four. They were not rewarded with crosses of the Legion of Honor. This is significant.”

“The Dukes of Joinville and Nemours left the palace for the departments of the Loire and Upper Rhine, where they will take the command of the troops. The Joinville regiment—*Cavalerie de la Marine*—is one of the finest in the service.”

“Orders have been given to arrest the fanatic who calls himself Duke of Brittany, and who has been making some disturbances in the *Pas de Calais*.”

“ANECDOTE OF HIS MAJESTY.—At the review of troops

(Police) yesterday, his Majesty, going up to one old *grognard* and pulling him by the ear, said, 'Wilt thou have a cross or another ration of wine?' The old hero, smiling archly, answered, 'Sire, a brave man can gain a cross any day of battle, but it is hard for him sometimes to get a drink of wine.' We need not say that he had his drink, and the generous sovereign sent him the cross and ribbon too."

On the next day, the Government journals begin to write in rather a despondent tone regarding the progress of the pretenders to the throne. In spite of their big talking, anxiety is clearly manifested, as appears from the following remarks of the *Débats*:

"The courier from the Rhine department," say the *Débats*, "brings us the following astounding Proclamation:—

"Strasburg, xxii. Nivose: Decadi. 92nd year of the Republic, one and indivisible. We, John Thomas Napoleon, by the constitutions of the Empire, Emperor of the French Republic, to our marshals, generals, officers, and soldiers, greeting:

"Soldiers!

"From the summit of the Pyramids forty centuries look down upon you. The sun of Austerlitz has risen once more. The Guard dies, but never surrenders. My eagles, flying from steeple to steeple, never shall droop till they perch on the towers of Notre Dame.

"Soldiers! the child of *your father* has remained long in exile. I have seen the fields of Europe where your laurels are now withering, and I have communed with the dead who repose beneath them. They ask where are our children? Where is France? Europe no longer glitters with the shine of its triumphant bayonets—echoes no more with the shouts of its victorious cannon. Who could reply to such a question save with a blush?—And does a blush become the cheeks of Frenchmen?

"No. Let us wipe from our faces that degrading mark of shame. Come, as of old, and rally round my eagles! You have been subject to fiddling prudence long enough. Come, worship now at the shrine of Glory! You have been promised liberty, but you have had none. I will endow you with the true, the real freedom. When your ancestors burst over the Alps, were they not free? Yes; free to conquer. Let us imitate the example of those indomitable myriads; and, flinging a defiance to Europe, once more trample over her; march in triumph into her prostrate capitals, and bring her kings with

her treasures at our feet. This is the liberty worthy of Frenchmen.

“Frenchmen! I promise you that the Rhine shall be restored to you; and that England shall rank no more among the nations. I will have a marine that shall drive her ships from the seas; a few of my brave regiments will do the rest. Henceforth the traveller in that desert island shall ask, “Was it this wretched corner of the world that for a thousand years defied Frenchmen?”

“Frenchmen, up and rally!—I have flung my banner to the breezes; 'tis surrounded by the faithful and the brave. Up, and let our motto be, LIBERTY, EQUALITY, WAR ALL OVER THE WORLD!

“NAPOLEON III.

“The Marshal of the Empire, HARICOT.”

“Such is the Proclamation! such the hopes that a brutal-minded and bloody adventurer holds out to our country. ‘War all over the world,’ is the cry of the savage demon; and the fiends who have rallied round him echo it in concert. We were not, it appears, correct in stating that a corporal’s guard had been sufficient to seize upon the marauder, when the first fire would have served to conclude his miserable life. But, like a hideous disease, the contagion has spread; the remedy must be dreadful. Woe to those on whom it will fall!

“His Royal Highness the Prince of Joinville, Admiral of France, has hastened, as we before stated, to the disturbed districts, and takes with him his *Cavalerie de la Marine*. It is hard to think that the blades of those chivalrous heroes must be buried in the bosoms of Frenchmen: but so be it: it is those monsters who have asked for blood, not we. It is those ruffians who have begun the quarrel, not we. *We* remain calm and hopeful, reposing under the protection of the dearest and best of sovereigns.

“The wretched pretender, who called himself Duke of Brittany, has been seized, according to our prophecy: he was brought before the Prefect of Police yesterday, and his insanity being proved beyond a doubt, he has been consigned to a strait-waistcoat at Charenton. So may all incendiary enemies of our Government be overcome!

“His Royal Highness the Duke of Nemours is gone into the department of the Loire, where he will speedily put an end to the troubles in the disturbed districts of the Bocage and La Vendée. The foolish young Prince, who has there raised his

standard, is followed, we hear, by a small number of wretched persons, of whose massacre we expect every moment to receive the news. He too has issued his Proclamation, and our readers will smile at its contents :

““ WE, HENRY, Fifth of the Name, King of France and Navarre, to all whom it may concern, greeting :

““ After years of exile we have once more unfurled in France the banner of the lilies. Once more the white plume of Henri IV. floats in the crest of his little son (*petit fils*) ! Gallant nobles ! worthy burgesses ! honest commons of my realm, I call upon you to rally round the oriflamme of France, and summon the *ban arrièreban* of my kingdoms. To my faithful Britons I need not appeal. The country of Duguesclin has loyalty for an heirloom ! To the rest of my subjects, my atheist misguided subjects, their father makes one last appeal. Come to me, my children ! your errors shall be forgiven. Our Holy Father, the Pope, shall intercede for you. He promised it when, before my departure on this expedition, I kissed his inviolable toe !

““ Our afflicted country cries aloud for reforms. The infamous universities shall be abolished. Education shall no longer be permitted. A sacred and wholesome inquisition shall be established. My faithful nobles shall pay no more taxes. All the venerable institutions of our country shall be restored as they existed before 1788. Convents and monasteries again shall ornament our country,—the calm nurseries of saints and holy women ! Heresy shall be extirpated with paternal severity, and our country shall be free once more.

““ His Majesty the King of Ireland, my august ally, has sent, under the command of His Royal Highness Prince Daniel, his Majesty’s youngest son, an irresistible IRISH BRIGADE, to co-operate in the good work. His Grace the Lion of Judah, the canonized patriarch of Tuam, blessed their green banner before they set forth. Henceforth may the lilies and the harp be ever twined together. Together we will make a crusade against the infidels of Albion, and raze their heretic domes to the ground. Let our cry be, *Vive la France !* down with England ! Montjoie St. Denis !

““ BY THE KING.

““ The Secretary of State
and Grand Inquisitor....
The Marshal of France....

LA ROUE.

POMPADOUR DE L’AILE DE
PIGEON.

The General Commander-in-chief of the Irish Brigade in the service of his Most Christian Majesty.....

DANIEL, PRINCE OF BALLY-BUNION.
'HENRI.'

"His Majesty reviewed the admirable Police force, and held a council of Ministers in the afternoon. Measures were concerted for the instant putting down of the disturbances in the departments of the Rhine and Loire, and it is arranged that on the capture of the pretenders, they shall be lodged in separate cells in the prison of the Luxembourg: the apartments are already prepared, and the officers at their posts."

"The grand banquet that was to be given at the palace to-day to the diplomatic body, has been put off; all the ambassadors being attacked with illness, which compels them to stay at home."

"The ambassadors despatched couriers to their various Governments."

"His Majesty the King of the Belgians left the palace of the Tuilleries."

CHAPTER III.

THE ADVANCE OF THE PRETENDERS—HISTORICAL REVIEW.

WE will now resume the narrative, and endeavor to compress, in a few comprehensive pages, the facts which are more diffusely described in the print from which we have quoted.

It was manifest, then, that the troubles in the departments were of a serious nature, and that the forces gathered round the two pretenders to the crown were considerable. They had their supporters too in Paris,—as what party indeed has not? and the venerable occupant of the throne was in a state of considerable anxiety, and found his declining years by no means so

comfortable as his virtues and great age might have warranted.

His paternal heart was the more grieved when he thought of the fate reserved to his children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, now sprung up around him in vast numbers. The King's grandson, the Prince Royal, married to a Princess of the house of Schlippen-Schloppen, was the father of fourteen children, all handsomely endowed with pensions by the State. His brother, the Count D'Eu, was similarly blessed with a multitudinous offspring. The Duke of Nemours had no children; but the Princes of Joinville, Aumale, and Montpensier (married to the Princesses Januaria and Februaria, of Brazil, and the Princess of the United States of America, erected into a monarchy, 4th July, 1856, under the Emperor Duff Green I.) were the happy fathers of immense families—all liberally apportioned by the Chambers, which had long been entirely subservient to his Majesty Louis Philippe.

The Duke of Aumale was King of Algeria, having married (in the first instance) the Princess Badroulboudour, a daughter of his Highness Abd-El-Kader. The Prince of Joinville was adored by the nation, on account of his famous victory over the English fleet under the command of Admiral the Prince of Wales, whose ship, the "Richard Cobden," of 120 guns, was taken by the "Belle-Poule" frigate of 36: on which occasion forty-five other ships of war and seventy-nine steam-frigates struck their colors to about one-fourth the number of the heroic French navy. The victory was mainly owing to the gallantry of the celebrated French horse-marines, who executed several brilliant charges under the orders of the intrepid Joinville; and though the Irish Brigade, with their ordinary modesty, claimed the honors of the day, yet, as only three of that nation were present in the action, impartial history must award the palm to the intrepid sons of Gaul.

With so numerous a family quartered on the nation, the solicitude of the admirable King may be conceived, lest a revolution should ensue, and fling them on the world once more. How could he support so numerous a family? Considerable as his wealth was, (for he was known to have amassed about a hundred and thirteen billions, which were lying in the caves of the Tuilleries,) yet such a sum was quite insignificant when divided among his progeny; and, besides, he naturally preferred getting from the nation as much as his faithful people could possibly afford.

Seeing the imminency of the danger, and that money, well

applied, is often more efficacious than the conqueror's sword, the King's Ministers were anxious that he should devote a part of his savings to the carrying on of the war. But, with the cautiousness of age, the monarch declined this offer ; he preferred, he said, throwing himself upon his faithful people, who, he was sure, would meet, as became them, the coming exigency. The Chambers met his appeal with their usual devotion. At a solemn convocation of those legislative bodies, the King, surrounded by his family, explained the circumstances and the danger. His Majesty, his family, his Ministers, and the two Chambers, then burst into tears, according to immemorial usage, and raising their hands to the ceiling, swore eternal fidelity to the dynasty and to France, and embraced each other affectingly all round.

It need not be said that in the course of that evening two hundred Deputies of the Left left Paris, and joined the Prince John Thomas Napoleon, who was now advanced as far as Dijon : two hundred and fifty-three (of the Right, the Centre, and Round the Corner,) similarly quitted the capital to pay their homage to the Duke of Bordeaux. They were followed, according to their several political predilections, by the various Ministers and dignitaries of State. The only Minister who remained in Paris was Marshal Thiers, Prince of Waterloo (he had defeated the English in the very field where they had obtained formerly a success, though the victory was as usual claimed by the Irish Brigade) ; but age had ruined the health and diminished the immense strength of that gigantic leader, and it is said his only reason for remaining in Paris was because a fit of the gout kept him in bed.

The capital was entirely tranquil. The theatres and cafés were open as usual, and the masked balls attended with great enthusiasm : confiding in their hundred and twenty-four forts, the light-minded people had nothing to fear.

Except in the way of money, the King left nothing undone to conciliate his people. He even went among them with his umbrella ; but they were little touched with that mark of confidence. He shook hands with everybody ; he distributed crosses of the Legion of Honor in such multitudes, that red ribbon rose two hundred per cent. in the market (by which his Majesty, who speculated in the article, cleared a tolerable sum of money). But these blandishments and honors had little effect upon an apathetic people ; and the enemy of the Orleans dynasty, the fashionable young nobles of the Henriquiniste party, wore gloves perpetually, for fear (they said) that they should be

obliged to shake hands with the best of kings ; while the Republicans adopted coats without button-holes, lest they should be forced to hang red ribbons in them. The funds did not fluctuate in the least.

The proclamations of the several pretenders had had their effect. The young men of the schools and the estaminets (celebrated places of public education) allured by the noble words of Prince Napoleon, "Liberty, equality, war all over the world!" flocked to his standard in considerable numbers : while the noblesse naturally hastened to offer their allegiance to the legitimate descendant of Saint Louis.

And truly, never was there seen a more brilliant chivalry than that collected round the gallant Prince Henry ! There was not a man in his army but had lacquered boots and fresh white kid-gloves at morning and evening parade. The fantastic and effeminate but brave and faithful troops were numbered off into different legions : there was the Fleur-d'Orange regiment ; the Eau-de-Rose battalion ; the Violet-Pomatum volunteers ; the Eau-de-Cologne cavalry—according to the different scents which they affected. Most of the warriors wore lace ruffles ; all powder and pigtails, as in the real days of chivalry. A band of heavy dragoons under the command of Count Alfred de Horsay made themselves conspicuous for their discipline, cruelty, and the admirable cut of their coats ; and with these celebrated horsemen came from England the illustrious Duke of Jenkins with his superb footmen. They were all six feet high. They all wore bouquets of the richest flowers : they wore bags, their hair slightly powdered, brilliant shoulder-knots, and cocked-hats laced with gold. They wore the tight knee-pantaloons of velveteen peculiar to this portion of the British infantry ; and their legs were so superb, that the Duke of Bordeaux, embracing with tears their admirable leader on parade, said, "Jenkins, France never saw such calves until now." The weapon of this tremendous militia was an immense club, or cane, reaching from the sole of the foot, to the nose, and heavily mounted with gold. Nothing could stand before this terrific weapon, and the breastplates and plumed morions of the French cuirassiers would have been undoubtedly crushed beneath them, had they ever met in mortal combat. Between this part of the Prince's forces and the Irish auxiliaries there was a deadly animosity. Alas, there always is such in camps ! The sons of Albion had not forgotten the day when the children of Erin had been subject to their devastating sway.

The uniform of the latter was various—the rich stuff called

corps-du-roy (worn by Cœur de Lion at Agincourt) formed their lower habiliments for the most part: the national frieze* yielded them tailcoats. The latter were generally torn in a fantastic manner at the elbows, skirts, and collars, and fastened with every variety of button, tape, and string. Their weapons were the caubeen, the alpeen, and the doodeen of the country — the latter a short but dreadful weapon of offence. At the demise of the venerable Theobald Mathew, the nation had laid aside its habit of temperance, and universal intoxication betokened their grief; it became afterwards their constant habit. Thus do men ever return to the haunts of their childhood; such a power has fond memory over us! The leaders of this host seem to have been, however, an effeminate race; they are represented by contemporary historians as being passionately fond of *flying kites*. Others say they went into battle armed with “bills,” no doubt rude weapons; for it is stated that foreigners could never be got to accept them in lieu of their own arms. The Princes of Mayo, Donegal, and Connemara, marched by the side of their young and royal chieftain, the Prince of Ballybunion, fourth son of Daniel the First, King of the Emerald Isle.

Two hosts then, one under the Eagles, and surrounded by the republican imperialists, the other under the antique French Lilies, were marching on the French capital. The Duke of Brittany, too, confined in the lunatic asylum of Charenton, found means to issue a protest against his captivity, which caused only derision in the capital. Such was the state of the empire, and such the clouds that were gathering round the Sun of Orleans!

CHAPTER IV.

THE BATTLE OF RHEIMS.

IT was not the first time that the King had had to undergo misfortunes; and now, as then, he met them like a man. The Prince of Joinville was not successful in his campaign against the Imperial Pretender: and that bravery which had put the British fleet to flight, was found, as might be expected, insuffi-

* Were these in any way related to the *Chevaux-de-frise* on which the French Cavalry were mounted?

cient against the irresistible courage of native Frenchmen. The Horse Marines, not being on their own element, could not act with their usual effect. Accustomed to the tumult of the swelling seas, they were easily unsaddled on *terra firma* and in the champagne country.

It was literally in the Champagne country that the meeting between the troops under Joinville and Prince Napoleon took place ! for both armies had reached Rheims, and a terrific battle was fought underneath the walls. For sometime nothing could dislodge the army of Joinville, entrenched in the champagne cellars of Messrs. Ruinart, Moët, and others ; but making too free with the fascinating liquor, the army at length became entirely drunk : on which the Imperialists, rushing into the cellars, had an easy victory over them ; and, this done, proceeded to intoxicate themselves likewise.

The Prince of Joinville, seeing the *déroute* of his troops, was compelled with a few faithful followers to fly towards Paris, and Prince Napoleon remained master of the field of battle. It is needless to recapitulate the bulletin which he published the day after the occasion, so soon as he and his secretaries were in a condition to write : eagles, pyramids, rainbows, the sun of Austerlitz, &c., figured in the proclamation, in close imitation of his illustrious uncle. But the great benefit of the action was this : on arousing from their intoxication, the late soldiers of Joinville kissed and embraced their comrades of the Imperial army, and made common cause with them.

“ Soldiers ! ” said the Prince, on reviewing them the second day after the action, “ the Cock is a gallant bird ; but he makes way for the Eagle ! Your colors are not changed. Ours floated on the walls of Moscow—yours on the ramparts of Constantine ; both are glorious. Soldiers of Joinville ! we give you welcome, as we would welcome your illustrious leader, who destroyed the fleets of Albion. Let him join us ! We will march together against that perfidious enemy.

“ But, Soldiers ! intoxication dimmed the laurels of yesterday’s glorious day ! Let us drink no more of the fascinating liquors of our native Champagne. Let us remember Hannibal and Capua ; and, before we plunge into dissipation, that we have Rome still to conquer ! ”

“ Soldiers ! Seltzer-water is good after too much drink. Wait awhile, and your Emperor will lead you into a Seltzer-water country. Frenchmen ! it lies BEYOND THE RHINE ! ”

Deafening shouts of “ *Vive l’Empereur !* ” saluted this allusion of the Prince, and the army knew that their natural boun-

dary should be restored to them. The compliments to the gallantry of the Prince of Joinville likewise won all hearts, and immensely advanced the Prince's cause. The *Journal des Débats* did not know which way to turn. In one paragraph it called the Emperor "a sanguinary tyrant, murderer, and pick-pocket ;" in a second it owned he was "a magnanimous rebel, and worthy of forgiveness ;" and, after proclaiming "the brilliant victory of the Prince of Joinville," presently denominated it a "funeste journée."

The next day the Emperor, as we may now call him, was about to march on Paris, when Messrs. Ruinart and Moët were presented, and requested to be paid for 300,000 bottles of wine. "Send three hundred thousand more to the Tuileries," said the Prince, sternly : "our soldiers will be thirsty when they reach Paris." And taking Moët with him as a hostage, and promising Ruinart that he would have him shot unless he obeyed, with trumpets playing and eagles glancing in the sun, the gallant Imperial army marched on their triumphant way.

CHAPTER V.

THE BATTLE OF TOURS.

WE have now to record the expedition of the Prince of Nemours against his advancing cousin, Henry V. His Royal Highness could not march against the enemy with such a force as he would have desired to bring against them ; for his royal father, wisely remembering the vast amount of property he had stowed away under the Tuileries, refused to allow a single soldier to quit the forts round the capital, which thus was defended by one hundred and forty-four thousand guns (eighty-four-pounders), and four hundred and thirty-two thousand men :—little enough, when one considers that there were but three men to a gun. To provision this immense army, and a population of double the amount within the walls, his Majesty caused the country to be scoured for fifty miles round, and left neither ox, nor ass, nor blade of grass. When appealed to by the inhabitants of the plundered district, the royal Philip replied, with tears in his eyes, that his heart bled for them—that they were his children—that every cow taken from the meanest

peasant was like a limb torn from his own body ; but that duty must be done, that the interests of the country demanded the sacrifice, and that in fact they might go to the deuce. This the unfortunate creatures certainly did.

The theatres went on as usual within the walls. The *Journals des Débats* stated every day that the pretenders were taken : the Chambers sat—such as remained—and talked immensely about honor, dignity, and the glorious revolution of July ; and the King, as his power was now pretty nigh absolute over them, thought this a good opportunity to bring in a bill for doubling his children's allowance all round.

Meanwhile the Duke of Nemours proceeded on his march ; and as there was nothing left within fifty miles of Paris wherewith to support his famished troops, it may be imagined that he was forced to ransack the next fifty miles in order to maintain them. He did so. But the troops were not such as they should have been, considering the enemy with whom they had to engage.

The fact is, that most of the Duke's army consisted of the National Guard ; who, in a fit of enthusiasm, and at the cry of "LA PATRIE EN DANGER" having been induced to volunteer, had been eagerly accepted by his Majesty, anxious to lessen as much as possible the number of food-consumers in his beleaguered capital. It is said even that he selected the most gormandizing battalions of the civic force to send forth against the enemy, viz. the grocers, the rich bankers, the lawyers, &c. Their parting with their families was very affecting. They would have been very willing to recall their offer of marching, but companies of stern veterans closing round them, marched them to the city gates, which were closed upon them ; and thus perforce they were compelled to move on. As long as he had a bottle of brandy and a couple of sausages in his holsters, the General of the National Guard, Odillon Barrot, talked with tremendous courage. Such was the power of his eloquence over the troops, that, could he have come up with the enemy while his victuals lasted, the issue of the combat might have been very different. But in the course of the first day's march he finished both the sausages and the brandy, and became quite uneasy, silent, and crest-fallen.

It was on the fair plains of Touraine, by the banks of silver Loire, that the armies sat down before each other, and the battle was to take place which had such an effect upon the fortunes of France. 'Twas a brisk day of March : the practised valor of Nemours showed him at once what use to make of the

army under his orders, and having enfiladed his National Guard battalions, and placed his artillery in échelons, he formed his cavalry into hollow squares on the right and left of his line, flinging out a cloud of howitzers to fall back upon the main column. His veteran infantry he formed behind his National Guard—politely hinting to Odillon Barrot, who wished to retire under pretence of being exceedingly unwell, that the regular troops would bayonet the National Guard if they gave way an inch: on which their General, turning very pale, demurely went back to his post. His men were dreadfully discouraged; they had slept on the ground all night; they regretted their homes and their comfortable nightcaps in the Rue St. Honoré: they had luckily fallen in with a flock of sheep and a drove of oxen at Tours the day before; but what were these compared to the delicacies of Chevet's or three courses at Véfour's? They mournfully cooked their steaks and cutlets on their ram-rods, and passed a most wretched night.

The army of Henry was encamped opposite to them, for the most part in better order. The noble cavalry regiments found a village in which they made themselves pretty comfortable, Jenkins's Foot taking possession of the kitchens and garrets of the buildings. The Irish Brigade, accustomed to lie abroad, were quartered in some potato-fields, where they sang Moore's melodies all night. There were, besides the troops regular and irregular, about three thousand priests and abbés with the army, armed with scourging-whips, and chanting the most lugubrious canticles: these reverend men were found to be a hindrance rather than otherwise to the operations of the regular forces.

It was a touching sight, on the morning before the battle, to see the alacrity with which Jenkins's regiment sprung up at the *first réveillé* of the bell, and engaged (the honest fellows!) in offices almost menial for the benefit of their French allies. The Duke himself set the example, and blacked to a nicety the boots of Henri. At half-past ten, after coffee, the brilliant warriors of the cavalry were ready; their clarions rung to horse, their banners were given to the wind, their shirt-collars were exquisitely starched, and the whole air was scented with the odors of their pomatum and pocket-handkerchiefs.

Jenkins had the honor of holding the stirrup for Henri. "My faithful Duke!" said the Prince, pulling him by the shoulder-knot, "thou art always at *thy Post*." "Here, as in Wellington Street, sire," said the hero, blushing. And the Prince made an appropriate speech to his chivalry, in which allusions to the lilies, St. Louis, Bayard and Henri Quatre,

were, as may be imagined, not spared. "Ho ! standard-bearer!" the Prince concluded, "fling out my oriflamme. Noble gents of France, your King is among you to-day!"

Then turning to the Prince of Ballybunion, who had been drinking whiskey-punch all night with the Princes of Donegal and Connemara, "Prince," he said, "the Irish Brigade has won every battle in the French history—we will not deprive you of the honor of winning this. You will please to commence the attack with your brigade." Bending his head until the green plumes of his beaver mingled with the mane of the Shetland pony which he rode, the Prince of Ireland trotted off with his *aides-de-camp*; who rode the same horses, powerful grays, with which a dealer at Nantz had supplied them on their and the Prince's joint bill at three months.

The gallant sons of Erin had wisely slept until the last minute in their potato-trenches, but rose at once at the summons of their beloved Prince. Their toilet was the work of a moment—a single shake and it was done. Rapidly forming into a line, they advanced headed by their Generals,—who, turning their steeds into a grass-field, wisely determined to fight on foot. Behind them came the line of British foot under the illustrious Jenkins, who marched in advance perfectly collected, and smoking a Manilla cigar. The cavalry were on the right and left of the infantry, prepared to act in *pontoon*, in *échelon*, or in *ricochet*, as occasion might demand. The Prince rode behind, supported by his Staff, who were almost all of them bishops, archdeacons, or abbés; and the body of ecclesiastics followed, singing to the sound, or rather howl, of serpents and trombones, the Latin canticles of the Reverend Franciscus O'Mahony, lately canonized under the name of Saint Francis of Cork.

The advanced lines of the two contending armies were now in presence—the National Guard of Orleans and the Irish Brigade. The white belts and fat paunches of the Guard presented a terrific appearance; but it might have been remarked by the close observer, that their faces were as white as their belts, and the long line of their bayonets might be seen to quiver. General Odillon Barrot, with a cockade as large as a pancake, endeavored to make a speech: the words *honneur*, *patrie*, *Français*, *champ de bataille* might be distinguished; but the General was dreadfully flustered, and was evidently more at home in the Chamber of Deputies than in the field of war.

The Prince of Ballybunion, for a wonder, did not make a speech. "Boys," said he, "we've enough talking at the Corn

Exchange ; batign's the word now." The Green-Islanders replied with a tremendous hurroo, which sent terror into the fat bosoms of the French.

" Gentlemen of the National Guard," said the Prince, taking off his hat and bowing to Odillon Barrot, " will ye be so igsthramely obleeging as to fire first." This he said because it had been said at Fontenoy, but chiefly because his own men were only armed with shillelaghs, and therefore could not fire.

But this proposal was very unpalatable to the National Guardsmen : for though they understood the musket-exercise pretty well, firing was the thing of all others they detested—the noise, and the kick of the gun, and the smell of the powder being very unpleasant to them. " We won't fire," said Odillon Barrot, turning round to Colonel Saugrenue and his regiment of the line—which, it may be remembered, was formed behind the National Guard.

" Then give them the bayonet," said the Colonel, with a terrific oath. " Charge, corbleu ! "

At this moment, and with the most dreadful howl that ever was heard, the National Guard was seen to rush forward wildly, and with immense velocity, towards the foe. The fact is, that the line regiment behind them, each selecting his man, gave a poke with his bayonet between the coat-tails of the Nationals, and those troops bounded forwards with an irresistible swiftness.

Nothing could withstand the tremendous impetus of that manœuvre. The Irish Brigade was scattered before it, as chaff before the wind. The Prince of Ballybunion had barely time to run Odillon Barrot through the body, when he too was borne away in the swift route. They scattered tumultuously, and fled for twenty miles without stopping. The Princes of Donegal and Connemara were taken prisoners ; but though they offered to give bills at three months, and for a hundred thousand pounds, for their ransom, the offer was refused, and they were sent to the rear ; when the Duke of Nemours, hearing they were Irish Generals, and that they had been robbed of their ready money by his troops, who had taken them prisoners, caused a comfortable breakfast to be supplied to them, and lent them each a sum of money. How generous are men in success !—the Prince of Orleans was charmed with the conduct of his National Guards, and thought his victory secure. He despatched a courier to Paris with the brief words, " We met the enemy before Tours. The National Guard has done its duty. The troops of the pretender are routed. *Vive le Roi !*"

The note, you may be sure, appeared in the *Journal des Débats*, and the editor, who only that morning had called Henri V. "a great prince, an august exile," denominated him instantly a murderer, slave, thief cutthroat, pickpocket, and burglar.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ENGLISH UNDER JENKINS.

BUT the Prince had not calculated that there was a line of British infantry behind the routed Irish Brigade. Borne on with the hurry of the *mélée*, flushed with triumph, puffing and blowing with running, and forgetting, in the intoxication of victory, the trifling bayonet-pricks which had impelled them to the charge, the conquering National Guardsmen found themselves suddenly in the presence of Jenkins's Foot.

They halted all in a huddle, like a flock of sheep.

"*Up, Foot, and at them!*" were the memorable words of the Duke Jenkins, as, waving his bâton, he pointed towards the enemy, and with a tremendous shout the stalwart sons of England rushed on!—Down went plume and cocked-hat, down went corporal and captain, down went grocer and tailor, under the long staves of the indomitable English Footmen. "A Jenkins! a Jenkins!" roared the Duke, planting a blow which broke the aquiline nose of Major Arago, the celebrated astronomer. "St. George for May Fair!" shouted his followers, strewing the plain with carcases. Not a man of the Guard escaped; they fell like grass before the mower.

"They are gallant troops, those yellow-plushed *Anglais*," said the Duke of Nemours, surveying them with his opera-glass. "'Tis a pity they will all be cut up in half an hour. Concombe! take your dragoons, and do it!" "Remember Waterloo, boys!" said Colonel Concombe, twirling his mustache, and a thousand sabres flashed in the sun, and the gallant hussars prepared to attack the Englishmen.

Jenkins, his gigantic form leaning on his staff, and surveying the havoc of the field, was instantly aware of the enemy's manœuvre. His people were employed rifling the pockets of the National Guard, and had made a tolerable booty, when the great Duke, taking a bell out of his pocket (it was used for

signals in his battalion in place of fife or bugle), speedily called his scattered warriors together. "Take the muskets of the Nationals," said he. They did so. "Form in square and prepare to receive cavalry!" By the time Concombe's regiment arrived, he found a square of bristling bayonets with Britons behind them!

The Colonel did not care to attempt to break that tremendous body. "Halt!" said he to his men.

"Fire!" screamed Jenkins, with eagle swiftness; but the guns of the National Guard not being loaded, did not in consequence go off. The hussars gave a jeer of derision, but nevertheless did not return to the attack, and seeing some of the Legitimist cavalry at hand, prepared to charge upon them.

The fate of those carpet warriors was soon decided. The Millefleur regiment broke before Concombe's hussars instantaneously; the Eau-de-Rose dragoons stuck spurs into their blood horses, and galloped far out of reach of the opposing cavalry; the Eau-de-Cologne lancers fainted to a man, and the regiment of Concombe, pursuing its course, had actually reached the Prince and his aides-de-camp, when the clergymen coming up formed gallantly round the oriflamme, and the bassoons and serpents braying again, set up such a shout of canticles, and anathemas, and excommunications, that the horses of Concombe's dragoons in turn took fright, and those warriors in their turn broke and fled. As soon as they turned, the Vendéan riflemen fired amongst them and finished them: the gallant Concombe fell; the intrepid though diminutive Cornichon, his major, was cut down; Cardon was wounded *à la moëlle*, and the wife of the fiery Navet was that day a widow. Peace to the souls of the brave! In defeat or in victory, where can the soldier find a more fitting resting-place than the glorious field of carnage? Only a few disorderly and dispirited riders of Concombe's regiment reached Tours at night. They had left it but the day before, a thousand disciplined and high-spirited men!

Knowing how irresistible a weapon is the bayonet in British hands, the intrepid Jenkins determined to carry on his advantage, and charged the Saugrenue light infantry (now before him) with *cold steel*. The Frenchmen delivered a volley, of which a shot took effect in Jenkins's cockade, but did not abide the crossing of the weapons. "A Frenchman dies, but never surrenders," said Saugrenue, yielding up his sword, and his whole regiment were stabbed, trampled down, or made prisoners. The blood of the Englishmen rose in the hot encounter. Their

curses were horrible ; their courage tremendous. “On ! on !” hoarsely screamed they ; and a second regiment met them and was crushed, pounded in the hurtling, grinding encounter. “A Jenkins, a Jenkins !” still roared the heroic Duke ; “St. George for May Fair !” The footmen of England still yelled their terrific battle-cry, “Hurra, hurra !” On they went ; regiment after regiment was annihilated, until, scared at the very trample of the advancing warriors, the dismayed troops of France screaming fled. Gathering his last warriors round about him, Nemours determined to make a last desperate effort. ’Twas vain : the ranks met ; the next moment the truncheon of the Prince of Orleans was dashed from his hand by the irresistible mace of the Duke Jenkins ; his horse’s shins were broken by the same weapon. Screaming with agony the animal fell. Jenkins’s hand was at the Duke’s collar in a moment, and had he not gasped out, “Je me rends !” he would have been throttled in that dreadful grasp !

Three hundred and forty-two standards, seventy-nine regiments, their baggage, ammunition, and treasure-chests, fell into the hands of the victorious Duke. He had avenged the honor of Old England ; and himself presenting the sword of the conquered Nemours to Prince Henri, who now came up, the Prince, bursting into tears, fell on his neck and said, “Duke, I owe my crown to my patron saint and you.” It was indeed a glorious victory : but what will not British valor attain ?

The Duke of Nemours, having despatched a brief note to Paris, saying, “Sire, all is lost except honor !” was sent off in confinement ; and in spite of the entreaties of his captor, was hardly treated with decent politeness. The priests and the noble regiment who rode back when the affair was over, were for having the Prince shot at once, and murmured loudly against “cet Anglais brutal” who interposed in behalf of his prisoner. Henri V. granted the Prince his life ; but, no doubt misguided by the advice of his noble and ecclesiastical counsellors, treated the illustrious English Duke with marked coldness, and did not even ask him to supper that night.

“Well !” said Jenkins, “I and my merry men can sup alone.” And, indeed, having had the pick of the plunder of about 28,000 men, they had wherewithal to make themselves pretty comfortable. The prisoners (25,403) were all without difficulty induced to assume the white cockade. Most of them had those marks of loyalty ready sewn in their flannel-waistcoats, where they swore they had worn them ever since 1830. This we may believe, and we will ; but the Prince Henri was too politic or

too good-humored in the moment of victory, to doubt the sincerity of his new subjects' protestations, and received the Colonels and Generals affably at his table.

The next morning a proclamation was issued to the united armies. "Faithful soldiers of France and Navarre," said the Prince, "the saints have won for us a great victory—the enemies of our religion have been overcome—the lilies are restored to their native soil. Yesterday morning at eleven o'clock the army under my command engaged that which was led by his *Serene* Highness the Duke de Nemours. Our forces were but a third in number when compared with those of the enemy. My faithful chivalry and nobles made the strength, however, equal.

"The regiments of Fleur-d'Orange, Millefleur, and Eau-de-Cologne covered themselves with glory; they sabred many thousands of the enemy's troops. Their valor was ably seconded by the gallantry of my ecclesiastical friends: at a moment of danger they rallied round my banner, and forsaking the crozier for the sword, showed that they were of the church militant indeed.

"My faithful Irish auxiliaries conducted themselves with becoming heroism—but why particularize when all did their duty? How remember individual acts when all were heroes?" The Marshal of France, Sucre d'Orgeville, Commander of the Army of H. M. Christian Majesty, recommended about three thousand persons for promotion; and the indignation of Jenkins and his brave companions may be imagined when it is stated that they were not even mentioned in the despatch!

As for the Princes of Ballybunion, Donegal, and Connemara, they wrote off despatches to their Government, saying, "The Duke of Nemours is beaten, and a prisoner! The Irish Brigade has done it all!" On which his Majesty the King of the Irish, convoking his Parliament at the Corn Exchange Palace, Dublin, made a speech, in which he called Louis Philippe an "old miscreant," and paid the highest compliments to his son and his troops. The King on this occasion knighted Sir Henry Sheehan, Sir Gavan Duffy (whose journals had published the news), and was so delighted with the valor of his son, that he despatched him his Order of the Pig and Whistle (1st class), and a munificent present of five hundred thousand pounds—in a bill at three months. All Dublin was illuminated; and at a ball at the Castle the Lord Chancellor Smith (Earl of Smithereens) getting extremely intoxicated, called out the Lord Bishop of Galway (the Dove), and they fought in the Phœnix

Park. Having shot the Right Reverend Bishop through the body, Smithereens apologized. He was the same practitioner who had rendered himself so celebrated in the memorable trial of the King—before the Act of Independence.

Meanwhile, the army of Prince Henri advanced with rapid strides towards Paris, whither the History likewise must hasten ; for extraordinary were the events preparing in that capital.

CHAPTER VII.

THE LEAGUER OF PARIS.

By a singular coincidence, on the very same day when the armies of Henri V. appeared before Paris from the Western Road, those of the Emperor John Thomas Napoleon arrived from the North. Skirmishes took place between the advanced-guards of the two parties, and much slaughter ensued.

“ Bon !” thought King Louis Philippe, who examined them from his tower ; “ they will kill each other. This is by far the most economical way of getting rid of them.” The astute monarch’s calculations were admirably exposed by a clever remark of the Prince of Ballybunion. “ Faix, Harry,” says he (with a familiarity which the punctilious son of Saint Louis resented), “ you and him yandther—the Emperor, I mane—are like the Kilkenny cats, dear.”

“ Et que font-ils ces chats de Kilkenny, Monsieur le Prince de Ballybunion ?” asked the most Christian King haughtily.

Prince Daniel replied by narrating the well-known analogue of the animals “ ating each other all up but their *teels* ; and that’s what you and Imparial Pop yondther will do, blazing away as ye are,” added the jocose and royal boy.

“ Je prie votre Altesse Royale de vaguer à ses propres affaires,” answered Prince Henri sternly : for he was an enemy to anything like a joke ; but there is always wisdom in real wit, and it would have been well for his Most Christian Majesty had he the followed facetious counsels of his Irish ally.

The fact is, the King, Henri, had an understanding with the garrisons of some of the forts, and expected all would declare for him. However, of the twenty-four forts which we have described, eight only—and by the means of Marshal Soult, who had grown extremely devout of late years—declared for

Henri, and raised the white flag: while eight others, seeing Prince John Thomas Napoleon before them in the costume of his revered predecessor, at once flung open their gates to him, and mounted the tricolor with the eagle. The remaining eight, into which the Princes of the blood of Orleans had thrown themselves, remained constant to Louis Philippe. Nothing could induce that Prince to quit the Tuileries. His money was there, and he swore he would remain by it. In vain his sons offered to bring him into one of the forts—he would not stir without his treasure. They said they would transport it thither; but no, no: the patriarchal monarch, putting his finger to his aged nose, and winking archly, said, 'he knew a trick worth two of that,' and resolved to abide by his bags.

The theatres and cafés remained open as usual: the funds rose three centimes. The *Journal des Débats* published three editions of different tones of politics: one, the *Journal de l'Empire*, for the Napoleonites; the *Journal de la Légitimité* another, very complimentary to the Legitimate monarch; and finally, the original edition, bound heart and soul to the dynasty of July. The poor editor, who had to write all three, complained not a little that his salary was not raised: but the truth is that, by altering the names, one article did indifferently for either paper. The Duke of Brittany, under the title of Louis XVII., was always issuing manifestoes from Charenton, but of these the Parisians took little heed: the *Charivari* proclaimed itself his Gazette, and was allowed to be very witty at the expense of the three pretenders.

As the country had been ravaged for a hundred miles round, the respective Princes of course were for throwing themselves into the forts, where there was plenty of provision; and, when once there, they speedily began to turn out such of the garrison as were disagreeable to them, or had an inconvenient appetite, or were of a doubtful fidelity. These poor fellows turned into the road, had no choice but starvation; as to getting into Paris, that was impossible: a mouse could not have got into the place, so admirably were the forts guarded, without having his head taken off by a cannon-ball. Thus the three conflicting parties stood, close to each other, hating each other, "willing to wound and yet afraid to strike"—the victuals in the forts, from the prodigious increase of the garrisons, getting smaller every day. As for Louis Philippe in his palace, in the centre of the twenty-four forts, knowing that a spark from one might set them all blazing away, and that he

and his money-bags might be blown into eternity in ten minutes, you may fancy his situation was not very comfortable.

But his safety lay in his treasure. Neither the Imperialists nor the Bourbonites were willing to relinquish the two hundred and fifty billions in gold ; nor would the Princes of Orleans dare to fire upon that considerable sum of money, and its possessor, their revered father. How was this state of things to end ? The Emperor sent a note to his Most Christian Majesty (for they always styled each other in this manner in their communications), proposing that they should turn out and decide the quarrel sword in hand ; to which proposition Henri would have acceded, but that the priests, his ghostly counsellors, threatened to excommunicate him should he do so. Hence this simple way of settling the dispute was impossible.

The presence of the holy fathers caused considerable annoyance in the forts. Especially the poor English, as Protestants, were subject to much petty persecution, to the small anger of Jenkins, their commander. And it must be confessed that these intrepid Footmen were not so amenable to discipline as they might have been. Remembering the usages of merry England, they clubbed together, and swore they would have four meals of meat a day, wax-candles in the casemates, and their porter. These demands were laughed at : the priests even called upon them to fast on Fridays ; on which a general mutiny broke out in the regiment ; and they would have had a *fourth* standard raised before Paris—viz. : that of England—but the garrison proving too strong for them, they were compelled to lay down their sticks ; and, in consideration of past services, were permitted to leave the forts. 'Twas well for them ! as you shall hear.

The Prince of Ballybunion and the Irish force were quartered in the fort which, in compliment to them, was called Fort Potato, and where they made themselves as comfortable as circumstances would admit. The Princes had as much brandy as they liked, and passed their time on the ramparts playing at dice, or pitch-and-toss (with the halfpenny that one of them somehow had) for vast sums of money, for which they gave their notes-of-hand. The warriors of their legion would stand round delighted ; and it was, "Musha, Master Dan, but that's a good throw ?" "Good luck to you, Misther Pat, and throw thirteen this time !" and so forth. But this sort of inaction could not last long. They had heard of the treasures amassed in the palace of the Tuilleries : they sighed when they thought of the lack of bullion in their green and beautiful country. They panted for war ! They formed their plan.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BATTLE OF THE FORTS.

ON the morning of the 26th October, 1884, as his Majesty Louis Philippe was at breakfast reading the *Débats* newspaper, and wishing that what the journal said about "Cholera Morbus in the Camp of the Pretender Henri,"—"Chicken-pox raging in the Forts of the Traitor Bonaparte,"—might be true, what was his surprise to hear the report of a gun; and at the same instant—whizz! came an eighty-four-pound ball through the window and took off the head of the faithful Monsieur de Montalivet, who was coming in with a plate of muffins.

"Three francs for the window," said the monarch; "and the muffins of course spoiled!" and he sat down to breakfast very peevishly. Ah, King Louis Philippe, that shot cost thee more than a window-pane—more than a plate of muffins—it cost thee a fair kingdom and fifty millions of tax-payers.

The shot had been fired from Fort Potato. "Gracious heavens!" said the commander of the place to the Irish Prince, in a fury, "What has your Highness done?" "Faix," replied the other, "Donegal and I saw a sparrow on the Tuileries, and we thought we'd have a shot at it, that's all." "Hurroo! look out for squalls," here cried the intrepid Hibernian; for at this moment one of Paixhans' shells fell into the counterscarp of the demi-lune on which they were standing, and sent a ravelin and a couple of embrasures flying about their ears.

Fort Twenty-three, which held out for Louis Philippe, seeing Fort Twenty-four, or Potato, open a fire on the Tuileries, instantly replied by its guns, with which it blazed away at the Bourbonite fort. On seeing this, Fort Twenty-two, occupied by the Imperialists, began pummelling Twenty-three; Twenty-one began at Twenty-two; and in a quarter of an hour the whole of this vast line of fortification was in a blaze of flame, flashing, roaring, cannonading, rocketing, bombing, in the most tremendous manner. The world has never perhaps, before or since, heard such an uproar. Fancy twenty-four thousand guns thundering at each other. Fancy the sky red with the fires of hundreds of thousands of blazing, brazen meteors; the air thick with impenetrable smoke—the universe almost in a flame! for the noise of the cannonading was heard on the peaks of the

Andes, and broke three windows in the English factory at Canton. Boom, boom, boom ! for three days incessantly the gigantic—I may say, Cyclopean battle went on : boom, boom, boom, bong ! The air was thick with cannon-balls : they hurtled, they jostled each other in the heavens, and fell whizzing, whirling, crashing, back into the very forts from which they came. Boom, boom, boom, bong—brrwrrwrrr !

On the second day a band might have been seen (had the smoke permitted it) assembling at the sally-port of Fort Potato, and have been heard (if the tremendous clang of the cannonading had allowed it) giving mysterious signs and countersigns. "Tom," was the word whispered, "Steele" was the sibilated response. (It is astonishing how, in the roar of elements, *the human whisper* hisses above all !) It was the Irish Brigade assembling. "Now or never, boys !" said their leaders ; and sticking their doodeens into their mouths, they dropped stealthily into the trenches, heedless of the broken glass and swordblades ; rose from those trenches ; formed in silent order ; and marched to Paris. They knew they could arrive there unobserved—nobody, indeed, remarked their absence.

The frivolous Parisians were, in the mean while, amusing themselves at their theatres and cafés as usual ; and a new piece, in which Arnal performed, was the universal talk of the foyers : while a new *feuilleton* by Monsieur Eugène Sue, kept the attention of the reader so fascinated to the journal, that they did not care in the least for the *vacarme* without the walls.

CHAPTER IX.

LOUIS XVII.

THE tremendous cannonading, however, had a singular effect upon the inhabitants of the great public hospital of Charenton, in which it may be remembered Louis XVII. had been, as in mockery, confined. His majesty of demeanor, his calm deportment, the reasonableness of his pretensions, had not failed to strike with awe and respect his four thousand comrades of captivity. The Emperor of China, the Princess of the Moon, Julius Cæsar, Saint Genevieve, the patron saint of Paris, the Pope of Rome, the Cacique of Mexico and several

singular and illustrious personages who happened to be confined there, all held a council with Louis XVII. ; and all agreed that now or never was the time to support his legitimate pretensions to the Crown of France. As the cannons roared around them, they howled with furious delight in response. They took counsel together: Doctor Pinel and the infamous jailers, who, under the name of keepers, held them in horrible captivity, were pounced upon and overcome in a twinkling. The strait-waistcoats were taken off from the wretched captives languishing in the dungeons ; the guardians were invested in these shameful garments, and with triumphant laughter plunged under the *Douches*. The gates of the prison were flung open, and they marched forth in the blackness of the storm !

* * * * *

On the third day, the cannonading was observed to decrease ; only a gun went off fitfully now and then.

* * * * *

On the fourth day, the Parisians said to one another, “*Tiens ! ils sont fatigués, les canonniers des forts !*”—and why ? Because there was no more powder ?—Ay, truly, there *was* no more powder.

There was no more powder, no more guns, no more gunners, no more forts, no more nothing. *The forts had blown each other up.* The battle-roar ceased. The battle-clouds rolled off. The silver moon, the twinkling stars, looked blandly down from the serene azure,—and all was peace—stillness—the stillness of death. Holy, holy silence !

Yes : the battle of Paris was over. And where were the combatants ? All gone—not one left !—And where was Louis Philippe ? The venerable Prince was a captive in the Tuilleries ; the Irish Brigade was encamped around it : they had reached the palace a little too late ; it was already occupied by the partisans of his Majesty Louis XVII.

That respectable monarch and his followers better knew the way to the Tuilleries than the ignorant sons of Erin. They burst through the feeble barriers of the guards ; they rushed triumphant into the kingly halls of the palace ; they seated the seventeenth Louis on the throne of his ancestors ; and the Parisians read in the *Journal des Débats*, of the fifth of November, an important article, which proclaimed that the civil war was concluded :—

“ The troubles which distracted the greatest empire in the world are at an end. Europe, which marked with sorrow the disturbances which agitated the bosom of the Queen of Nations,

the great leader of Civilization, may now rest in peace. That monarch whom we have long been sighing for ; whose image has lain hidden, and yet oh ! how passionately worshipped, in every French heart, is with us once more. Blessings be on him ; blessings—a thousand blessings upon the happy country which is at length restored to his beneficent, his legitimate, his reasonable sway !

“ His Most Christian Majesty Louis XVII. yesterday arrived at his palace of the Tuileries, accompanied by his august allies. His Royal Highness the Duke of Orleans has resigned his post as Lieutenant-General of the kingdom, and will return speedily to take up his abode at the Palais Royal. It is a great mercy that the children of his Royal Highness, who happened to be in the late forts round Paris (before the bombardment which has so happily ended in their destruction), had returned to their father before the commencement of the cannonading. They will continue, as heretofore, to be the most loyal supporters of order and the throne.

“ None can read without tears in their eyes our august monarch’s proclamation.

“ Louis, by, &c.—

“ My children ! After nine hundred and ninety-nine years of captivity, I am restored to you. The cycle of events predicted by the ancient Magi, and the planetary convolutions mentioned in the lost Sibylline books, have fulfilled their respective idiosyncrasies, and ended (as always in the depths of my dungeons I confidently expected) in the triumph of the good Angel, and the utter discomfiture of the abominable Blue Dragon.

“ When the bombarding began, and the powers of darkness commenced their hellish gunpowder evolutions, I was close by—in my palace of Charenton, three hundred and thirty-three thousand miles off, in the ring of Saturn—I witnessed your misery. My heart was affected by it, and I said, “ Is the multiplication-table a fiction ? are the signs of the Zodiac mere astronomers’ prattle ? ”

“ I clapped chains, shrieking and darkness, on my physician, Dr. Pinel. The keepers I shall cause to be roasted alive. I summoned my allies round about me. The high contracting Powers came to my bidding : monarchs from all parts of the earth ; sovereigns from the Moon and other illumined orbits ; the white necromancers, and the pale imprisoned genii. I whispered the mystic sign, and the doors flew open. We entered Paris in triumph, by the Charenton bridge. Our lug-

gage was not examined at the Octroi. The bottle-green ones were scared at our shouts, and retreated, howling: they knew us, and trembled.

“ ‘ My faithful Peers and Deputies will rally round me. I have a friend in Turkey—the Grand Vizier of the Mussulmans: he was a Protestant once—Lord Brougham by name. I have sent to him to legislate for us: he is wise in the law, and astrology, and all sciences; he shall aid my Ministers in their councils. I have written to him by the post. There shall be no more infamous mad-houses in France, where poor souls shiver in strait-waistcoats.

“ ‘ I recognized Louis Philippe, my good cousin. He was in his counting-house, counting out his money, as the old prophecy warned me. He gave me up the keys of his gold; I shall know well how to use it. Taught by adversity, I am not a spendthrift, neither am I a miser. I will endow the land with noble institutions instead of diabolical forts. I will have no more cannon founded. They are a curse, and shall be melted—the iron ones into railroads; the bronze ones into statues of beautiful saints, angels, and wise men; the copper ones into money, to be distributed among my poor. I was poor once, and I love them.

“ There shall be no more poverty; no more wars; no more avarice; no more passports; no more custom-houses; no more lying: no more physic.

“ ‘ My Chambers will put the seal to these reforms. I will it. I am the king. (Signed) ‘ LOUIS.’ ”

“ Some alarm was created yesterday by the arrival of a body of the English Foot-Guard under the Duke of Jenkins; they were at first about to sack the city, but on hearing that the banner of the lilies was once more raised in France, the Duke hastened to the Tuilleries, and offered his allegiance to his Majesty. It was accepted: and the Plush Guard has been established in place of the Swiss, who waited on former sovereigns.”

“ The Irish Brigade quartered in the Tuilleries are to enter our service. Their commander states that they took every one of the forts round Paris, and having blown them up, were proceeding to release Louis XVII., when they found that august monarch, happily, free. News of their glorious victory has

been conveyed to Dublin, to his Majesty the King of the Irish. It will be a new laurel to add to his green crown!"

And thus have we brought to a conclusion our history of the great French Revolution of 1884. It records the actions of great and various characters ; the deeds of various valor : it narrates wonderful reverses of fortune ; it affords the moralist scope for his philosophy ; perhaps it gives amusement to the merely idle reader. Nor must the latter imagine, because there is not a precise moral affixed to the story, that its tendency is otherwise than good. He is a poor reader, for whom his author is obliged to supply a moral application. It is well in spelling-books and for children ; it is needless for the reflecting spirit. The drama of *Punch* himself is not moral : but that drama has had audiences all over the world. Happy he, who in our dark times can cause a smile ! Let us laugh then, and gladden in the sunshine, though it be but as the ray upon the pool, that flickers only over the cold black depths below !

ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS'



SAPOLIO

CLEANS
WINDOWS,
MARBLE,
NIVES.
POLISHES
TIN-WA
IRON,STEEL,&c.

"SOHMER"

GRAND, SQUARE AND UPRIGHT PIANOS.

The demands now made by an educated musical public are so exacting, that very few piano-forte manufacturers can produce instruments that will stand the test which merit requires.

SOHMER & Co., as manufacturers, rank among this chosen few, who are acknowledged to be makers of *standard instruments*. In these days when many manufacturers urge the low price of their wares, rather than their superior quality, as an inducement to purchase, it may not be amiss to suggest that, in a piano, quality and price are too inseparably joined, to expect the one without the other.

Every piano ought to be judged as to the quality of its *tone*, its *touch*, and its *workmanship*; if any one of these is wanting in excellence, however good the others may be, the instrument will be imperfect. It is the combination of all these qualities in the highest degree that constitutes the perfect piano, and it is such a combination, as has given the SOHMER its honorable position with the trade and public.

SOHMER

Prices as reasonable as consistent
with the Highest Standard.

MANUFACTURERS,
149 to 155 East 14th St., N.Y.

JAMES PYLE'S

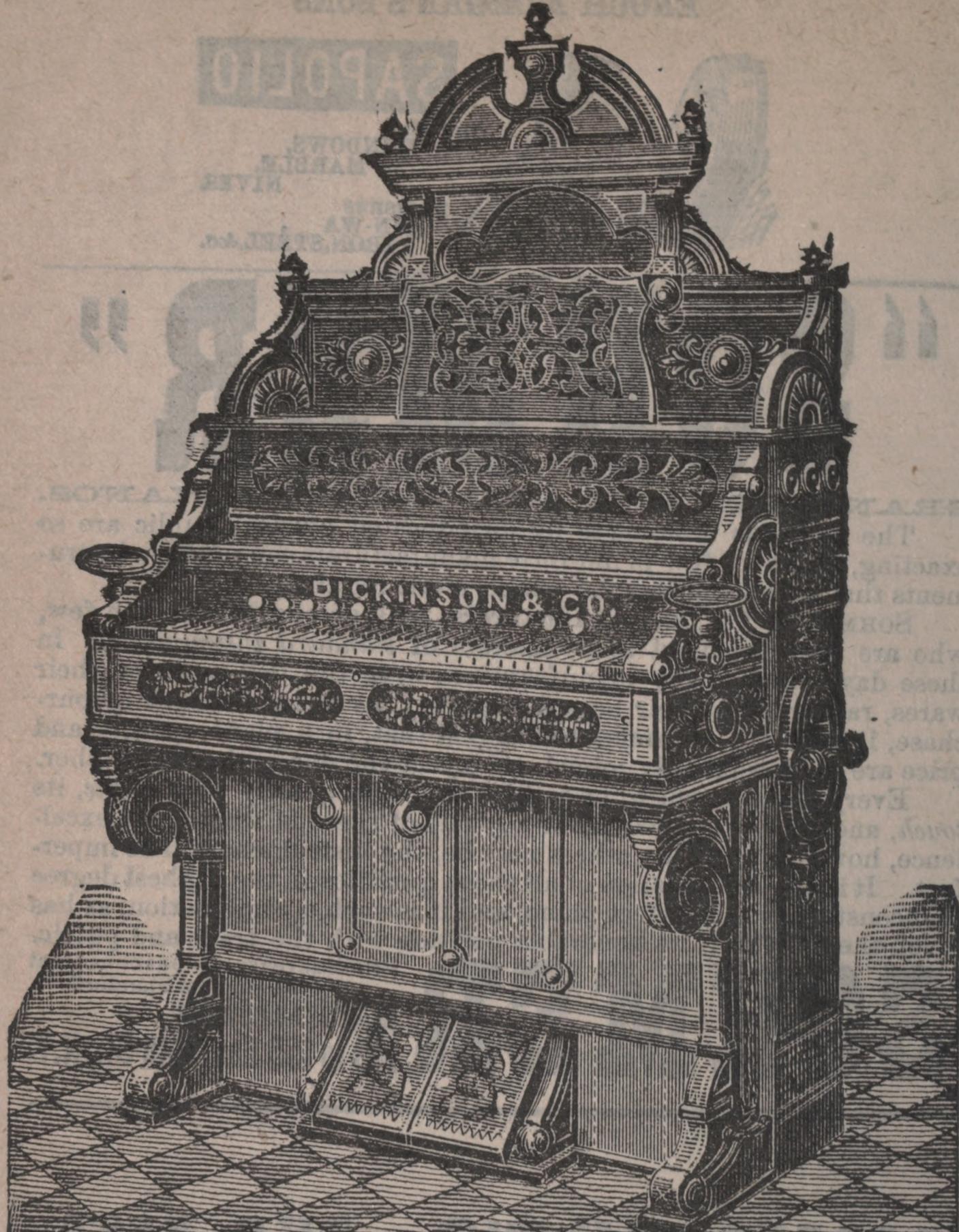
THE BEST
WASHING COMPOUND
EVER INVENTED.



PEARLINE

No Lady, Married or Single, Rich or Poor, Housekeeping or Boarding, will be without it after testing its utility.

Sold by all first-class Grocers, but beware of worthless imitations.



KEYSTONE ORGAN.

The finest organ in the Market. Price reduced from \$175 to \$125. Acclimatized case. Anti-Shoddy and Anti-Monopoly. Not all case, stops, top and advertisement. **Warranted for 6 years.** Has the Excelsior 18-Stop Combination, embracing: **Diapason, Flute, Melodia-Forte, Violina, Aeolina, Viola, Flute-Forte, Celeste, Dulcet, Echo, Melodia, Celestina, Octave Coupler, Tremolo, Sub-Bass, Cello, Grand-Organ Air Brake, Grand-Organ Swell.** Two Knee-Stops. This is a Walnut case, with Music Balcony, Sliding Desk, Side Handles, &c. **Dimensions:** Height, 75 inches; Length, 48 inches; Depth, 24 inches. This 5-Octave Organ, with Stool, Book and Music, we will box and deliver at dock in New York, for \$125. Send by express, prepaid, check, or registered letter to

DICKINSON & CO., Pianos and Organs,

19 West 11th Street, New York.

LOVELL'S Laughter Literature.

12mo, price, in paper, 50 cents, in cloth, \$1.00.

THE SPOOPENDYKE PAPERS, by Stanley Huntley, of the *Brooklyn Eagle*.

A book of domestic scenes, between a nervous, petulant husband and a patient, unsophisticated wife. The irritable Spoopendyke and his meek spouse are most amusing creations.

PIKE COUNTY FOLKS, by E. H. Mott, of the *N. Y. Sun*, illustrated by F. Opper, of *Puck*.

Truthful Talks in uncontrollable language—irresistibly funny.

JETS AND FLASEES, by Henry Clay Lukens (Erratic Enrique), the “New York News’ Man,” illustrated by René Bache. “A more acceptable or timely work by a native manufacturer of broad grins can hardly be found.”—*N. Y. Star*.

FAMOUS FUNNY FELLOWS, by Will M. Clemens, illustrated with portraits of notable humorists.

Brief biographical sketches of American humorists, with extracts from their funniest inspirations.

GRANDFATHER LICKSHINGLE, AND OTHER SKETCHES, by R. W. Criswell, of the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, profusely illustrated.

A quaint literary creation.

WIDOW BEDOTT PAPERS, by Mrs. Frances M. Whitcher, originally contributed to *Neal’s Saturday Gazette*.

THE CHOICE WORKS OF THOMAS HOOD, in Prose and Verse, including the cream of the Comic Annuals, with 200 illustrations.

MRS. CAUDLE’S CURTAIN LECTURES, by Douglas Jerrold, editor of *Punch*.

Mrs. Margaret Caudle’s inimitable night lectures, delivered during a period of thirty years, to her sulky husband, Job Caudle.

IRRESISTIBLY DROLL!

GRANDFATHER LICKSHINGLE AND OTHER SKETCHES.

By R. W. CRISWELL, of the *Cincinnati Enquirer*.

Author of "The New Shakespeare" and Other Travesties.

A VOLUME OF GENUINE HUMOR!

1 vol., 12mo., cloth, gilt,	- - - - -	\$1.00
1 " " paper,	- - - - -	.50

"Has made a wide reputation as a humorist."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

"One of the acknowledged humorists of the day."—*N. Y. Mail and Express*.

"Has acquired a national fame."—*Utica Observer*.

"His humor is as natural as sunlight."—*Robt. J. Burdette*.

"Won a national reputation."—*Pittsburgh Commercial Gazette*.

"One of the brightest writers of the day."—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

"Has taken and held a place in the front rank."—*N. Y. Truth*.

"There has been no brighter writer on the American press in the past fifteen years."—*Elmira Advertiser*.

"Mr. Criswell's writings are thoroughly original."—*Bloomington Eye*.

"A reputation enjoyed by few of his age."—*Bradford Star*.

"His humor is quaint and scholarly."—*Cincinnati Catholic Telegraph*.

"He imitates nobody."—*New York Sun*.

"Has made a world-wide reputation."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

JOHN W. LOVELL COMPANY, Publishers,

14 & 16 Vesey Street, New York.

LOVELL'S LIBRARY.

AHEAD OF ALL COMPETITORS.

The improvements being constantly made in "Lovell's Library" have placed it in the Front Rank of cheap publications in this country. The publishers propose to still further improve the series by having

BETTER PAPER,

BETTER PRINTING,

LARGER TYPE,

and more attractive cover than any other series in the market.

SEE WHAT IS SAID OF IT:

The following extract from a letter recently received shows the appreciation in which the Library is held by those who most constantly read it:

"MERCANTILE LIBRARY,
"BALTIMORE, August 29, 1883. 5

"Will you kindly send me two copies of your latest list? I am glad to see that you now issue a volume every day. Your Library we find greatly preferable to the 'Seaside' and 'Franklin Square' Series, and even better than the 12mo. form of the latter, the page being of better shape, the lines better leaded, and the words better spaced. Altogether your series is much more in favor with our subscribers than either of its rivals.

"S. C. DONALDSON, ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN."

JOHN W. LOVELL CO., Publishers,

14 & 16 Vesey Street, New York.

RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

FALSE HOPES;

OR,

FALLACIES, SOCIALISTIC AND SEMI-SOCIALISTIC,
BRIEFLY ANSWERED.

An Address, by Prof. GOLDWIN SMITH, D.C.L.

No. 110, Lovell's Library..... 15 cents

"This is the title of a pamphlet in which Mr. Goldwin Smith dissects and lays bare, in the most unimpassioned way, but with the keenest of literary scalpels, the fallacies involved in communism, socialism, nationalization of land, strikes, the various plans in vogue for emancipating labor from the dominion of capital, Protection, and some theories of innovation with regard to Currency and Banking. The great number and prevalence of these diseases of the body politic are, he thinks, mainly due to the departure or decline of religious faith, which is so noticeable a feature of the present age; to popular education, which has gone far enough to make the masses think, but not think deeply; to the ostentation of the vulgar rich, who 'deserve, fully as much as the revolutionary artisans, the name of a dangerous class'; to the democratic movement of the times; and, to the revolution in science which 'has helped to excite the spirit of change in every sphere, little as Utopianism is akin to science.'"—*Toronto Globe*.

MR. SCARBOROUGH'S FAMILY

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

1 vol., 12mo., cloth, gilt.....	\$1.00
1 " " paper.....	.50

Also in Lovell's Library, No. 133, 2 parts, each.....	.15
---	-----

"In 'Mr. Scarborough's Family' there is abundance of 'go,' there are many striking scenes, and there is one character at least which is original almost to incredibility. There are light sketches of social life, one or two of them nearly in the author's best manner, and many chapters which are extremely entertaining. The story is so life-like and so extremely readable, that we lay it down with a pleasure largely leavened with regret."—*Saturday Review*.

"'Mr. Scarborough's Family' is a very enjoyable novel. Mr. Trollope has never given us two stronger or less commonplace characters than that terrible old pagan, John Scarborough, and his attorney, Grey, whom we agree with his employer in describing as 'the sweetest and finest gentleman' we ever came across."—*Academy*.

"'Mr. Scarborough's Family' recalls all those features in Mr. Trollope's books which have made them the pleasure and instruction of generations of novel readers. He is in his old vein, and he has a story to tell that is infinitely amusing. Mr. Scarborough is a wonderful study. There is, indeed, no character in the book that has not been carefully thought out. There is a delightful freshness about Florence Mountjoy. She is a frank, outspoken damsel, whose mind is as healthy as her body. It is needless to say that the talk throughout the book is good. The novel as a whole, indeed, is one that will make readers regret more bitterly than ever that he who wrote it has gone from amongst us."—*Scotsman*.

JOHN W. LOVELL CO., 14 & 16 Vesey St., N. Y.

LOVELL'S LIBRARY.—CATALOGUE.

113. More Words About the Bible,
by Rev. Jas. S. Bush.....20

114. Monsieur Lecoq, Gaborian Pt. I.....20
Monsieur Lecoq, Pt. II.....20

115. An Outline of Irish History, by
Justin H. McCarthy.....10

116. The Leronige Case, by Gaborian.....20

117. Paul Clifford, by Lord Lytton.....20

118. A New Lease of Life, by Abbott.....20

119. Bourbon Lilies.....20

120. Other People's Money, Gaborian.....20

121. The Lady of Lyons, Lytton.....10

122. Ameline de Bonrg.....15

123. A Sea Queen, by W. Russel.....20

124. The Ladies Lindores, by Mrs.
Oliphant.....20

125. Haunted Hearts, by Simpson.....10

126. Loys, Lord Beresford, by The
Duchess.....20

127. Under Two Flags, Ouida, Pt. I.....15
Under Two Flags, Pt. II.....15

128. Money, by Lord Lytton.....10

129. In Peril of His Life, by Gaborian.....20

130. India, by Max Müller.....20

131. Jets and Flashes.....20

132. Moonshine and Marguerites, by
The Duchess.....10

133. Mr. Scarborough's Family, by
Anthony Trollope, Part I.....15
Mr. Scarborough's Family, Pt II.....15

134. Arden, by A. Mary R. Robinson.....15

135. The Tower of Percemont.....20

136. Yolande, by Wm. Black.....20

137. Camel London, by Joseph Hatton.....20

138. The Gilded Clique, by Gaborian.....20

139. Pike County Folks, E. H. Mott.....20

140. Cricket on the Hearth.....10

141. Henry Esmond, by Thackeray.....20

142. Strange Adventures of a Fbae-
ton, by Wm. Black.....20

143. Denis Duval, by Thackeray.....10

144. Old Curiosity Shop, Dickens, Pt I.....15
Old Curiosity Shop, Part II.....15

145. Ivanhoe, by Scott, Part I.....15
Ivanhoe, by Scott, Part II.....15

146. White Wings, by Wm. Black.....20

147. The Sketch Book, by Irving.....20

148. Catherine, by W. M. Thackeray.....10

149. Janet's Repentance, by Eliot.....10

150. Barnaby Rudge, Dickens, Pt I.....15
Barnaby Rudge, Part II.....15

151. Felix Holt, by George Eliot.....20

152. Richelieu, by Lord Lytton.....10

153. Sunrise, by Wm. Black, Part I.....15
Sunrise, by Wm. Black, Part II.....15

154. Tour of the World in 80 Days.....20

155. Mystery of Orcival, Gaborian.....20

156. Lovel, the Widower, by W. M.
Thackeray.....10

157. Romantic Adventures of a Milk-
maid, by Thomas Hardy.....10

158. David Copperfield, Dickens, Pt I.....20
David Copperfield, Part II.....20

159. Rienzi, by Lord Lytton, Part I.....15
Rienzi, by Lord Lytton, Part II.....15

160. Promise of Marriage, Gaborian.....10

161. Faith and Unfaith, by The
Duchess.....20

163. The Happy Man, by Lover.....10

164. Barry Lyndon, by Thackeray.....20

165. Eyre's Acquittal.....10

166. Twenty Thousand Leagues Un-
der the Sea, by Jules Verne.....20

167. Anti-Slavery Days, by James
Freeman Clarke.....20

168. Beauty's Daughters, by The
Duchess.....20

169. Beyond the Sunrise.....20

170. Hard Times, by Charles Dickens.....20

171. Tom Cringle's Log, by M. Scott.....20

172. Vanity Fair, by W. M. Thackeray.....20

173. Underground Russia, Stepniak.....20

174. Middlemarch, by Elliot, Pt I.....20
Middlemarch, Part II.....20

175. Sir Tom, by Mrs. Oliphant.....20

176. Pelham, by Lord Lytton.....20

177. The Story of Ida.....10

178. Madcap Violet, by Wm. Black.....20

179. The Little Pilgrim.....10

180. Kilmeny, by Wm. Black.....20

181. Whist, or Bumblepuppy?.....10

182. The Beautiful Wretch, Black.....20

183. Her Mother's Sin, by B. M. Clay.....20

184. Green Pastures and Piccadilly,
by Wm. Black.....20

185. The Mysterious Island, by Jules
Verne, Part I.....15
The Mysterious Island, Part II.....15
The Mysterious Island, Part III.....15

186. Tom Brown at Oxford, Part I.....15
Tom Brown at Oxford, Part II.....15

187. Thicker than Water, by J. Payn.....20

188. In Silk Attire, by Wm. Black.....20

189. Scottish Chiefs, Jane Porter, Pt I.....20
Scottish Chiefs, Part II.....20

190. Willy Reilly, by Will Carleton.....20

191. The Nautz Family, by Shelley.....20

192. Great Expectations, by Dickens.....20

193. Pendennis, by Thackeray, Part I.....20
Pendennis, by Thackeray, Part II.....20

194. Widow Bedott Papers.....20

195. Daniel Deronda, Geo. Eliot, Pt. I.....20
Daniel Deronda, Part II.....20

196. Altiora Peto, by Oliphant.....20

197. By the Gate of the Sea, by David
Christie Murray.....15

198. Tales of a Traveller, by Irving.....20

199. Life and Voyages of Columbus,
by Washington Irving, Part I.....20
Life and Voyages of Columbus,
by Washington Irving, Part II.....20

200. The Pilgrim's Progress.....20

201. Martin Chuzzlewit, by Charles
Dickens, Part I.....20
Martin Chuzzlewit, Part II.....20

202. Theophrastus Such, Geo. Eliot.....20

203. Disarmed, M. Betham-Edwards.....15

204. Eugene Aram, by Lord Lytton.....20

205. The Spanish Gypsy and Other
Poems, by George Eliot.....20

206. Cast Up by the Sea, Baker.....20

207. Mill on the Floss, Eliot, Pt. I.....15
Mill on the Floss, Part II.....15

208. Brother Jacob, and Mr. Gilfil's
Love Story, by George Eliot.....10
Wrecks in the Sea of Life.....20

BRAIN AND NERVE FOOD.



Vitalized Phos-phites,

COMPOSED OF THE NERVE-GIVING PRINCIPLES OF
THE OX-BRAIN AND WHEAT-GERM.

It restores the energy lost by Nervousness or Indigestion; relieves Lassitude and Neuralgia; refreshes the nerves tired by worry, excitement, or excessive brain fatigue; strengthens a failing memory, and gives renewed vigor in all diseases of Nervous Exhaustion or Debility. It is the only PREVENTIVE FOR CONSUMPTION.

It aids wonderfully in the mental and bodily growth of infants and children. Under its use the teeth come easier, the bones grow better, the skin plumper and smoother; the brain acquires more readily, and rests and sleeps more sweetly. An ill-fed brain learns no lessons, and is excusable if peevish. It gives a happier and better childhood.

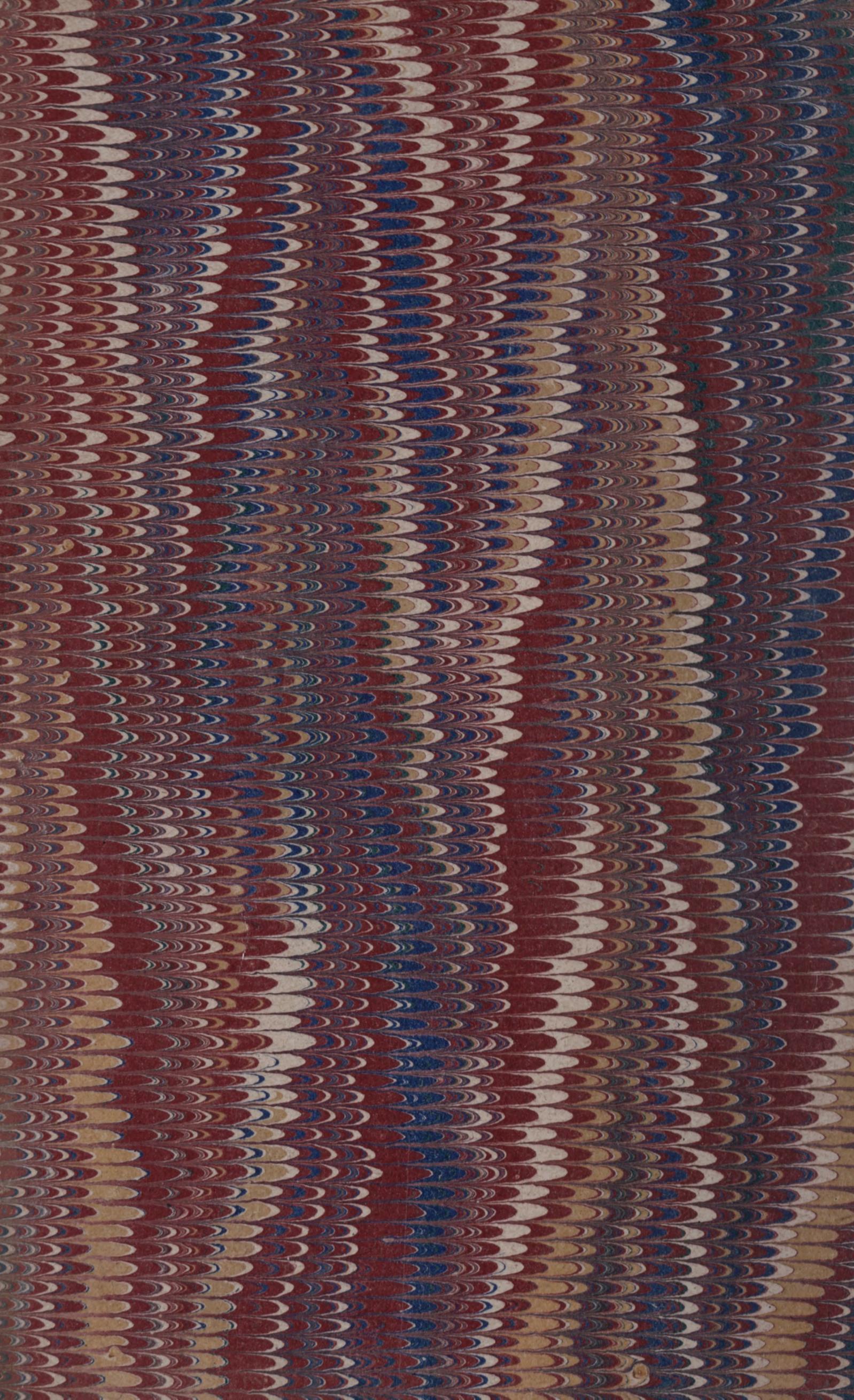
"It is with the utmost confidence that I recommend this excellent preparation for the relief of indigestion and for general debility; nay, I do more than recommend, I really urge all invalids to put it to the test, for in several cases personally known to me signal benefits have been derived from its use. I have recently watched its effects on a young friend who has suffered from indigestion all her life. After taking the VITALIZED PHOSPHITES for a fortnight she said to me; 'I feel another person; it is a pleasure to live.' Many hard-working men and women—especially those engaged in brain work—would be saved from the fatal resort to chloral and other destructive stimulants, if they would have recourse to a remedy so simple and so efficacious."

EMILY FAITHFULL.

PHYSICIANS HAVE PRESCRIBED OVER 600,000 PACKAGES BECAUSE THEY KNOW ITS COMPOSITION, THAT IT IS NOT A SECRET REMEDY, AND THAT THE FORMULA IS PRINTED ON EVERY LABEL.

For Sale by Druggists or by Mail, \$1.

F. CROSBY CO., 664 and 666 Sixth Avenue, New York.





LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00023178801

